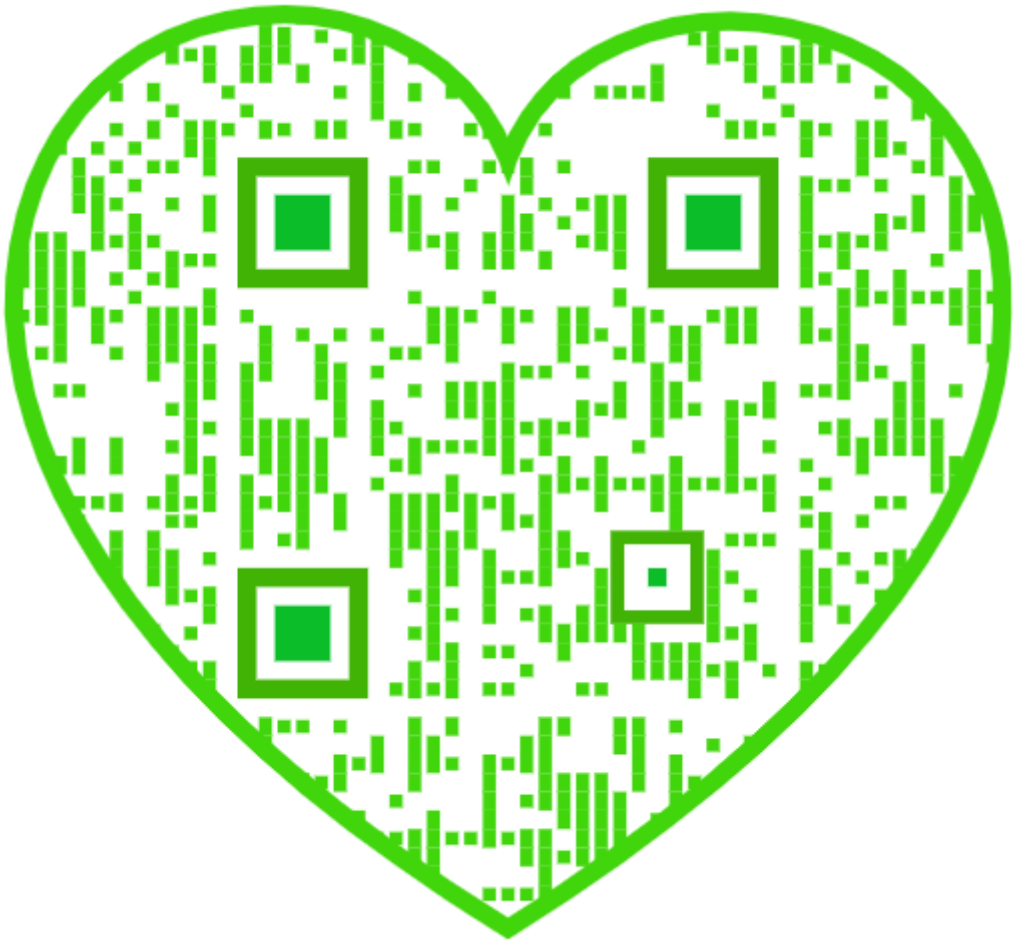

THE GRAPHIC ARTS SERIES

PEN DRAWING

THE GRAPHIC ARTS SERIES
FOR ARTISTS, STUDENTS,
AMATEURS & COLLECTORS
Edited by JOSEPH PENNELL

Vol. I. LITHOGRAPHY
Vol. II. ETCHING
Vol. III. PEN DRAWING

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1920

PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN

THEIR WORK AND THEIR METHODS : A STUDY OF THE ART TODAY WITH TECHNICAL SUGGESTIONS

BY

IOSEPH PENNELL

N.A.

MEMBER OF FACULTY NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN NEW YORK : SOME TIME LECTURER ON ILLUS TRATION SLADE SCHOOL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

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TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

A. W. DRAKE

WM. LEWIS FRASER

CHARLES PARSONS

RICHMOND SEELEY

FOUR MEN WHO SHOULD BE HONORED FOR THEIR ENCOURAGEMENT OF PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND

I

DEDICATE THIS

BOOK

GENERAL PREFACE TO THE GRAPHIC ART SERIES

THERE are endless series of art books—and endless schools of art, endless lecturers on art and art criticism. But so far as I know there are no series of books on the Graphic Arts, written or edited, by graphic artists. This series is intended to be a survey of the best work in the past—the work that is admitted to be worth studying—and a definite statement as to the best methods of making drawings, prints and engravings, written in every case by those who have passed their lives in making them.

J. P.

PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN PREFACE AND INTRO DUCTION AND EXPLANATION

THERE are three reasons why I wish to write of Pen Drawing at present. The first because I believe that, as the physician alone is allowed to speak with authority on medicine, the scientist on science, the lawyer on law, so only the man who is an artist and who has made and studied pen drawings should have the right to speak authoritatively of them. Only the writing on art by one who has technical knowledge is of practical value. This explains why, though so many books on art have been written of late, so few are of any use to the artist or even to the layman or woman. Such volumes as Lalanne's *Treatise on Etching*, and some parts of Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing*, are indeed the exceptions. That this book has gone through three editions is a proof of what artists think of it. I have said this before; artists know it. Some day critics will admit I am right—or rather, if they still exist, that they are wrong.

This leads me to my second reason for writing: the very unsatisfactory manner in which Pen Drawing has hitherto been treated. The self-styled critics of the day hold their own notions of contemporary and earlier fashions in art to be the only right ones and abuse or ignore all others; while it is the tendency of most modern critical prophets so to enlarge upon the divine mission, the intellectual value, the historical importance of art in the past, as to belittle contemporary work, unless cubistic, futuristic, socialistic, and even then we must have story before drawing and uplift above technique, and to ignore technique, which among the great, and they are so few, is as great today as at any time. Without the nearest possible individual approach to technical perfection, according to the standard of the age in which the work is produced, art cannot be of value as a whole, although in parts it may be instructive. Fancy engineers sitting in stained glass attitudes before Fulton's steamboat worshiping, patronizing, yet ignoring the latest turbine engine. That is the pose of the art critic of today.

If often this belittling of contemporary art is to be expected from ignorant critics, though today the critic, afraid of being in the wrong, lauds every new thing, it is unwarranted when extended to pen drawing, which, as a distinct art, one of the graphic arts, belongs only to the last few years. This fact has been so completely overlooked that in treatises accepted by authorities, Pen Drawing in its modern development has not received the attention it deserves. This is true even of Hamerton's chapter on the subject, though it must be remembered that *The Graphic Arts* was published in 1882, before pen drawing had developed to any extent; probably also this chapter was written at a much earlier date. Looking through *The Graphic Arts*, I find that not one pen drawing is reproduced by any direct line process of photo-engraving, and it is the development of photo-engraving, side by side with pen drawing, that has brought the latter to its present position. True, the pen drawings or other sketches of Albert Dürer, of Da Vinci and Raphael, of Michael Angelo, Titian, Rembrandt and Claude, in fact of every old master, but above all of Rembrandt and Claude, are unquestionably instructive

and interesting—many of them great works of art. Of the drawings of several of these men I shall write. As a rule, however, the drawings of the old masters are but memoranda, the adjuncts of another art. Now pen drawing is not only an art, but one which, as well as painting in oils, requires technical knowledge. It may be said that the old men often made elaborate pen drawings. So they did; just as Rossetti elaborated with his pen or pencil until one wishes he had put the same time and work that went to his illustrations of Tennyson, and copies of his pictures, into his pastels. In the end he succeeded in getting what he wanted, but he was not an intelligent technician; like the old masters, he did not in the modern sense know how to make a pen drawing for reproduction. Some of his sketches, however, are extremely fine and well worth study and can be reproduced now.

With a certain class of writers on art I am not concerned, since to them eloquent writing is of more importance than honest criticism, and their ignorance of the technique of any art is only equalled by their ability to write of it.

There have been men, however, who have sought to treat pen and ink drawing technically, and my third reason for writing is that some of these writers, who call themselves pen draughtsmen, have evidently the very smallest knowledge of their subject. One manual states on cover and title-page that pen and ink drawing is "commonly called etching," showing at once to what manner of audience it is addressed, people who draw with pen and ink on antimacassars and call it etching, and who are continually asking what is the difference between a pen drawing and an etching anyway. Some idiot art editors now employ hacks to make etchings for advertising publications—I wonder if they describe the ground-out results as pen drawings. If Hamerton and Ruskin have not been able to show this elementary difference, it would be not only presumptuous, but a great waste of paper on my part to quote their words. However, for the benefit of such people, to whom it probably will be information, I would say that Pen Drawing is, was, and ever shall be, drawing with a pen. As to etching, it is a method of engraving on a metal plate described in the volume in this series on that subject. The brush also may be used to draw with as the Japanese used it in their great days.

Neither do I propose to make this a treatise on drawing. For the student must know not only something of drawing, but all that he can find out for himself about drawing, before good work can be done with the pen. Strange as it may seem to the crowds who have flooded the world with pen drawings, the same qualities which go to make a good pen drawing go to the making of a good etching. The only advantage is, that instead of having treacherous materials to work with, you have the simplest possible. This being so only proves the great difficulty of really drawing well with the pen. When one has seen pen and ink copies of woodcuts, of oil paintings of anything and everything worked out with an awful and reverent, but utterly misplaced and wasted soulfulness, uplift and seriousness, one realizes that pen drawing, like etching, is one of the most facile, least understood, and most abused of the arts.

PREFACE

I do not believe with one of the few men who have already written of Pen Drawing that he or any one else can, in a book, "teach drawing in India ink, upon principles so easy and progressive that individuals may attain this pleasing amusement without the aid of a master"; or indeed, unless the student has great ability, with his aid, though in this land of license we have correspondence schools which advertise that they do so—and professors who preach what they cannot practise. But the average person today must be told what to do and how to do it and that it must be done as every one else does it. Character is a curse—individuality an insult—but what else can you expect in a world made safe for Hypocrisy! But I am not without hope that the pen drawings published in the volume will show many, who are pleased to call themselves pen draughtsmen, that they are without the faintest idea of the aims, objects, and limitations of the art; as well as bring to the notice of amateurs, collectors, critics, editors, engravers, and print-sellers a healthy, vigorous, flourishing craft which is being developed and improved in all its branches.

I have selected the best work, so far as I have been able to find it, of all schools, and not shown one narrow French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, or American method, the merits or shortcomings of which I would be unable to point out without using this comparative plan. Yet unless today one says "we are the artists of the world," and proves it by only showing the work of local geniuses, one is a traitor to art, liable to be called a traitor to the country, because the country is in danger—our American country—from the sentimentalists, the religionists and the alienists, who infest it, have overrun it to gain their own aims and fill their own pockets, and on their way to their own heaven have debased and debauched and defiled every decent thing in the land, including art.

Hamerton called pen drawing a "simple process," and some people may unwisely suppose, therefore, that a simple process implies an easy and trifling form of art. To the incipient artist, encouraged by the financial success of illustrating hacks, I would say: unless you feel that pen drawing is something to be reverenced, something to be studied, something to be loved, something to be wondered at, that you are the motive power behind the pen, and that you must put all your skill and all your brains and all your technique into your work, you will never become a pen draughtsman. And you should be prouder to illustrate the greatest magazines of the world—alas! they are hard to find today—thus appealing to millions of readers, than have your drawings buried in the portfolios of a few score collectors, though it is well to have them in museums, if the museums are allowed to exist in the future. When the world is made over to artlessness and lawlessness, we are on the verge again of the dark ages, and only mediocrity is safe. Yet I believe that, in these days, artists who show their work to the people through the press are doing as did the masters of other days, who spoke to the people through the church, only the people, drugged with comics and movies, know what they want, not what the artist wants. The editors want what will pay.

PREFACE

Pen drawing is the most simple, the most direct, even the cheapest method of illustrating books, magazines and papers. Twenty-four years ago, though much more expensive, it was almost universally used, together with the dying art of reproductive wood-engraving—now it is far less used. Pen drawing is decorative and appropriate for use with type on the printed page, because the pen line harmonizes with the line of type, and the two go well together and form when properly used a harmonious decorative effect. They make a complete, perfect, artistic whole. It is the most simple method because the tools are the most simple, the reproduction is most direct, and pen drawings print better and more truly than illustrations made in any other manner. The cheapness is a fact known to all publishers and printers. It is not used because a pen draughtsman requires training and practice and a love of his art and a care for the technical requirements of it, that the lily-white-handed draughtsman has not got today—besides it requires ability on the part of the artist, and few possess these indispensable requirements; and it is not used in many cases because the pen draughtsman wishes to be paid for his craft work, while the poor painter, poor usually in every way, will give his work to the grabbing editor for the advertisement of seeing his work in print, too stupid to realize that the workman is worthy of his hire; too stupid to know that great artists of a generation ago made fame and fortune by the reproduction and publication of their drawings and prints; and then, too, the pen draughtsman had a pride in his work, in its reproduction, which he looked after, and its printing which he cared for.

The painter and the photographer who, for the moment, are supreme, neither care nor know anything of such matters, and so the artful art editor prefers artless painters and art photographers who do not bother him to pen draughtsmen who would make his life a burden. Even if they won an international fame for his journal—as did the men and women of a generation ago—cash and hustle are the editors' sole aims and ideals today. Tomorrow if anything is to be done in art he must return to good methods and good men, and my hope is that this book may be an aid to that end.

Finally, it is not the fashion to use pen drawings, and there are fashions in art as in artless things, and pen draughtsmen, too, must be brilliant, skilled craftsmen—and it is the day of the untrained amateur and the soulful duffer who appeal to a public that brought up on the comics knows what it likes—still I know, with the passing of this artless art-talking, art-buying age, Pen Drawing will come into its own again, for art is everlasting, eternal.

All this I know and I believe, but at the present Pen Drawing is dormant; there are scarcely any Pen Draughtsmen in the country worthy of the name, for incompetence has for the moment triumphed and is rampant. The great editor, too, has disappeared with the great illustrator. This is the age of the "commercial artist" and "the ad man" and "the big circulation man" and "the artist with a message" but without training.

PREFACE

It is incredible that those who run the magazines do not see that it would pay them better to use pen drawings which would, with vile ink and rotten press-work, print better than the wash drawings they do use, reproduced by half-tone, which they cannot print at all; yet they all now use wash and oil designs made by the same artless gang, in the same artless fashion; but their messes can be messed up on the pages, and the oafs who gloat over the literature love the art. But why any American editor will pay double for the reproduction of wash designs, when he could get line blocks for half the price, no one but the American editor and publisher, who does so, can understand. He does it to be in the fashion, and the fashion again is coming back to Pen Drawing. But where are we going to find the Pen Draughtsmen? This book shows what has been done. It may, I hope, help some to see things in the future as in the past. God knows, we want help and guidance today where we have only cocksure ignorance; we want and must have technical schools and technical education and a Minister of Art if we are to fight the world, allies and enemies of war, in the greater world war of art and commerce for which we are utterly unprepared. Yet with the coming of real peace it will be upon us, and we are utterly unprepared for it. And remember you can make an army of millions by law—no law can make one artist or crafts-man—only proper art education, and we have none.

The make-up of the book and the arrangement of the illustrations in it, in many cases, are very objectionable to me. I mean the blocks being larger than the letterpress, cutting holes in the pages, being turned around on them, "driving through them like a coach and four," as William Morris once said to me of the illustrations in American magazines, I do not like at all; but the object of this book is to show the best illustrations reproduced in the best manner by the best process work, and many of the blocks were not made for the book, and they could not be reduced or reproduced again. Therefore, if the form of the book is not always good, the reproductions are, and the volume is intended for students of drawing and engraving, reproduction and printing.

I wish to thank all the artists, collectors, and publishers who have lent me or allowed me to use drawings and blocks. But this would mean mentioning near all the living artists included and all the well-known publishers and printers. I must, however, thank some who have given more than contributions, without which the book could not have been made. Among them are C. B. Falls, H. Devitt Welsh, J. C. Coll, and Edward Warwick, who in various ways, which they know and I appreciate, have helped in the making of this book.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1920, ON MY BIRTHDAY — JOSEPH PENNELL

POSTSCRIPT TO PREFACE

THIS is the day of the "Valor of Ignorance." It has been pathetic during the making of the book to discover how the mighty are put down and the mediocre are exalted in our midst. Ignorance is rampant; incompetence glorified.

PREFACE

Every one has a message, few have knowledge. Doubtless with time all will be well, but it is almost certain that scarce an American of this pushing, advertising generation will be remembered. Notoriety and cash are the all in all of America today. The little men who draw—or think they do—or steal—are backed up by little men who write, with an itch for new things, the things of the moment that come and go in a moment. Nothing lasts, nothing is permanent. Everything is undermined, and soon not only our country, but its records, will vanish, and all that will remain is what may be preserved for us by others more careful of our records than we are. I am struck, and thoughtful readers must be struck as they turn the pages of the book, to see how few new Pen Draughtsmen I have been able to find. It is a proof that Pen Drawing, though vital, is difficult, and what the modern tries for is to avoid difficulties—therefore, he avoids Pen Drawing. There is another reason: People no longer care for art. The movies and the comics have replaced it. Nor for literature; the book store has almost disappeared in America. There are thousands of towns without one—thousands with only one, and many others only have books in the mess and muddle of the department shop, where they are treated like other goods, while fifty million cultured and educated Americans are said by the booksellers not to own a book. Illustration has gone, too, save in the papers and magazines, where it mostly does not exist. The war wiped out international literature; no longer can you find the latest foreign book here as soon as issued abroad. And in Germany, Italy and Austria, where most of the interesting illustrated books came from, how many are issued? Therefore, I have been compelled to keep chiefly to the big men of yesterday—but they are big and they live and their influence will remain. But if there are few new men, there is much new work. Work that has never been seen. I have made a new book but the old one would be new to most up-to-date students. I have been amazed at the appalling ignorance of the American art student, art teacher, art lover. Another reason for the decay of modern illustration, modern bookmaking, is because most authors and publishers care not what the books they issue look like. They are only made to sell. As one publisher said to me, "We don't sell books by numbers, but by weight," and they are scrapped as soon as possible. That a book should be beautiful and so live never occurs to them. The mass of publishers do not even know how to sell books. Money has nearly killed art and literature, as well as almost everything else in the land. Some printers rave over old work—rave over imitators and copyists who talk learnedly of types and of title-pages. Some of these authorities can copy a page or a font fairly well, but when they design a book, illustrate it or decorate it, they fail in everything save proving that they can preach glibly about what they cannot perform. But all over the country there are printers who are trying to improve their art, and this must raise the standard of their art.

I have lived long enough to see America lose in the art of illustration, the proud position she once held, and become the prey of the business man and ad

man and the editor man, who are fattening on what is called art in our country. Often the editors have to become Americanized before they can call it theirs, but they always succeed in bringing it down to their shop-keeping level. Ignorance has darkened the land; conceit covers it; blatant cocksureness has blinded us. We are it, because we do not know what it is. Because we have no standards, no aims, no ambitions, save one and only one—to make money, and that is so easy to make if one has time to do it. Our great monthly magazines are echoes. Our great weeklies are gone. Our great newspapers as organs of opinion have ceased to exist; as examples of illustration and printing they are pitiful, though the best American illustration remaining is in their advertisements. All are replaced by the most middle class, commonplace "vehicles for advertisement," for "distributing big business cheaply"—only so much literature and art are allowed in them as will pass the publications through the mails. But art and literature are subordinate to advertisement, and its success is the aim and ideal of those who lead, while the merits of the "goods" advertised are proclaimed in an uplifting, soul-yearning voice. What wonder, then, that there is little interest in finer things, in better work? We are told that fifty millions of those who have squatted here have no books. Yet the circulation of some papers is said to be two millions. What do the other sixty millions do—or what is done for them? Other barbarians and savages have beliefs and ideals. We haven't even drink as an incentive, and since prohibition came in the country has degenerated more than in all the previous century. The world was saved by drink; remember Noah; and without a "little wine" we can have no art, no literature. But we have golf and craps, so all is well with us. We are told that the Mahomedans were a dry people, and when they went dry their great art disappeared and their great nation fell to pieces, and they became "the sick man of Europe," the prey of parasites, prigs and oil kings after the death of Mahomet the first prohibitionist—he allowed polygamy—we have permitted divorce.

It is inconceivable from the business point of view that the American business editor, who exists because he has so much to draw on and so little competition, cannot see that it would pay him to use pen drawings which could be reproduced for half the sum it costs to reproduce wash and oil drawings, and does not do so; but what does he care so long as he makes his pile? The illustrators make wash and oil works because the wishy-washy tones hide the rickety, rubbishy drawing, and because when some editors began to use them, all must do so, as they use fatuous females and bull-headed hemales on their colored covers. Imitation is the source of art in this country. Abroad pen drawings have always been used, save in the lowest type of magazines—equivalent to our highest today. And once our prigging editors learn this, with the incoming after-war illustrated journals, Pen Drawing may revive, if there are still any draughtsmen in the land to revive it. So, as I say, for the good of others—as I have so often said—I am bringing out this volume to show what has been done, what we can do, and what we

should do. Despite the business editor, who glories in the pile he has made, despite the wreck and ruin of art and literature he has created, the wreck of art and literature he has left for the future to restore—if it can. I believe it will, and I believe his mushroom mediocrity will disappear, as it was spawned, in a night, though now it has the country by the throat.

I wish to exempt the publishers, The Macmillan Co., and the printers, The Franklin Printing Company, who have aided me, from any charges I have made against some American publishers and printers. They have worked well and faithfully for the book, and allowed me to work with them—the only way in which good work ever has been done, ever can be done, ever will be done. In most cases the manuscript is turned over by the author to the publisher, the publisher turns it over to the printer, and the printer turns it out. But in this book publishers and printers have worked with me and I have worked with them. And for this I wish to thank Mr. Kittredge and his staff, especially Mr. Lambdin, who devoted most of his time to the book and so proved his interest in it; Miss Fodey; and the pressmen under Mr. Laughton, who took a personal pride in their work and have made a volume which, despite its defects, we are proud of, and it is a credit to American printing. The presswork is certainly the best that has been done in the United States, in a book of this sort. It has been a labor of love to work with such workmen—workmen who have cared for their work.

I had an interesting experience, too, with the photo-engravers, especially the Weeks Photo-Engraving Company, who really tried. But there is no use denying it, photo-engraving is not to be compared today with that done a quarter of a century ago—and the book proves it. The reasons are simple. The engravers then were artists, today they are scientists or business men. Then, they strove for perfection and demanded to be paid well for their work; now, they are members of a trust and have their scale of prices. The best work cannot be done under such conditions. Art is nothing to most of these people who rush everything—and, as Kipling has said, "the American spends half the time another would take to do his work badly, and then wastes twice as long explaining why it is bad, instead of doing it decently at first." Inches and not art are their standards. Art is a commodity and treated as a necessary evil, and if your drawings are not ruined, lost or damaged you are lucky. The slightest difficulty dismays the engraver and the most commonplace result amazes him. Till we get proper craft schools American engraving will continue to degenerate.

One other matter I wish to refer to. This book is not printed on the shiny, coated paper deemed necessary in the United States, and all the photogravures, blocks and text are printed on the same uncoated paper which against our wishes was made too thick—probably at a standardized mill. This Series is the first to be printed in this way—not a critic has noticed this advance in printing. The collector knows the book is better than other books, but does not know why. It is better, and the reason why is because every one who has worked on the book has

cared about it and worked over it, not tried to "manufacture" it as cheaply and as quickly as possible, and to shirk all the difficulties which daily dawned.

I remember when with Hamerton on *A Summer Voyage on the Saone*, he said to me, "I have a public who read my books." As a youth—that was the year I wrote the beginning of *Pen Drawing*—I thought him conceited. He was not, he knew what he was talking about. I now—grown to Hamerton's age, and I hope with a wider experience—have a public of enemies and friends, envious painters, authors, critics, devoted illustrators, etchers, lithographers, publishers, printers. I know that they know I am trying to carry on tradition, trying to help them to the best of my ability for their good, and that is my good. And I have endless proofs of it in their devotion and appreciation. Not from them do I hear my books are "too expensive." Good books, well illustrated, well printed, must be expensive, and besides I can't afford, and don't want to work down to that kind of lazy lout who whines to be uplifted by cheapness, when what he wants is a boot toe to do it with. Laziness and meanness are cloaks for most of the soulfulness and sentiment in this country.

My book, from Budapest to Tokio, has been used as a text-book and in a, to me, delightfully battered and tattered condition, rebound and repatched, can be found in most libraries and art schools; a tribute—even the fact that plates are torn out of it—to my work that no canny critic, no envious imitator can disturb. I wish I could add examples of more modern men—but where are they? I have included all I can find who have, I think, character necessary for inclusion, sadly lacking today amongst those who in any form make art their business, mostly with impudence and impertinence. However, go forth, my expensive book—you have been made for those who care, those who buy, those who go to libraries to consult. As for the whining, begging incompetents, duffers, critics, editors, the book was not written for you—and I never will work down to you.

The list of publishers who have furnished me with blocks or permission to use drawings or prints is in the List of Illustrations.

The artists whom I would also thank are Franklin Booth, James Guthrie, Rockwell Kent, W. A. Rogers; and the Librarians who have also helped are John Ashhurst of the Free Library of Philadelphia, Fitzroy Carrington of the Boston Museum, F. Weitenkampf of the New York Public Library, Miss Bergh of the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. And above all Messrs. Macmillan, who placed the making of the book in my hands, let me do it as I wished, and I am proud to have done it, and am responsible for it, and I am not ashamed of it.

FINISHED THANKSGIVING DAY, 1920. J. P.

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OF pen drawing in the past I shall say little, for the reason that there is little to be said, that is, from my standpoint: the making of pen drawings for illustration and reproduction. No artist would study the old masters, with a very few exceptions, for the technical qualities of pen drawing for printing. As painters now look to Titian and Velasquez, Rembrandt and Franz Hals for the technique of oil painting, so illustrators in the future will look to some of the pen draughtsmen of yesterday as not only the early, but the great masters of the art. It is not necessary to do more than point out the scope and aims of pen drawing as practiced by the great artists of other days, in order to emphasize its far wider scope and broader aims among the men of our days. A knowledge of its technical immaturity in the past helps us to the appreciation of its development in the present.

It must be remembered, however, that if the pen drawing of the old masters was undeveloped in comparison with modern work, it was because, with them, there was no call for it as an art apart. It was quite perfect for their purpose. Since in engravings on wood and metal all the pen quality of a drawing was lost, when they wanted to reproduce their work they etched or engraved. What Hamerton says generally of pen drawings is really applicable only to the old men; theirs were "sketches of projects and intentions." They are to be studied for their composition and arrangement, suggestion of light and shade, and rendering of the figure, of which I have no intention to speak, since in these matters pen drawing is subject to the same laws as any other form of art; but for technique these pen memoranda, which is what they are, as a rule, have little to teach the modern draughtsman.

That the old masters made great use of the pen is well known. One cannot visit any of the great galleries without seeing many of their pen drawings, which are interesting in relation to the pictures of which they were the germs, and as records of strong impressions and ideas vigorously and simply put down. And here let me insist again that, while one may make notes and sketches as they did, and study their marvelous facility and vigor in so sketching, such sketches are not, as many modern critics and painters consider them, pen drawings. This is proved at once by the very different methods used by these masters in their etchings, to which the pen drawings of today are equivalent. But their pen sketches, or rather memoranda, really were for them very much what instantaneous photographs are for their degenerate successors, the photographic painters, suggestions and notes of action and movement—suggestions which when adopted, and notes which when taken from the camera, nearly always result in the ruination of the artist, while the photographer struts abroad glorying in his greatness. By all means the old masters' sketches should be studied. But it is the veriest affectation nowadays to imitate them, though hailed with approval and applause by the artlessly critical.

If the artists of today were not possessed of such curses as photography, they would probably excel all the masters in sketching or etching—always excepting Rembrandt and Whistler—for we do develop and advance. The modern artist has

many aids and props which the old men knew nothing about, and these make the work of today much more, the artless think, accurate and true than that of old time. But because of his dependence on these props, the modern artist has lost much of his former ability to see and put down what he sees. This applies even to color. And if a man with the gifts of Titian were to appear today, he would surpass Titian, just as Corot surpasses all the old landscapists technically. Claude though is a greater artist and Claude's pen drawings are wonderful—but mostly would not reproduce in line.

Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Raphael often made the first sketches for their paintings with pen and ink: sketches full of character, that have lately been made better known by numerous reproductions and numberless photographs. Botticelli's delicate and refined illustrations for the *Divina Commedia*, though drawn with silver point, were gone over with pen and ink, while those signed with a B, at times attributed to Botticelli in the *Hypnerotomachia*, are the most perfect in the early books. Great as illustrators, too, were Dürer and Holbein and their methods are by no means obsolete; the better they are known, the better for art.

Landscapes by Titian, with little villages or houses in the distance, have a delightful suggestion of picturesqueness; but it is curious to compare these with modern pen and ink landscapes by Rico, Vierge, or Lalanne. Titian's, the honest critic must admit, if such exist, suffer when comparison of their technical points is made. But scarce any critics are honest—and the few who are have mostly no courage, and copy the words that fall from the crooks. A drawing of a Turk by Gentile Bellini in the British Museum can, for beauty of modelling with a pen and delicacy of handling combined with simplicity, be advantageously studied by the pen draughtsmen of today. It shows what the old men might have done with a pen—but they made drawings for their own sake—for art's sake, not for reproduction.

There are pen studies of horses and carriages by Velasquez, very simply and strongly suggested, and marvels by Rembrandt and Claude and above all Dürer. But it is unnecessary to go through the list of all the masters whose drawings have been preserved. It is endless, and, differing as the drawings do in character, they are nearly all alike in being notes or records of facts; or if, as rarely happens, carried out, are, save in few more than the cases I have mentioned, valueless for study of technique. That is, to the student, who should learn that the greatest care and not the utmost carelessness should be his aim in drawing for reproduction. While one may rave over these early drawings, one should no more recommend their technique to the beginner than feed a baby with champagne. I wish it to be understood this book is not intended for dry, dreary cranks. There are ideas enough to be learned from the old masters' drawings, and sometimes the best and strongest work of the artist is to be found in his pen drawings.

The pen draughtsman should study Holbein's *Dance of Death*, and his beautiful designs for metal work, many of the originals of which may be found in the

British Museum and that at Basle; Albert Dürer's and Israel von Meckenen's metal engravings; Rembrandt's drawings and etchings; the lovely Renaissance decorative head and tail pieces; Claude's perfect landscapes in the Uffizi. Dürer, having no perfect process by which to reproduce his designs, apparently put little delicacy of line into his wonderful drawings for the wood-cutter, yet a reference to the Apollo contradicts this statement, and delicacy is all that is lacking to make them in technique equal to the drawings of today. That he could draw delicately is shown by his prints, every one of which is worthy of reverent study. That he did not, only proves that he understood the limitations of wood-cutting. This want, however, added to a certain archaic feeling that pervades all his engraved work, makes it affectation for an artist today to model his style on that of Dürer—though this wood-cut technique is perfect for rapid printing.

On the other hand, nothing could be nearer perfection for an artist of a northern country to study than Rembrandt's and Whistler's etchings of out-of-door subjects, especially their little views of towns. Even Ruskin gives this advice in his *Elements of Drawing*, regarding Rembrandt; his etchings have so many of the same qualities as pen drawings that I feel certain, had he lived in our age, he would not have etched so much, but would have made innumerable pen drawings, for the same reason the best pen draughtsman of our land, Abbey, once gave me. Why, when he could have his drawings reproduced perfectly, should he use a nasty, dirty process, which is successful more by good luck than good management? That was E. A. Abbey's opinion. Luckily he died before the world came to an artless dry end, else he would have etched, for his drawings could not, or would not be reproduced today—it would cost too much. You can see from reproductions, how well Rembrandt's simpler etchings, as well as Van Dyck's, are rendered by line process blocks from clean wiped prints. Many of Rembrandt's etchings come very well without any wiping. Whistler's last drawings were in pen and ink. Collectors now appreciate old etchings for their rarity, but when they were made they were sought for because of their perfect reproduction of the master's work. There were fancy prices attached to some of Rembrandt's etchings when he made them but not to Meryon's. They were sold for a few cents as are our worst illustrated magazines. We have scarce any good ones any longer.

There is a little of the modern feeling and go in some of Tiepolo's drawings. Claude's landscape sketching in pen and ink is also full of the modern spirit. Both these artists used washes of bistre or sepia on their pen drawings, and as these washes can now be reproduced perfectly, there is every reason to use them—as there is to avoid the rotten oil paintings which are stuck in the American artless magazines. I am no purist in art, and therefore no advocate for "pure pen drawing." I think it more important to give a desired effect, no matter how, than to limit the means by which it is to be obtained. But always the artist must observe the technical requirements of reproduction and printing.

The development from Claude and Tiepolo, through Paul Huet and others, to

our time, could be easily traced. Doubtless many pages could be filled were I to follow this growth in detail, as there are many books compiled by the artless for the studious and the serious, and if I stole from those books, ample opportunities would be afforded to discover my omissions and praise my discoveries. But I do not think it worth while, since it is in its maturity, rather than in its making, that pen drawing is most interesting. And besides, the introduction of photo-engraving had so much to do with its development that there seems to be but one step from the old "sketches of projects and intentions" to the modern technically perfect pen drawing.

The history of the development of pen drawing and the history of the development of photo-engraving are two distinct subjects, neither of which do I propose to treat. There are dissertations on both subjects which the curious may pursue and peruse—they have nothing to do with the art though there are many curious facts to be learned as to the beginning of mechanical process engraving, which was first successfully practiced in France.

And there are innumerable histories and biographies of the great and lesser masters, from Giotto to the man who died yesterday, all of whom have helped to develop pen drawing.

But until about the year 1880 pen drawing did not begin to flourish as an art. Before this no artist, except as an experiment, wanted his work reproduced by these partially developed mechanical processes. The drawings of the old masters, when reproduced at all, were drawn on wood and then cut to pieces or etched or engraved on metal, and these methods were continued until a few years ago, when photography was made use of to transfer drawings on to wood blocks which were then engraved and the drawings preserved. The last method is the photographing of the pen or other drawing—with pen drawings alone I am concerned—on to a metal plate, from which a mechanical or process engraving is made by etching the photographic image into relief, the black lines or tones being acid resisting—the bare space between the lines being eaten by acid leaving the lines in relief for printing. It is this development of process which has made pen drawing into a distinct art, equal in importance to etching. It is mechanical wood-cutting and engraving; one of the rare cases in art in which machinery is better than hand work, only it is mostly hand work after all.

Throughout this volume I use the word Process to express the reproduction of a drawing. It is the word used by artists and engravers and therefore the right one.

PEN DRAWING IN THE PAST GENTILE BELLINI DRAWING OF A TURK MADE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

THE modern method of pen drawing is well seen in the work of Gentile Bellini. I do not mean to say that he was the first to use the pen to produce a separate and distinct form of art; but, whether he used a pen or a point, until Chodowiecki, his drawings were unrivalled. I should not commend the drawing for its handling; we have improved that, but Bellini seems to have been one of the few among the ancients who cared for pen drawing for its own sake.

6 TITIAN AND LALANNE LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS COMPARED

I SHOW this drawing by Titian, and with it a little sketch in Holland by Maxime Lalanne, for the purpose of comparison. I am quite aware that it will be thought absurd on my part to compare the study for a great picture, which this may have been, with an apparently slight and trivial drawing by Lalanne. At least, painters and critics would so consider it. I know it will at once be said that the hand of a greater man and a larger and broader mind is

evident in a pen drawing which, like Titian's, gives a rocky foreground with a great tree, a middle distance with a town and woods, a lake stretching away to a mountainous horizon, and above all a fine cloudy sky. I would be the first to admit this if the drawing by Titian expressed, with the same vitality and directness of line, a result as artistic as that by Lalanne. But this is not so.

Before analyzing Titian's drawing, I must make an apology for it by saying that I do not believe Titian ever intended or would wish it to be used. And because Titian was one of the greatest Italian painters is no reason why we should bow down and worship everything that came from his hand. Though the composition is suggestive and may have been of great use to him, the lines are worthless for study. They are careless and trivial from one end of the drawing to the other. To come down to details, the tree trunk is very well drawn, although there is in it no

feeling for line. It grows out of a meaningless blot at the bottom and disappears at the top in meaningless scrawls which common sense tells us are meant for foliage. Compare it with the young tree by Lalanne[1]: note how gracefully the growth of his tree is indicated, and the way in which Lalanne shows the direction of the prevalent wind in Holland, which causes the tree to bend and its branches to grow on the side away from it. I say this to artists, no painter, no critic notices it, or would understand if they did. In Titian's drawing it is impossible to tell where the

rocky foreground ends and the water of the lake begins, even though the lake lies far below. Everything is clumsily obscure. In Lalanne's this is shown in the clearest manner with about one-third the number of lines Titian has used. In the Titian there are meaningless blots in the water, and you cannot make out the construction of the boat. In the Lalanne this is plain enough; you can even see the different colors in which his boat is painted. Look at the careful and yet slight indication of the roadway leading to the towered gate by Lalanne. But can any one tell what the cross-hatched, scrawled-in hill on the right of Titian's is composed of? Titian's middle distance of a town, woods, and a house under the trees on the opposite side of the lake has the handling of a small child—no, a cubist, the child would do it better—while the perspective is all out. The two small trees on the left are not bad. In Lalanne's drawing every line has a purpose: how beautifully the shadows are given on the houses, how the little spots all have a meaning, while Titian's are due to carelessness and clumsiness. There is quite as much suggestion in Lalanne's white paper sky as in Titian's labored clouds, though the clouds are the best thing in his drawing. I know that any person can see these things after I have

[1] La Porte Saint-Antoine, Amsterdam, *La Hollande à Vol d'Oiseau*. Henry Havard, Decaux and Quantin, Paris. See other illustrations by Lalanne in French Chapter.

pointed them out. But the point I wish to emphasize is that students are bidden to and do study drawings like this Titian because, as he was a great master of color, he is supposed to be a great master of everything; but Lalanne, who was an equally great master as a pen draughtsman, is ignored because he is a modern and rarely painted, and paint and the cash it brings is the aim and end of modern art. And I want to insist in the strongest manner that this, and all other drawings by Titian I have seen—and I have gone through almost all the great galleries, some even that exist no longer; curse this age and what it has brought us—are of little value for the study of technique. I repeat what I have already said that neither pen drawing nor landscape painting was then developed, or had become an independent and separate art of any great importance. I do not for a moment assert that Titian could not have made a fine pen drawing. I only say that, judging from his drawings which we possess, he did not, technically.

SOME COMPARATIVE HEADS OLD AND NEW

BY using these heads I thought it possible to compare old work with new by grouping together two or three different countries, and new methods and periods, in order to explain more easily the difference between the old and new technique.

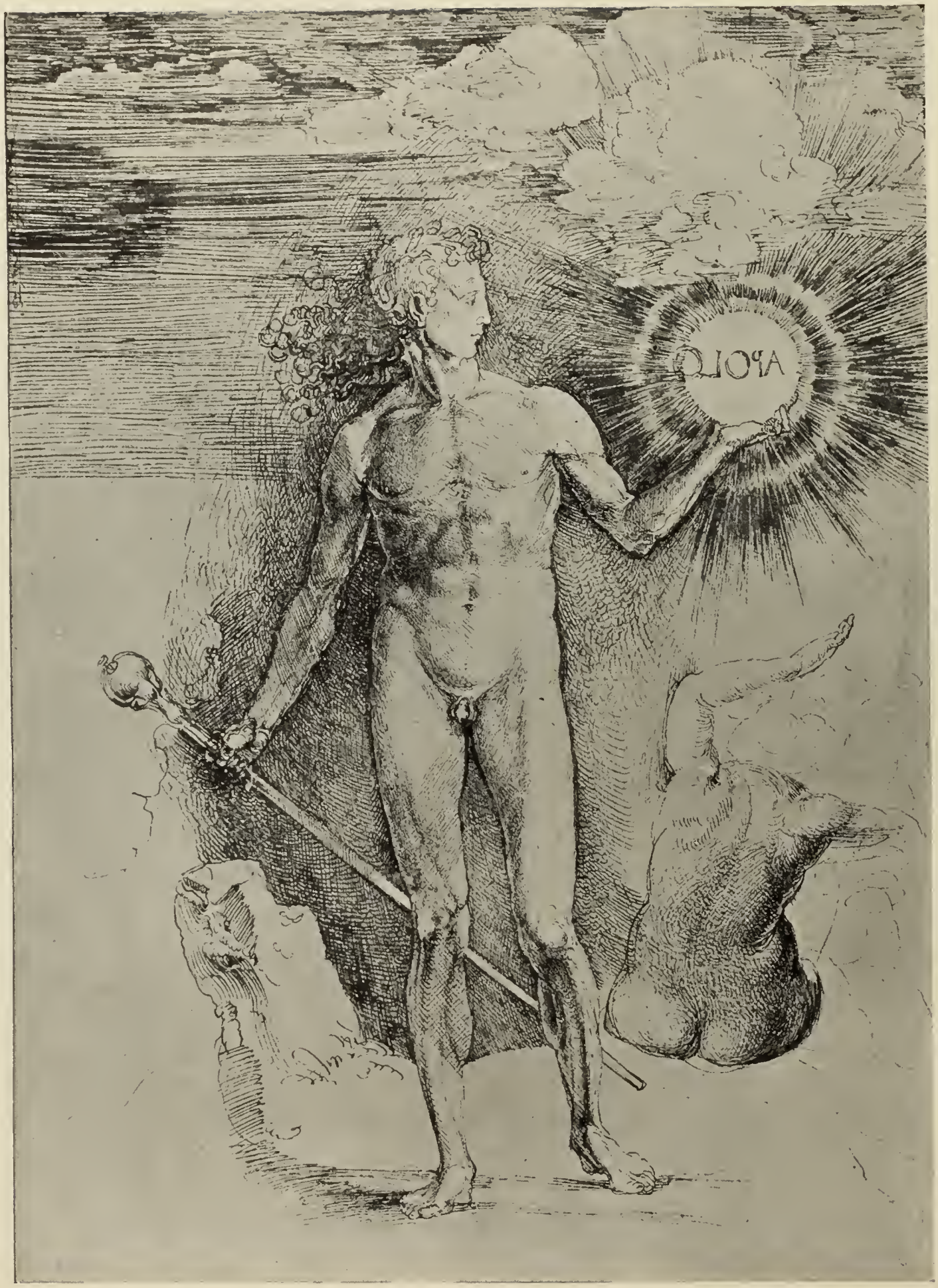
We know what Dürer could do with a pen from his designs and decorations, perfect models for use to-day, and from his woodcuts, for whether he drew these with a pen, pencil, or brush, is of very little importance since the results resemble pen drawings on the block. But when we find a drawing like this, of which he must have been proud or he would never have signed it, we find at once, exquisite though the drawing is and fine as is every line in it, that Dürer had not a knowledge of the wealth and depth of color which can be obtained with a pen. By comparing it with the drawing by Rossetti this becomes apparent, even though the Rossetti has lost

very much in the wood-engraving. The lines in the Dürer are far finer than those in the Rossetti, but the latter suggests far more color and is much more freely handled than the earlier drawing by Dürer. Neither of these drawings was intended for reproduction, and the Dürer no more resembles his engravings than the Rossetti resembles his designs which were put on the block.

Neither the Print Room of the British Museum nor any other great gallery contains a more interesting pen drawing than this Apollo by Dürer. It is well known and has been reproduced before. Its interest for curators, collectors and art historians arises from its resemblance, not only to Dürer's Adam, but to Jacopo de' Barbari's treatment of the same subject.

My reason for reproducing it, however, is quite different. It is, in the first place, drawn with perfect freedom; a study made as it might be made today, without thought, apparently, of the engraver or wood-cutter. But this want of thought is only apparent; for the word Apollo is written backwards, showing conclusively that it was done for the engraver. And still more interesting is that between the legs, and around one arm, and in the hair, are distinct marks of pencil or silver or some other point having been used to trace it on to another sheet or, more probably, block or plate. No notice, so far as these most important facts are concerned, has ever, I believe, been taken of this drawing by the critics—why should they? The historians have never noticed them, and the authorities get everything out of books but brains. And yet, whenever I have asked engravers or illustrators or art editors of intelligence to look at this drawing they have at once agreed with me that it was made by Dürer for engraving, that this must have been his method, that the lines in the study were simplified by the wood-cutter, and that the flesh and background were cut by the engraver without any reference to the lines made by Dürer on paper to be cut or engraved under his direction.

It is known that this drawing never was engraved, or there is no engraving of it in existence. This possibly is the reason for its existence. How do we know



that Dürer did not destroy those studies for his engravings, carried out, everybody now knows, mainly by other people as soon as they were engraved in metal or cut on wood? Or possibly in the Japanese fashion, they were pasted on the block and the lines cut through the sheet of paper into the blocks—simple

technical matters like these the self-sufficient critics never note. That the drawing was intended for engraving is proven absolutely by the Apollo being written backwards as I have noted.

Again, Sir Sidney Colvin maintains that lead pencils were not known to Dürer, and that this tracing is of later date. But I do not know that the tracing on the drawing has been made with lead, it may be silver, rusty iron, ivory or any sort of metal point that would leave a mark; and every one who has had to trace drawings knows that the simplest way to make a tracing, not in reverse, is to go over it with something that leaves a mark, because if a line is left out one knows just how much one has traced. Otherwise it is necessary constantly to lift up the drawing—often shifting it—to see how much has been done. And I do not know why I gave so much space to considering Sir Sidney Colvin's suppositions.

Therefore, this is one—possibly the only one—of Dürer's original drawings in preparation for the wood-cutter or his own engraving. And I have, I believe, for the first time discussed from this point of view one of the most interesting possessions of the British Museum. The lines in the sky are done with the utmost freedom; and yet they are so drawn that any intelligent wood-cutter could simplify them so as to produce a sky that would print. And one should note that Dürer did draw, in this instance, with a freedom and a delicacy quite absent from his wood-cuts; that these qualities are absent from them is his misfortune not his fault—because the wood-cutter could not cut such lines.

The glory, or mirror which frames the word Apollo is quite characteristic; but when we come to the flesh all is different. The outlines of the figure, background, and less important parts were most likely traced on the block or plate by assistants; and he then filled them in, simplifying or adding to, the important figure in just the fashion he wished, on the block, all of this being cut to pieces, which was the course pursued by Menzel, Doré, Rossetti, until the introduction of photography. Common technical facts are beyond the common critic.

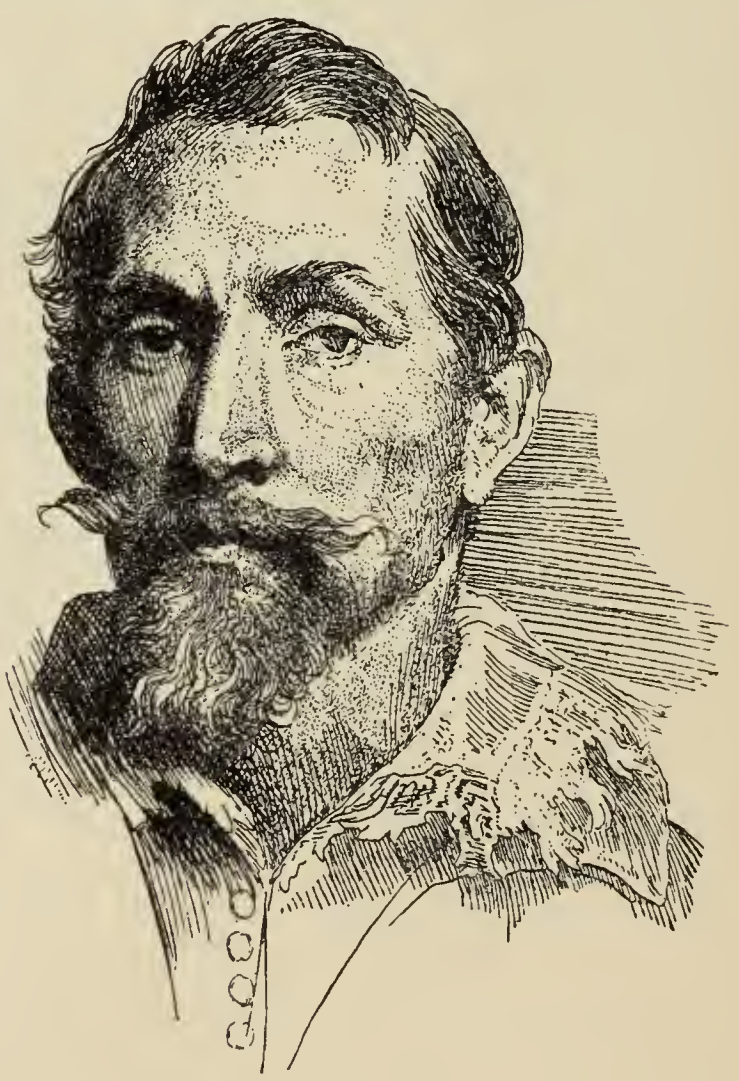
I have discussed Dürer in this way as a practical working illustrator, working as all other illustrators worked; and great as are his designs, I believe they were made in very much the fashion we make them—we only follow him—and are far behind.

The reproductions of this drawing and the Bellini were made by the Swan Electric Company, and are interesting examples of the Ives method (the blocks were made by Mr. Ives himself) of reproducing line drawings by the half-tone process. Though these blocks were made by an American a quarter of a century or more ago they are better than most made today. Then in illustration we were artists—today we are artless.

Van Dyck could draw with a pen, as is shown by this head of a child, though in his day such a drawing could not have been reproduced; but today it could be, as it has been, perfectly. Even the chalk work in it comes admirably. While all of Van Dyck's shadows are made, or at any rate have been reproduced, in nearly pure black, Galice's, being drawn with a fine pen, give variety to the whole, and allow

him to concentrate his blacks where he wants. Van Dyck has scattered his blacks all over. Nevertheless, his drawing is but another proof that the old men could have drawn with a pen had there been any necessity for it. That they would have done so, could their pen drawings have been printed.

I have had a process block made from Van Dyck's etching of the head of Snyders and it is upon his etchings that Van Dyck's reputation as a black-and-white man rests. I have placed with it two heads by F. Desmoulins from *La Vie Moderne*, that are technically quite equal to Van Dyck and yet utterly different. The smaller drawing is as full of character and the modeling as well given as the Van Dyck; in the larger the feeling of flesh is far more completely carried out than by Van Dyck, while the hair, moustache and imperial, somewhat similar in both, are vastly better rendered by Desmoulins. Here is a man who, I venture to say, is almost unknown, and yet in black and white he has surpassed Van Dyck with his worldwide reputation. However, Van Dyck has had but a handful of followers in portrait etching; Desmoulins, whether the fact is known to newspaper editors or not, is the man who commenced the drawing of portraits in pen and ink for illustrated journalism. Van Dyck gave to a few of his friends a most interesting gallery of his contemporaries; Desmoulins has given the world most artistic renderings of many great and little Frenchmen, and has influenced a vast army of pen draughtsmen of whom he was the master. Van Dyck's etchings, however, live—I am doing what I can to make Desmoulins' live—but all our art is in danger of disappearing.



These drawings also demonstrate another fact: we moderns have advanced very little, if at all, in getting a likeness, and who has surpassed Holbein—his marvelous red chalk drawings are the glory of the Windsor collection. But we have made great strides in technique in the drawing of portraits. Compare the manner in which Van Dyck has dotted and stippled the light side of the face of Snyders, and lined the shadows without reference to the modeling, with the very simple yet suggestive line of Desmoulins. Desmoulins has carried his subject further and rendered the head more completely with an expenditure of probably half the time and labor. The actual time and labor given to a drawing is of no importance. But if one can show a better result produced more simply, it is better. This process block may also be compared with the photogravure of the same subject in "*Etchers and Etching*" in this Series.

LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE LORRAINE

CLAUDE made endless drawings in line as "projects and intentions"—schemes for paintings to be done, records of those he had done—almost every one is worth study and many have been reproduced. The most important

collection the *Liber Veritatis* is—or was—at Chatsworth, and these were later engraved. They gave the idea to Turner for his *Liber Studiorum*. There are many in the Uffizi in Florence and in the collection, now dispersed, of J. P. Heseltine of London. Reproductions of many of them have been issued. His use of line and wash is admirable and by half-tone now can be rendered perfectly almost, though as they were drawn in sepia and other browns, often on blue paper, this is difficult. Many have washes either put on purely or made by dragging the pen lines about while wet—and often the pen lines have been worked into the wet wash. But they are the work of a great technician who knew what he wanted to do, and did it for himself, though it is now our admiration and envy. That these were only sketches for his own use is proved by the fact that his etchings, wildly raved over by Hamerton and all the rest, are dreary, uninteresting, over-elaborate machines. Claude did not know a good thing of his own when he did it.

Pen and Wash drawing by Claude

OF PEN DRAWING IN THE PAST DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS BY REMBRANDT

REMBRANDT, great in every way, shows his knowledge of the limitation of every art by his admirable and right work in it, save in his admirable large etchings. The etching of the old man's head is a perfect study for a pen sketch. It is as free as it can be, and yet every line is put in carefully

and thoughtfully. The most positive proof that Rembrandt would have been a pen draughtsman had he lived today is that this head reproduces perfectly by process. Compare it with the head of the master of the Unfaithful Servant, the full-page pen drawing, and note that though every line in the latter is put down with a purpose, and there is none of the wild scrawling so visible in Titian, it is without the delicacy and refinement shown in his etchings. It is a note to be used in painting or etching, but it is a work upon which Rembrandt could have based his reputation as a pen draughtsman.

Jno. Yeo & Barrett.

Rembrandt knew perfectly the limitations of pen drawing in his day and respected them. When he wanted the quality which now is to be had by pen drawing, he etched, and in his etchings, which are not dependent on dry point, he obtained this quality, though they possessed a certain richness and fullness owing to the ink which no line process has yet been able to give. No one in the past is greater than Rembrandt as an etcher, but Whistler in his etchings is greater than Rembrandt. Therefore, if you wish a style good for all time, you will find it in many of Rembrandt's landscapes and figure subjects. But for work of today, and Rembrandt gave the things that were about him, the student can learn more from the etchings of Whistler.

This study of a boy by Rembrandt is one of his most modern and careful, yet there are endless others equally fine. It is only necessary to compare this with a dozen drawings done in present times in other parts of the book to see what advances we have made—always technically: the pen work is good as far as it goes; very good, something like Keene's delightful *Punch* sketches. That Rembrandt thought this a sketch, though an excellent sketch, is at once proven by the drawing and etching of the two pigs. In the pen drawing of the pig lying down there is certainly the germ of the etching, and there is just as certainly the most perfect expression of the fact that Rembrandt knew what could be and could not be done in his day with a pen. How much we have progressed, any one may see by noting that now the delightfully delicate etching reproduces quite as well as the strong, bold, pen drawing.

I cannot help, the more I see of Rembrandt's drawings in pen and wash, enthusing over them. They were done for his own sake, for art's sake, the only way to work; he worked that way because he loved to. He knew there was no way in his day of reproducing them, he did them because he wanted to and amongst the drawings of all the old men there is nothing in figure work finer than Rembrandt. Nothing in landscape finer than Claude. They are masters—study them.

It is one thing, however, to study and use intelligently the good work of the past; it is another to be taken in by bad work of the past or to use it, as is so often

done, merely as a cloak for incompetence. Good primitive or early work cannot be imitated, for it is real and genuine—and a real primitive can easily be told from a real modernist. We cannot go back to the past, but we can learn from the men of the past; that is why Durer, Rembrandt and Claude are so useful, so inspiring for serious men who wish to carry on tradition. That is the reason why superfinal duffers avoid them—because it is so difficult to carry on. But difficulties are the last thing the modernist wishes to encounter. His game is to avoid, and he misses being an artist by avoiding.

PEN DRAWING as an art belongs to the nineteenth century, to the last quarter of it. Hamerton, who in his *Graphic Arts* gives a brief sketch of its history, says: "Fortuny, the Spanish painter, introduced a new kind of pen drawing which has been followed by Casanova and others of the same school, and which has had some influence outside of it, as well as upon the practice of etching."

But when he wrote, the importance of this "new kind of pen drawing" had not been brought to his notice. For the truth is, in Fortuny's day pen drawing was revolutionized; he, Rico and Vierge in Spain, Leibl and Dietz in Germany, Lalanne and Detaille in France, with the new methods of photo-engraving to help them, made it the art it is. You have but to place a drawing of Fortuny's or Abbey's by one of Rembrandt's or Raphael's to realize how completely modern reproduction has broken down the old limitations, and proven that the pen can be used for something more than projects and intentions. Pen drawing is a painter's process, and nearly all these artists were painters as well as pen draughtsmen.

Fortuny's chief innovation in methods was the use of short, broken lines, or, rather, the substitution of the spot for the line; the use of these spots of lines to indicate the mass of shadow, the omission of a definite outline, and the suggestion of that outline, by means either of the background, or the modeling inside the figure. He worked with the pen like a brush. Hamerton says that Fortuny preferred short lines because he wanted to get variety, and because he saw nothing in nature "that could be fairly interpreted by a long line." But a far more likely reason is that he found with short lines he could model and break up the mechanical look often given by long conventional lines—though all lines are conventional. Fórtuny's drawings are full of the most delicate modeling; his figures, instead of being simply and strongly suggested as in the pen sketches of the old masters, are carefully worked out, and their strength is increased rather than lessened. Hamerton asserts that the apparently "coarsest pen drawings are usually the work of great artists; the delicate and highly finished are usually the work of amateurs, or else of workmen who are paid to imitate engravings for the purpose of photographic reproduction." True as this was in a certain sense, it shows that Hamerton did not foresee the development of photo-engraving and it is misleading, since nothing could be more delicate and less suggestive of engraving than the drawings of Fortuny; that was their distinction. They are moreover full of the most wonderful brilliancy, which in pen drawing he rendered for the first time. It was in Spain that his eyes were opened to strong effects of light, and the desire to reproduce these effects had much to do with his breaking away from academic mannerisms to originate and develop new methods.

One cannot study too long, too carefully, or too lovingly, the unfortunately few examples of the work Fortuny has left us. These are to be found scattered in the illustrated books and papers of France and Spain, for which he occasionally

worked. Now they would not employ him. Poor as were at first many of the reproductions, mostly wood-engravings, they stood out in the pages just as one of his pictures will, when by chance it makes its way into an exhibition. His drawings may also be found reproduced in some of the lives of the artists, notably in that by Davillier. Here and there in other of Davillier's books and in *L'Art* are a few of Fortuny's drawings of bronzes and of Spanish and Moorish trappings. While his etchings are well worth study technically for the technique of pen drawing, as they are the work of a pen draughtsman rather than an etcher. The wood-engraved reproductions, however, should be avoided, for fine as a few are, notably Leveillé's of the portrait of M. D'Epinay in the fashion of Goya's time, the feeling of pen and ink work is in them cut out to a great extent, yet it is so fine I have included it. It is best to see direct reproductions or the photogravures that have been made. It may be asked, How is one to know the difference between wood engravings and process reproductions? This is difficult to explain. In the former there are little dots and engraved lines which can, after some practice, be detected, at times only through the magnifying glass; while the fine grey lines made with a pen are nearly always much harder and broader. Compare the two illustrations.

Fortuny lived a little too soon for the processes by which his followers have profited. Otherwise, there would doubtless have been a still greater number of his fine pen drawings, as well as fine reproductions of them. As it is, many of the process reproductions give his drawings a rough and hard look, which the photogravure reproductions in Davillier's Life prove most conclusively to have been the fault of the undeveloped process.

I have spoken as if Fortuny was the leader of the new movement in Spain. There is very little doubt that he was; but he gave his time almost entirely to painting, and, though his few published drawings prove him to have been a master, he did not devote himself to the development of pen drawing to the same extent as some of the other Spanish artists who worked with and around him. However, Fortuny is known to the whole world as a pen draughtsman, but, owing to the persistent way in which black and white work has been ignored by critics and painters, especially in England and America—notwithstanding the fact that it was the only healthy art developed in the nineteenth century—the names of the men who have made illustration what it now is, the men whose work is studied by intelligent illustrators the world over, are absolutely unknown even to the many who have flooded the world with pen drawings.

Artists who have studied Rico, Fortuny and Vierge are thought to be masters, and their work is praised as being original, when originality is the last merit they could claim for it. But then imitators are a gang of little, lying, nagging thieves, who have near ruined the art.

As a landscape pen draughtsman, there is not, and has not been in any country or time, a stronger man than Martin Rico. Though it may be information

to many, Rico made pen drawings of the canals of Venice and the palaces of Spain which are the admiration of all who know them. But what does the up-to-date modern know? Rico was almost faultless as a pen draughtsman, till he was ruined by the camera lucida; before that he could on white paper, with pen and ink, catch the sunlight of a Venetian day and the glitter and transparency of a moving, shimmering canal. He understood the true limitations of the art, and never went beyond them; he knew just where to put a spot of ink and where to leave it out. With his wonderful ability, he could do what seems an impossibility; fill a piece of white paper with modeling, and make a brilliant black with six grey lines. Everything he touched glitters and shines with sunlight, and there is not one superfluous stroke in his drawing; neither is a necessary line omitted, nor is there a careless or a clumsy scrawl to be found. How true he is only those know who have reverently studied him in the countries alone adapted to glowing, glittering, out-of-door pen work—Spain, Italy and Southern France, Africa and the East. Abortive attempts to imitate this great master are almost daily made by people ignorant of his work, or of pen drawing, or the reasons for a brilliancy that does not exist north of Southern France and Italy. It is perfectly true that on a summer day some of the little whitewashed villages of England and many towns in the United States, especially in the south, are not without the brilliancy best rendered by the methods of Rico. But how much better it is for the artist, in a country where these effects are the exception and not the rule, to strike out for himself, as has been done by Alfred Parsons and Sir George Reid and F. L. Griggs, among the very few British landscape pen draughtsmen of ability. Rico's work is very difficult to find. Many of his original drawings were never reproduced, but were bought by collectors and given an honorable place in their galleries. I have seen a number in New York. A few have been reproduced in *L'Art*, *L'Illustracion Española y Americana*, and *La Vie Moderne*. He never illustrated a book.

One of the Spaniards who should be ranked with Fortuny and Rico, and, indeed, above them, as a pen draughtsman and illustrator, is Daniel Vierge, a man who has all the draughtsmanship of Fortuny and Menzel, the color and brilliancy of Rico, the grace and beauty of Abbey, the daring of Blum, Brennan and Lungren (to the present day illustrator what do their names convey); in a word, a man who, in the few short years of his working life, proved himself one of the greatest illustrators who ever lived. I rank Vierge thus above Fortuny and Rico because he devoted himself more entirely to black and white work, to illustration and modern methods of illustrating.

He flashed out upon the artistic world with a few drawings in *La Vie Moderne*, *Le Monde Illustré*, the Spanish papers, and *The Century* (then *Scribner's Monthly*); in many books, some comparatively commonplace, but one, the most brilliantly illustrated work ever published, which illness, however, prevented him from finishing. Before the illustrations for the first edition of *Pablo de Segovie* were all

made, his right side and right hand were paralyzed, and he lost the power of speech. But when a man is as great as Vierge, his career is only checked, not stopped, by a misfortune that would have killed another less strong. A few months after this attack, we find him learning to draw with his left hand, by painting—and painting with a sureness unknown outside of this group of Spaniards. Even the French were so struck with this astonishing marvel, as they called it, that in the papers of that time are to be found drawings of Vierge sitting out of doors, beginning to paint and draw with his left hand. Such happenings would pass unnoticed today in this cultured country.

Vierge seems to have learnt everything and to have mastered that knowledge of how to use one's ability, which is indispensable to good pen drawing, an art only for able artists who care for their work, and who, to attain their ends, are ready, if necessary, to use other than conventional methods, or get other than commonplace results by ordinary means. If the pen draughtsman who thinks he has discovered some new method looks in that wonderful book, the history of *Pablo de Segovie*, he will find that Vierge discovered it long before him, and can give him a few new hints into the bargain. You cannot examine the smallest drawing in his masterpiece of illustration without seeing how much study prepared the way for its brilliancy and skill. Skill is technique, absolutely necessary —despite Goethe and all artless literary critics who have prigged from him.

Such an influence did this book have upon French pen drawing, that after its publication a school of pen draughtsmen, following Vierge, appeared, and their work was more distinguished than that of any other draughtsmen, though it did not equal that of their master. Among these men are Ferrand Fau, L. Galice, V. A. Poirson, F. Lunel, and F. Pareys. Their drawings can be seen in the early numbers of *La Vie Moderne*, *Les Premiéres*, the French theatrical journal, *Paris Illustré*, etc. Later Vierge finished Pablo and did two or three other volumes not to be compared with it. Fisher Unwin issued these in England about 1900. A French edition of Pablo came out in photogravure. The illustrations were described as etchings—a swindle I hope Vierge had nothing to do with. The so called etchings were photo-engravings. A younger generation of American illustrators too discovered Vierge, and American illustration today reeks with pitiful imitators who have appropriated almost all of his mannerisms.

In the Fortuny group, Casanova must be given a very high place, almost equal to that of Fortuny. I have not seen any large photogravures, or even any very good reproductions of his drawings save the one in this book. They could hardly be engraved in wood, and in the more or less rough and almost cruel reproductions for the *Salon Catalogues* and in French illustrated papers they lose enormously. The best are in *L'Art*. But even in the poorest reproductions can be seen the exquisite modelling of a monk's head or a woman's hand, the wonderful sparkle of a tiny jewel. His delicate grey lines would be lost in any ordinary attempt by wood engraving.

Among the Spanish-Italian school of figure draughtsmen many are notable. But to describe their work in detail would be endless repetition. There is nothing to do but study it. Later, the Spanish and Italian illustrated papers were full of the work of imitators of the greater men who revolutionized the illustration of France and Italy—work with which the pages of these papers glitter and sparkle and glow, though it is without the originality of Fortuny, Casanova, Vierge and Rico. Today there is scarce a pen drawing in them.

To speak of an Italian school separately would be impossible, since all alike, these children of the sunlight, spend their winters in Paris, Rome, or Madrid, in the life schools, or doing nothing, while in summer they find their work out of doors in Spain, Southern France, Italy or Africa. Sezanni, whose decorative compositions are most charming and graceful, Paolocci, Chessa, Scoppetta, Fabbi, all have a style and character which is well worth study, although it has been founded on that of the great Spaniards. Men like Zimenez, Michetti, Tito, Favretto, Gomar, Montalti, Garcia y Ramos, whether born in Italy, Spain, or France, as artists can hardly be said to have any nationality. The sun is their god, and Fortuny and Rico are his prophets. Another reason for not speaking separately of Italian pen drawing is, that the greater number of Italian papers and books are so badly printed that the principal pen draughtsmen strive to get their work into French publications, which are not only better made, but appeal to a much larger audience. Printing in Italy greatly improved, however, before the war, and a young artist from North Italy, Martini, did some very remarkable designs, mostly of a morbid character and much propaganda work during the war and did it very well.

The work of the Spanish school may still be a problem to critics who, though they admit its brilliancy, think it all wrong and stupefying because of its contradiction to their preconceived notions of art, it never seeming to occur to them that perhaps their notions, and not the methods criticised, are at fault. But all those with technical knowledge and broad opinions have recognized new masters in these innovators whose influence has continued steadily to increase. Though today the brilliant methods of these artists are overshadowed by the clumsy technique of certain bunglers. These are far easier to imitate to a certain extent, as such drawings can be quickly made. They are today the ideals of the American illustrator who knows much of tricks but little of drawing, while the art editors mostly know nothing of art or of artists.

TILL I read Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*, and went to that wonderful land, I had never seen or even heard of Goya's drawings. To make such an admission is, naturally, to court abuse from the critics, but I am used to it. The greater number of visitors to the Prado at Madrid—those who care for these things—never see his drawings or hear of them, for they are not catalogued by the keeper, or described in Murray, and the gallery in which they are

hung is usually closed. I do not know what has happened under the present director.

But the moment it is opened you are in the presence of masterpieces. You learn that Goya is not only one of the earliest but still one of the greatest of pen

draughtsmen who have come out of Spain; that if France profited by the art of wood engraving as practiced by Bewick, she also must have gained much from the drawings by the Spaniard. Certainly this is only too evident in the illustrations of Gigoux.

The British Museum possesses a superb pen drawing by Goya, though curious doubts have been expressed as to the genuineness of this drawing, it is even alleged to be a reproduction; a lithograph, an etching, it was made with a pen; and some little heads and figures, which are doubtful; still it is necessary if one wishes to see Goya to go to Madrid. The Madrid drawings were made, most of them, as studies for the *Caprices*, *The Scenes of Invasion*, and *The Bull Fights;* they are in pen and ink, wash, wash and ink, and red chalk. There are some awful fakes in the Hispano-American Museum in New York. These are the designs which must have inspired Devéria, Delacroix, and Gigoux—at any rate even if these men never saw the drawings they must have known his etchings and lithographs, just as Goya knew of the early lithographs, and made several powerful ones; notably The Bull Fights described in *Lithography and Lithographers*. The etchings are discussed in *Etchers and Etchings*.

From Goya as draughtsman and Bewick as engraver, came the inspiration of French illustration. I should like to have reproduced some of the grotesque designs in pen and ink for the *Caprices*, but this of the Execution by Garroting *Le Garrot Vil* is technically in some ways finer, and the little heads are characteristic. It would be interesting to trace the growth and development of illustration in France, and I have slightly touched on it in my study of *Modern Illustration;* but I now know where all the modern Spaniards got their inspiration—for their pen drawings. Goya had no followers, until Fortuny, in Spain. But in France

he was accepted by the men of 1830. None of his drawings were used, so far as I have seen, as illustrations in books. He is said to have made some portrait illustrations for Caen Bermudez's *Dictionary of Spanish Artists*, but all the copies I have found are unillustrated, and therefore Meissonier and Menzel still remain the great exponents of the art, though Goya was the inspiration.

MARIANO FORTUNY

THE full name of Fortuny was Jose-Maria-Bernardo, but as he dispensed with the greater part of it, we may as well follow his example. He was born in 1838 at Reus, a little town in the province of Tarragona, where he lived until the age of fourteen years, attending the village school. Then his grandfather proposed that they should start out to seek their fortunes, and they footed it to Barcelona. I make these bare statements about Fortuny's early life, simply because I wish to show, first that Fortuny was born years after Menzel and Meissonier, and secondly, that, though this would seem as if from the beginning he had been influenced by them, as were all northern artists, he most probably knew nothing about their work until he went to Rome in 1857.

But there, when studying in the Academy, in the course of his training, as his biographer, Yriarte says, he came under the influence of the followers of Overbeck. I have not the slightest doubt that these Germans possessed examples of Menzel, if indeed at the German Embassy or some of the Roman libraries was not to be found a complete set of his already published drawings, which certainly must have been making a profound sensation among the students of that time; while Meissonier's *Contes Remois* was just issuing from the press. Fortuny, not having yet worked out a style of his own, doubtless was influenced by the drawings of these two men, the like of which had never been seen before. The chances are, drawings by Fortuny showing this influence might somewhere be found. But war breaking out between Spain and Morocco, Fortuny went off with a Royal Commission to paint on the spot in Africa.

It was in Africa his eyes were opened to the wonderful effects of light and shade—effects which Menzel and Meissonier had never seen, and had therefore never tried to render. Today the illustrator, thanks to other men's work and photographs, illustrates what he has not seen and does not know. Just as Meissonier, influenced by all the old men who, as far back as Bellini, had made pen drawings which were fine, was the first to take up pen drawing and seriously work at it to express his ideas—why I do not know unless because of love of the medium; so Fortuny, when he got to Africa and back again to Spain, discovered a method by which he could give not only modelling, but sunlight as well. Though he lived too soon for the processes which have enabled his followers to improve on his methods, yet we owe the inspiration of the brilliant work of the modern Spanish school to him. Now the Spaniards have given up pen drawing, and, following Zuloaga, gone back to Velasquez and paint.

1869

Fortuny
R. 1869.
A. Leveillé sc

Fine as are these drawings by Fortuny, those by Fabres and Blum,[1] in this book, made years afterwards for process and with a full knowledge of the means to be employed and the results to be obtained, are of more value to the student, because while there is in Fortuny's drawing the freedom of a master, which in the student would merely lead to carelessness, the background and the floor are worked over so much that, without a vast amount of intelligent hand-work, no process block could reproduce the lines. Knowing some of Fortuny's originals, I fancy that in this reproduction many of his greys have been lost. Had he lived later I have no doubt he would have somewhat modified his style, as Vierge did, to meet the requirements of process. Just as in the Blum drawing one can see the texture of the coat with its great buttons and silk lining, the sheen of the breeches and the polish of the boots, so one can study these same indications of texture in the Fortuny block. But when you come to the face you find that it is almost impossible to follow the lines, they having been made probably with grey ink, the back of a quill pen, or anything to be had, without thought of reproduction. The effect is right, but one cannot altogether commend the means by which it has been obtained; the drawing was done for study and not for reproduction. But as this is all we have, we ought to be only too thankful for a drawing which has had so much influence on pen work. And besides it is most interesting to compare Fortuny's methods with Rembrandt's; neither drew for reproduction; both made wonderful drawings with a pen.

The prints show Fortuny's methods as well as any other reproduction. There are photogravures in Davillier's Life, but they are scarcely important enough to use again. Among the other well-known reproductions are the engravings by Leveillé one of which I have used, which do not show the work at all; a very good process block in the *Magazine of Art*, and other blocks in *L'Art* and *La Vie Moderne*, and in Davillier's books. Beyond these I know of very few published examples of Fortuny's work. I have no doubt he made hundreds of drawings. They would probably be found in the portfolios of his friends.

DANIEL VIERGE

AS Menzel is responsible for the development of pen drawing in Germany and England, so is Vierge for the present style and the great advance in technique of draughtsmen in France, Italy, Spain, and America. I know that Vierge falls apparently under Sir Joshua Reynolds' condemnation of superficial cleverness. But when a man draws with Vierge's knowledge and adds to it his skill in handling, his work is something vastly more than clever, although every line might seem to deserve this condemnation. Really it is thought out and drawn out, with the greatest craftsmanship. Because Vierge is followed by a number of men in France, Italy, Spain, and America, who, if they lack his invention, have added something of their own—although they would never have

[1] See Jo Jefferson by Blum, American Chapter.

worked after his manner had he not led the way—a certain number of critics, and artists too, jump to the conclusion that anybody can do this sort of work. Yet the fact remains that the number of these men has not increased, nor have any other

draughtsmen been able to surpass them. They in their turn have had their imitators, men without the slightest knowledge of the means used by Vierge to obtain his effects, but no one, even among Vierge's immediate followers, has yet succeeded in equalling him. He is ignorantly followed here today by people to whom his name is unknown.

Vierge doubtless owed much to Fortuny and much to Gigoux, that early and little-known Frenchman of the last century. The greater part of his work, and certainly the most characteristic, was done with pen and ink, and, like Fortuny, he used the pen to fill his drawings with delicate modelling. But however much he learned from his great countryman, he brought to his work a strength, a delicacy, and a character that were all his own. From the beginning there was no mistaking it for that of any other draughtsman. Not that it is in the least mannered; in looking over the pages of *Pablo de Segovie* one is struck with the entirely different methods used in the many drawings. With certainty of handling one finds the most perfect modelling in the tiniest figures and faces, the most right rendering of architecture, the most true treatment of landscape; and the assured touch of the master stamps every drawing.

To get the refinement given in the little prints in *Pablo de Segovie*, it was necessary to make the originals very large and yet to work with the greatest

amount of delicacy. There is next to no cross-hatching except in Vierge's later work, done after his illness, and therefore his drawings can be reduced to almost any extent without the lines filling up, one technical fact Vierge proved, and every

illustrator must learn, in these days of rapid, careless printing. Still, in the original French edition of *Pablo de Segovie*, the blocks were almost too small to do full justice to his work, as any one can see by comparing them with these larger reproductions in the later editions. When he wished to get a rich note he used a solid black, in the reproduction of which there is apparently no change, although it is a perfectly well-known fact that the whites of reproduction grow whiter and the blacks blacker as the size decreases. Another quality to be noted is the amount of color suggested without the use of it. Many of Vierge's later drawings are marred by the introduction of large splotches of pure black, neither put in with a feeling for decorative balance nor color effect. This can be most plainly and unfortunately seen in the later drawings in the English edition of Pablo. He used tint

backgrounds, and Vierge ordered them to be used, and not the photo-engraver, as some of his would-be critics and exploiters assert.

There is really very little to be said about Vierge's drawings, except to advise the student to study them in the most thorough manner; study the various methods by which they are done, and to remind him that their sureness and apparent freedom are the result of years of the hardest study, and, in each drawing, of days and sometimes weeks of the most careful work, and to remember that they were very much larger than the reproductions. Finally the effects of light and shade in Vierge's drawings of Spanish or southern subjects are utterly out of keeping in drawings made in England and the northern States. But the skill is

never out of keeping, and the nearer it can be approached, the better for the pen draughtsman and the art of pen drawing. Until I went to Spain and saw Segovia, where he found his backgrounds, I did not know how truly Vierge had rendered the architecture and the landscape. After his death—even before, the *Pablo* drawings were shown. Finally, as no museum had the sense to buy the series, it was broken up and sold.

G. FAVRETTO

ONLY a study from one of Favretto's pictures, but it is useful as showing how much color can be suggested with very little work. Any one can see that the figures stand in front of a bright, sunlit, glittering wall, and yet there is no work on it at all. The plant, which tells so well against the wall, the bright colors of the flowers, and the still more brilliant colors of the kerchief about the girl's neck, are all rendered charmingly, to any one who can feel them, in this little pen study. It is just as much Favretto's work as one of his Venetian paintings. The only thing to be regretted is that we shall never have any more of it. Only how many people—called artists—can see what I see—most cannot, many do not want to.

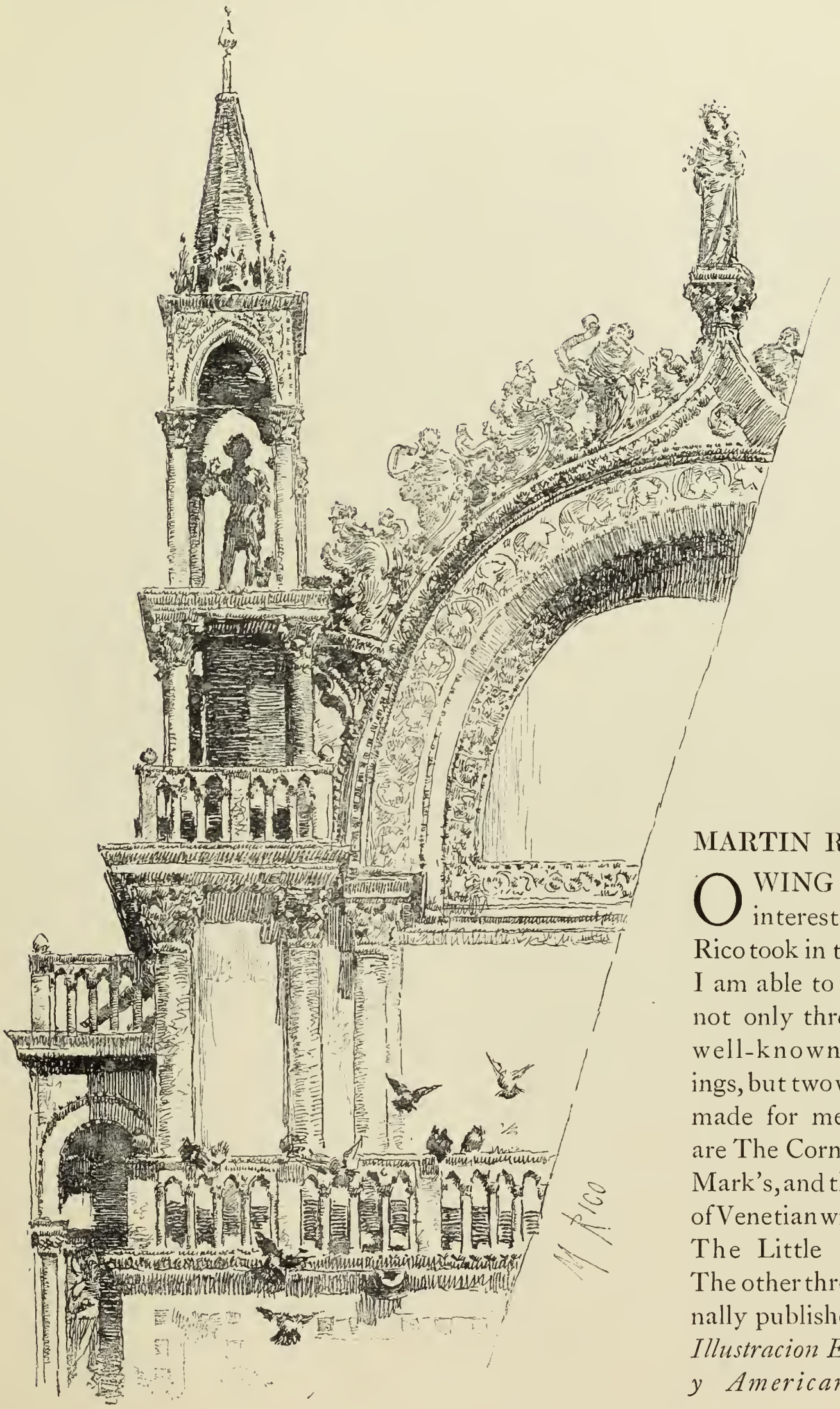
MONTALTI'S drawing is from *C'era una Volta*, a book of Italian fairy tales published by Fratelli Treves of Milan in 1885—how much better work was done then. The book is a proof of the possibilities of pen work on

grained paper, which is described in the Chapter of Materials. There is no possible comparison to be made between Montalti's drawing and the head of De Lesseps by Ringel, both on grained scratch paper, or the Casanova done in the same way. That is a pure exercise in the rendering of a low relief, the Casanova a study; this is an example of decoration applied to book illustration. Not only does it illustrate a passage in the story, but it is given with the greatest amount of

decorative feeling, and in a style which proves that there is no reason why we should be dependent on the decorative methods of other times save to carry on tradition. Conventional forms are the property of the world. It may be argued that there is no meaning in this decoration. Neither to me—and I am sure I speak for all artists who are honest—is there meaning in nearly all decoration except that of pleasure in the beauty of the design. We may be told in Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, or in any of those useful cribs much affected by the cultured uplift artist, that such and such mysterious swirls and scrawls mean life and immortality, but we are not impressed by this hidden meaning; we only look to see if the line is well drawn—we do, but most do not; they are impressed with the details which have nothing to do with it at all.

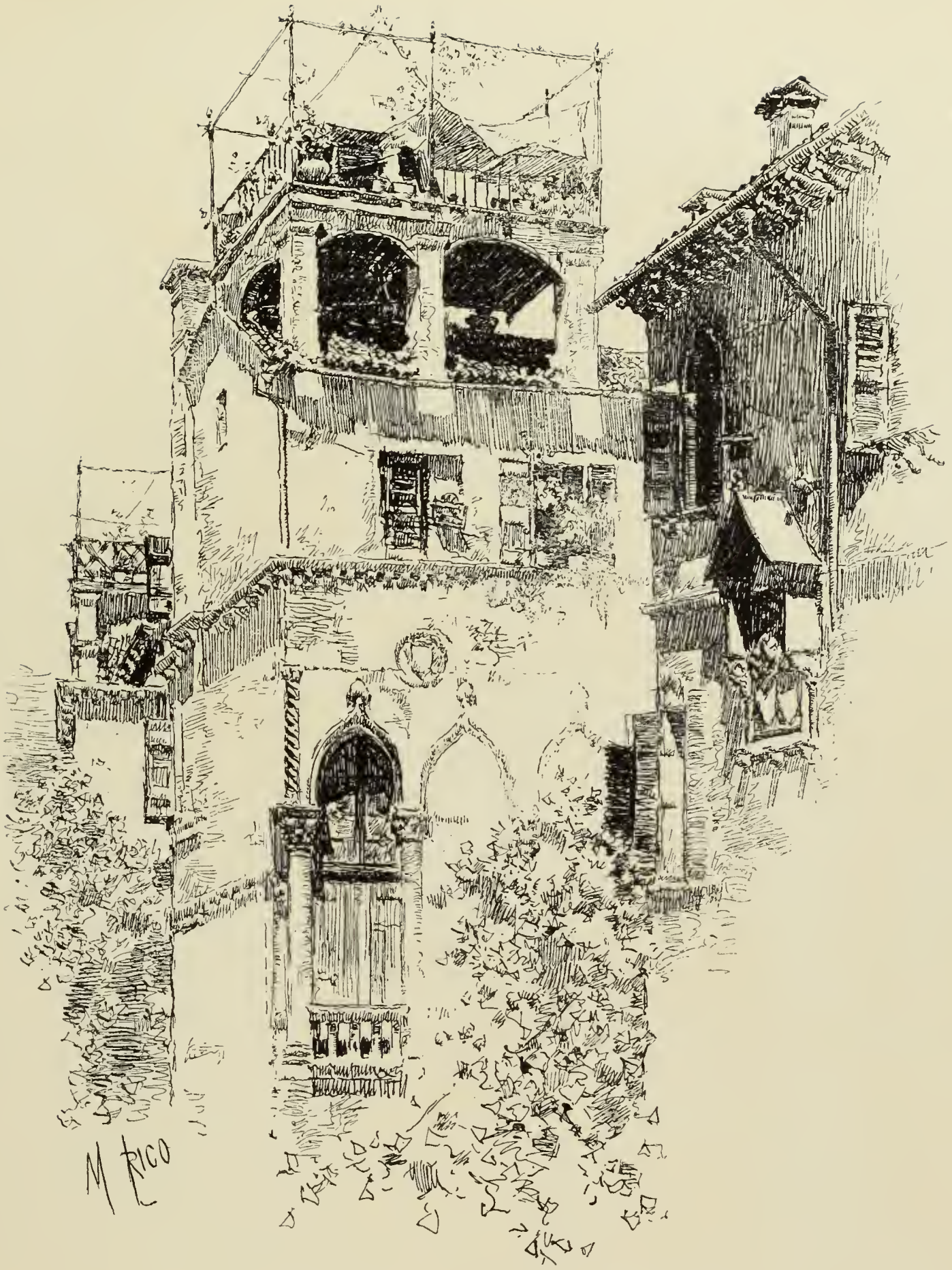
Montalti's decorations at the side and top of his drawing are graceful. They may have been derived from old iron-work or from his inner consciousness. The result is pleasing and restful. The white circle behind the girl may be a swirl of life or the bull's eye of a target; it really is a proof that Montalti is an illustrator who knows the requirements of his art. He had used this white circle for his mass of light which draws attention to the figure of the girl; the figure of the piping shepherd is his great black, and the positive black and white neutralize each other. It also may be said that the half-decorative, half-realistic daisies at the bottom of the drawing are out of place: nothing is out of place in art if the result is good, and it is nobody's business but the artist's how it is obtained. But in this book I am trying to tell the student how it is done.

The drawing was made on the Fratelli Treves' grained paper, on which I have worked, but at that time it was not so good as the Papier Gillot, or Ross Paper of the same sort. The original paper can be seen in places where the mechanically ruled horizontal lines are visible. The positive blacks in the decoration, were probably put in with a pen first, as well as in the figure and the flowers, which no doubt were done with both pen and brush. Having gotten his darks, Montalti scraped with an eraser or penknife the light round the shepherd, and thus made a lighter tone by means of cross-hatching, bringing out a perpendicular line in the grey. On these coated surface papers are printed two or more lines which may be scratched out, and first a lighter tone obtained; more scratching makes a white. He then got his high lights by scraping with much more force, and removing all the tint from the paper, as in the circle and in the white blots of the decoration. In some places he very probably used Chinese white, because you will often find in working on this paper that after scraping it, if you again attempt pen work, you will get blots. The drawing cannot be reduced very much in size, while to obtain any but mechanical results is difficult.



MARTIN RICO

OWING to the interest which Rico took in this book I am able to publish, not only three of his well-known drawings, but two which he made for me. These are The Corner of St. Mark's, and the study of Venetian windows—The Little Tower. The other three, originally published in *La Illustracion Española y Americana* are


M RICO

among the best pen drawings Rico ever made, or any one else ever made, of this sort of subject.

The great charm in Rico's work is the grace of his line, and the brilliancy of light which he obtains with so little work. Not only is there not a superflous line in his drawings but each line is used, either singly, to express, or together with others, to enforce certain effects. In bright sunlight, the characteristic of Italy and Spain, almost all his drawings and paintings were made. In the Little Tower, the fact of sunshine is not more evident than the actual position of the sun directly behind the spectator, shown by the direction of every line which goes to make up a shadow. Notice how he has concentrated his only pure black in the two open windows near the centre of the drawing; and yet, he has relieved this black by bits of pure white, in one window by the flowers trained across it, in the other by the charmingly-placed patches of sunlight just behind the half-closed shutter and on the rich decorations which he has indicated on the Venetian windows. Notice too the light, giving value to the darks on both sides of it, which shows through the crack between the window-frame and the shutter, see how the light and shade are managed on the little shrine and on the wall and window under it, and the way in which the light on one wall is carried into the shadow on the other by the arrangement of the foliage. Everything is toned up from these two blacks; there is not another pure black of importance in any part of the drawing. The effect is thus concentrated and your eye attracted, as he meant it should be, to the very centre of the composition. You should also study the manner in which he works out to the edges of the drawing, leading you into it by the most delicate and graceful lines. His architecture is only hinted and suggested, but so well does he know his Venice that an architect could work from his suggestions, while for an artist they are perfect of their kind; the capitals, the decorated mouldings running around the building, the under side of the cornice, the little shrine, the balcony with its pots and vines and awning, are all so well indicated. Bits of these things in nature were really as dark as his two windows, but he knew and every one who wishes to make a good drawing must learn that strength must be reserved for one particular point and blacks must not be scattered, if an effective whole is to be produced.

Rico's knowledge of the necessity of concentration is specially notable in the drawing of the Canal with a Gondola, in which the inside of the *felze*, or cover of the gondola, is the only pure black; but is so skillfully managed with little touches of white, suggestions of the carving, the window on the opposite side and the lamp, that you do not see it is a pure black, for your eye is carried at once to the heart of the whole drawing—the large door which is really not so black as the gondola, but, because there are here no opposing whites, it seems, as Rico intended, much blacker.

In all his drawings Rico invariably breaks long straight lines; in each, however, in a different manner. The long mouldings in the Little Tower are broken by shadows and by foliage; in the Corner of St. Mark's, pigeons not only add grace,

but take away from the monotony which would otherwise, unavoidably, be too prominent in this part of the drawing, and even the waterspout helps to serve the same purpose. In The Canal, the gondolas, sandolos, and other boats carry out the straight lines and break them at the same time, while the suggestion of foliage and the balustrade are done as no one ever did them before Rico; in the Reminiscence of Seville, the carved balcony, beautiful in itself, would become monotonous were it not relieved by the rug thrown over it, by the keynote of black supplied in the head of the leaning figure, and by the stone pine further along. Note how thoroughly the effect of a glittering hot wall is given by the shadow of one drain-pipe, and how rightly the grille with the flower-pots leads into the drawing.

The amount of expression Rico gets in his rendering of reflections in water, always drawn in very directly, is wonderful. There is absolutely no black in them, except where, as in The Canal, I think it is the result of bad reproduction. And yet the suggestion of the effect of a Venetian canal is right. Here is a point I wish to note: these drawings are not intended to be paintings; they are line drawings made in brilliant sunshine. Do not try to imitate them in countries where the effects they give do not exist.

As to the reproduction, the plate and blocks are as good as I can get them and give an excellent idea of the drawings. There is a certain rottenness about some of the lines which is not in the originals, but their relative value is almost right. The lines which appear very fine are really so, and were drawn either with a very fine pen or the back of the pen Rico was using. The drawings are scarcely reduced. They were made in bluish-black ink on white smooth Whatman paper, and, as far as I can make out, with very little pencil work, though I have seen Rico making very elaborate pencil drawings to be inked over. He, however, was a master and could do what he wished, but for the student it would be foolish to attempt such drawings without preliminary pencil work—even with it, he can hardly hope for such results. I know of no better models than these, but it must be remembered that in process blocks many of the blacks come from the filling up in the printing, and that all lines thicken somewhat in reproduction.

To realize the great development of pen drawing it is only necessary to place the drawings of Rico by the side of Braun's reproductions of Canaletto's pen work. Rico's are as much in advance of Canaletto's as his were of the drawings of every one of his predecessors. Both artists are true; but Rico shows how much more we have learned to express by pen drawing.

The drawing of the Corner of St. Mark's has been very well reproduced by Waterlow and Sons. It was a difficult piece of work, but they have succeeded in keeping the character of the original.

RICO

A MASTERPIECE of pen work, remarkable as a reproduction. Published in *L'Art* in 1884, and drawn in 1879 in Rome, under the influence of Fortuny, this drawing not only surpasses anything by Fortuny, but has exerted an enormous influence on pen drawing, though this may not be known today. Fortuny never made a study which can approach it for technique, although any one comparing it with the Man Reading on another page will see a great similarity. Fortuny has just as carefully studied the man's embroidered coat as Fabres has the peasant's breeches. But Fabres' rendering of the texture of the coat, the vest, and the trousers of the peasant, reproduces much more perfectly than Fortuny's work, and this is the point to be noted. Again, Fabres' head is better than the Fortuny, and he has boldly drawn the hands which Fortuny shirks. His rendering of the whole is more successful than Fortuny's. But Fortuny, being the original man, is responsible for Fabres, just as Fabres is for half of French and American illustration.

How is this drawing done? The greater part of it, including the most delicate modelling of the head and hands and legs—everything, but part of the hat and coat and a little of the hair, is put in with a pen. The coat and all the hair may have been drawn by dragging in various directions with a brush, allowing the ink to run into a blot, and then lifting some of it off with his finger or blotting paper. The hat most likely was drawn with a brush or with his inked thumb, an amazing tool, the background with both. On these flat tints, the rouletted effect, that is the effect of wash, has been produced by a roulette in the hands of a photo-engraver, who is an artist—this tool is described in *Etchers and Etching*. But this print is a most successful result of a very unreliable experiment on the part of the draughtsman. With any but a most skillful workman, the use of the roulette is certain failure. I am very sorry that the photo-engraver's name is not on the print. I should be glad to give him credit for his surprising success. The printing of such a drawing is extremely difficult. Do not imagine that the apparently wildly-scrawled background is composed of nothing but wild scrawls. It is indication and suggestion, every bit of which is put down with a purpose. Notice how the background grows out of the deep shadows of the coat, and how the wash and pen work are combined in the shadows between the legs; how the wash work in places is reinforced by pen work, as on the left side near the coat sleeve, and how well the effect has been reproduced. There are other drawings by Fabres in *L'Art* and *Illustracion Artistica*, notably a photogravure of a Moor with a gun over his shoulder. But I do not think any of them compare with this. The drawing could easily be reproduced by half-tone today—but it would be difficult to get a line block to equal it. The original photo-engravers were far better than most of the men of the present. At any rate they cared more for their work, and so did good work.

A. CASANOVA Y ESTORACH

CASANOVA was one of those men who seem to be always amusing themselves with their drawings and experimenting, making a dainty suggestion in one place or elaborately working out a figure in another, jotting down notes or trying a pen in the most fascinating manner on the margin of the paper, and always wandering about over the drawing just for pleasure. But if the student should endeavor to imitate this freedom and to wander in this way before he has gone through the necessary training, his results will probably not be so satisfactory to himself or to the public. For Casanova told me it took him a long time to make a drawing, and I can well believe it.

The large process block of the monks is after one of his pictures, and the smaller is apparently made for his own enjoyment. One can say really very little about the way such work is done, but I should imagine it was taken up and worked on, a little here and a little there, just when Casanova was in the humor, part of it done with a fine pen, part with a quill, part with his fingers; in fact it is doubtless all experimenting, but the experimenting of a man who is almost certain of the results he will obtain. The drawing on scratch paper is a masterpiece.

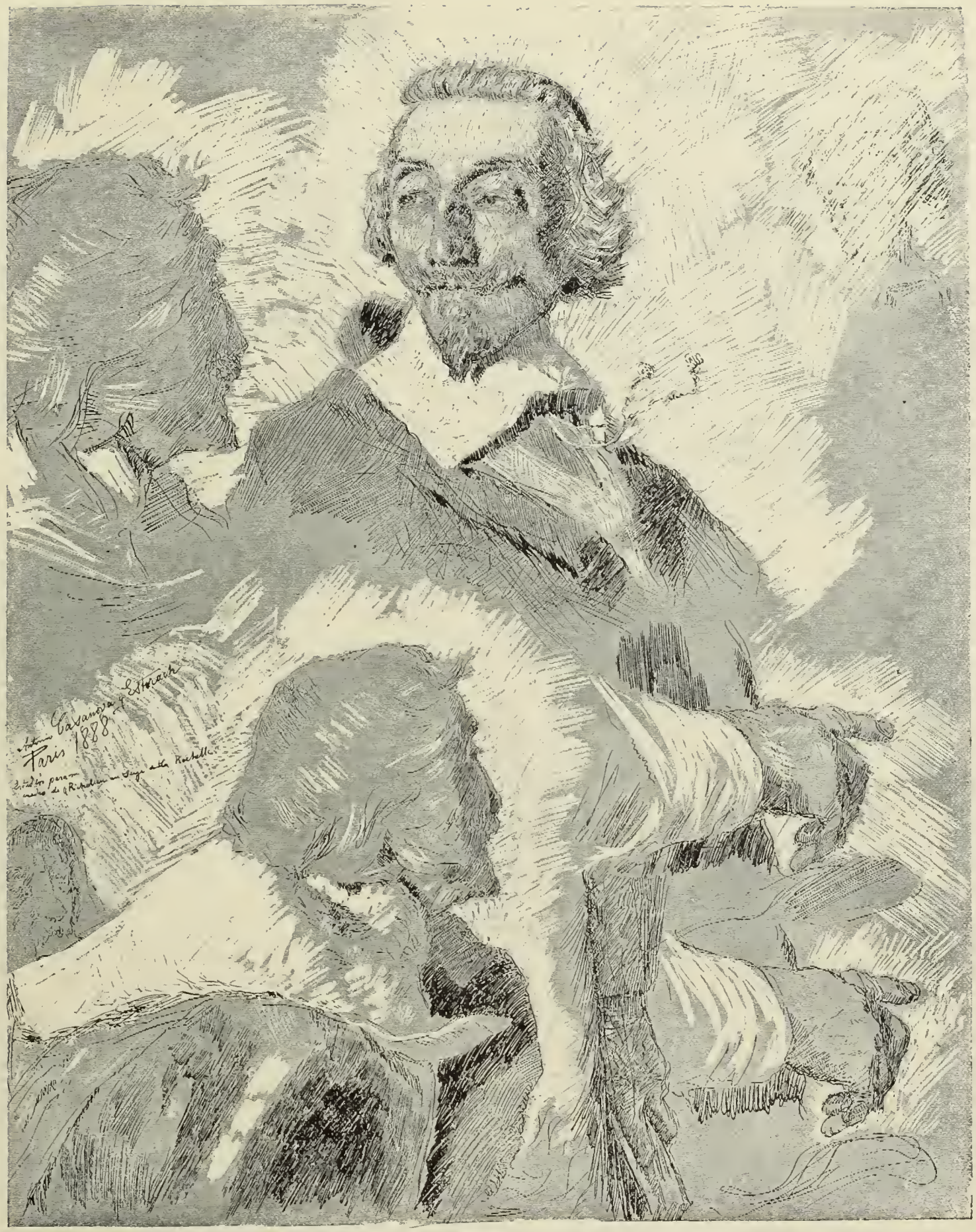
I do not publish his drawings so much as examples of pen work to be followed, since it would be almost impossible even to copy him, but rather to show the command over the pen of one of the most accomplished of modern Spaniards—men who have something to say and who say it in a fashion of their own. Zuloaga and his other successors scarce seem to draw—once in a while they etch, but I know of no pen drawings by them.

Casanova was not an illustrator but a painter who cared very little about the reproduction of his drawings. He knew that no process save photogravure is able

Antonio Casanova y Estorach
Paris 1888

to render them, for the fineness of his lines and the greyness of his ink made it impossible to reproduce his work and print it with type. But it is the work of just

such experimenters which advances the technique of the art and its reproduction. Had it not been for Menzel we probably never should have had good facsimile wood-engraving. Vierge no doubt has done more than any one else to develop process. Casanova was one after whom wood-engravers and process-workers



An amazing example of Casanova's work drawn with pen and knife on Gillot scratch paper

struggled in vain, but this struggle in the end will perfect wood-engraving and process, until we have reproductions which will be as good as photogravures and yet may be printed with type. The art workmen who look ahead are those who are really of service in the work; the workmen, that is, who understand the methods of the past and can make use of their valuable qualities, but who at the same time live in the present and make improvements. Alas they are few today—the Union, the length of hours, amount of work, are far more important to them.

The engravers and printers did succeed in finally getting almost perfect reproductions, but for thirty-five years, outside Germany, the world produced almost no artists technically trained and of supreme skill to inspire them—and printing and engraving, especially in America, have mostly become beneath contempt, where the worse and more vulgar a drawing is the greater its popularity.

B. Galifore has carried out the Casanova tradition and improved on it; there is a feeling of largeness about his work that is very interesting.

THERE is very little to add on the subject of Spanish and Italian pen work. No new men of great ability have appeared lately that I can find, save Martini; while most of the older workers are dead or have stopped drawing with a pen.

This method of expression which was genuine and spontaneous with Fortuny, Casanova, Rico, and Vierge, apparently was but a fad and a fashion with their followers, successors, and imitators; while the masters like Rico and Casanova ceased to produce black and white work, or, like Vierge, rarely made pen drawings in their later years. Most all are happily dead, they died before the world was lost.

One cause for the decline of pen drawing in Spain and Italy was the revival of wood-engraving in those countries, though today there are nothing but photographs in the Spanish papers. Methods in art are a fashion. Pen drawing was the fashion years ago. Though the men who started it were genuine in their love of it, the art was encouraged by editors mainly because of its cheapness in comparison with wood-engraving which, as an art and a business, was seriously, from the financial standpoint, injured; but of late engravers have taken to photographing pictures, for which editors pay the artist little or nothing, on to the plate, mechanically engraving them, and thus there is even less expense to the publisher than is incurred by commissioning an artist to make a drawing in pen and ink, and getting a photo-engraver to reproduce it. For it is the rarest thing to find an editor intelligent enough to appreciate two opposing forms of expression at the same moment; especially when, as in this case, the proprietor's pocket is involved, the result is the survival of the cheapest. Pen drawing, I believe, will be revived again in the countries which have produced so much good work, so many good men, and have so greatly influenced the world.

Independent and original men, working in any save the style of the moment, are not much in evidence; unknowingly, I may have been unjust; I may have omitted some Spaniards and Italians whose work I should only have been too glad to include. But the war has prevented me from seeing even what has been done.

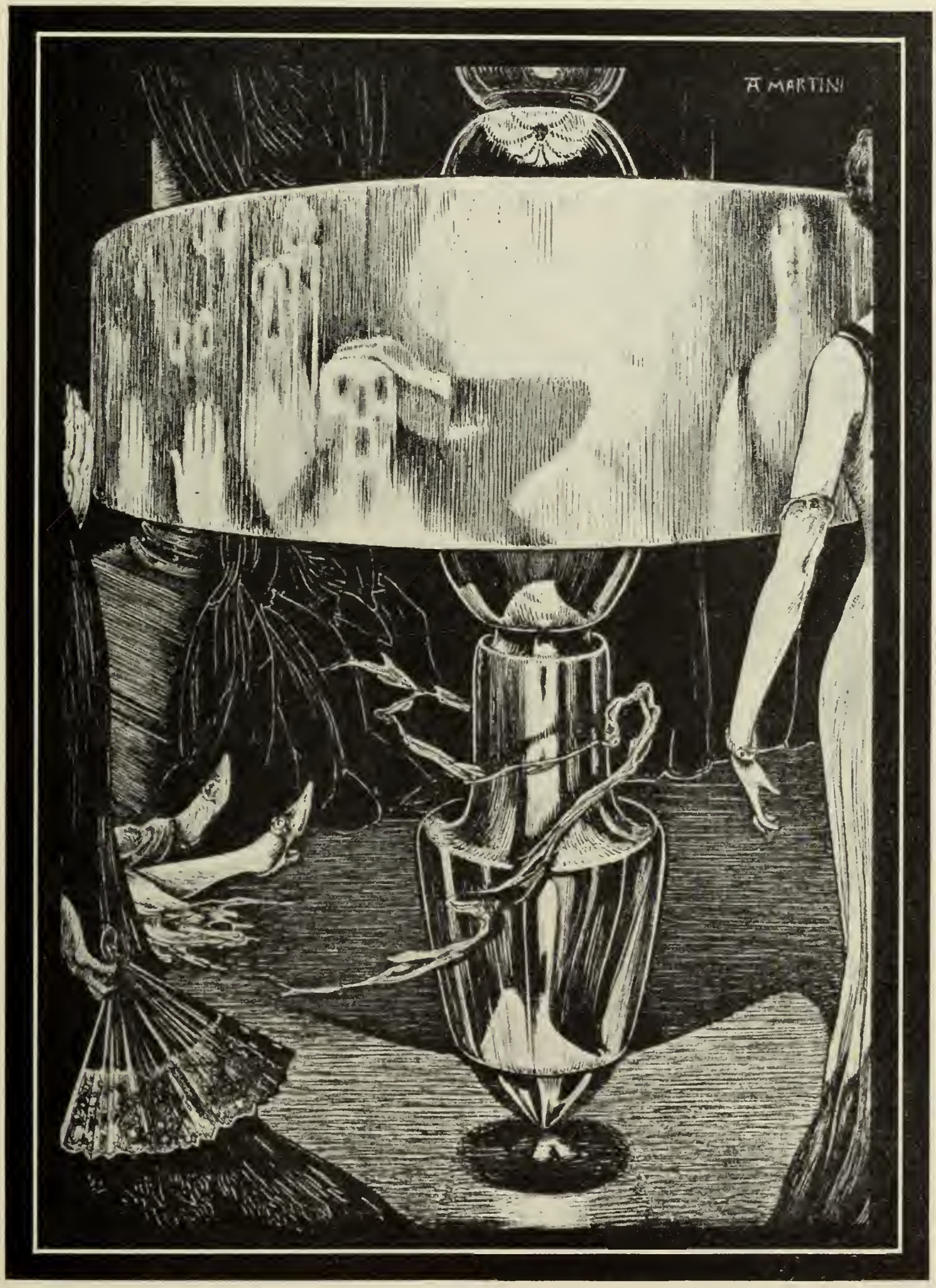
J. GARCIA Y RAMOS

TODAY there are signs of life in Spain, and there is an amusing little paper published called *Blanco y Negro*, which often contains good drawings. Among its contributors are two good men, J. Garcia y Ramos and F. Huertas.

Garcia y Ramos has illustrated an important, elaborate gift-book, *La Tierra de Maria Santissima*, with many pen drawings reproduced by photogravure and process, but this drawing of a gipsy Dance at Granada—which appeared in *Blanco y Negro*, is the best thing of his that I have seen. The drawing was on white paper, and the tone on it is produced not by a screen, but by some sort of aquatinting—a method more or less used. Huertas' work is also characteristic both of Spain and his methods of work. He usually draws national or local scenes and events,

and occupies in Spain, I should say, somewhat the same position as Schlittgen does in Germany, only his drawings seldom are humorous. I have not seen any other

Spanish drawings in pen and ink by any other men of distinction or originality—and even these two are more or less influenced by artists who are better known. There are illustrated papers printed in South America, but they usually contain only foreign work.



THERE are still brilliant men in Italy and Spain who occasionally make pen drawings. The only artist, however, who has done any amount of illustration in pen and ink that I know, is Alberto Martini. He has the

same sort of mind as Beardsley—or rather is a product of Beardsley, but while most men only prig and steal from that genius, or try to, Martini really has much to say for himself and in his own way. I have seen little of his work since the war and during the war he gave himself to propaganda of a forcible sort, but before the war his illustrations to Poe gave him a name in Italy. The interesting point about his work is the way in which he contrasts great masses of black with the most delicate lines.

IT used to be the fashion to speak of French drawings as tricky; now they are become the source of all inspiration. I am not quite sure what this tricky may have meant, but I am certain that in French, as in Spanish design, dull mechanical work was done away with, and brilliant handling took its place for a time. To France we owe much of the idea of getting great artists to put good work, their best work, into book illustration: that is, the plan of getting good men to draw on the wood for the engraver; but after these drawings were put upon the blocks they had to be cut. And to England and Bewick belongs the art of wood-engraving, though Papillon, the French wood-engraver, claims to have invented it. In 1830 France possessed great, if not her greatest artists, England her best wood-engravers; and it was the international artistic union of the two countries about 1825, which enabled French publishers to issue a series of books, that in some ways have never been equalled since. Cumer's edition of *Paul et Virginie* and *La Chaumière Indienne* illustrated by Huet, Jacque, Isabey, Johannot, and, above all, Meissonier; engraved mainly by Andrews, William, C. and J. Thompson, and Orrin Smith, though Best, Brévière, Lavoignat, and Leveillé among others worked on it, as an example of united work by many hands has never been surpassed in any country. That was a real and not a sentimental entente cordiale—it produced art, the last degeneracy. And though Meissonier's *Contes Remois* and Menzel's *Frederick* are greater works, they are but the outcome of Cumer's *Paul et Virginie*, and would never have been undertaken without his incentive. He owes, it is true, his inspiration to Johannot's *Roi de Bohème*, to Gigoux's *Gil Blas*, and the other illustrated works which immediately preceded it, but the *Paul et Virginie* is as great an advance upon these books as they were upon those which preceded them, the work of the printers of Lyons. It is from the French books of 1825 that modern illustration springs. Bewick, Clennell, and the Thompsons invented wood-engraving; Meissonier, Jacque, Gigoux, and T. Johannot drawing for the engravers; and it was this union of artists who could draw, and engravers who could engrave, that made the French book of 1825 to 1845 possible. Although Menzel was quick to perceive the possibilities of the art, he owed his inspiration to France, and his first work was engraved by Frenchmen; and although England contributed the engravers in the beginning, the really great English illustrated books did not appear till after those of France, but when they did appear, in the landscape work at least, they equalled, if they did not surpass, the French. While I believe that the *Penny Magazine* was almost the first illustrated journal issued in 1832, it did not by any means, in artistic excellence, approach *Le Magazin Pittoresque* which contains Meissonier's *Deux Joueurs*, engraved by Lavoignat, a block which for drawing and engraving it would be hard to improve upon today. At the same time that the great Spaniards were beginning to be famous, Detaille and De Neuville appeared in France, to carry on the work of illustration. They studied under Meissonier, and in De Neuville's *Coups de Fusil* one notes the influence of *Les Contes Remois*.

Even before Meissonier, Paul Huet had already given signs of the coming change. But his drawings were not really appreciated until after his death, when they were looked upon as revelations and purchased by the State. Rousseau, when he took a pen, was too careless, or I suppose some would say too old-masterish, to care about line, but he managed his blacks effectively in his wood interiors. Millet, too, worked with a pen, especially a quill, not exactly as the old men did, but still with simplicity, making a few lines tell a whole story and exceedingly well, too. Doré produced hundreds and probably thousands of pen drawings; but I suppose it is now almost universally admitted that his facility killed his art, as it eventually killed him. Not only this, but the greater part of his work, was done for the engraver and done in pencil or wash.

Looking at great illustrators like Meissonier, Menzel and Vierge, one is struck by the fact that their most important work is in line drawing. With the majority of Frenchmen, pen drawing was the means of giving the public an artistic rendering of their *Salon* work in black and white. It has also been used in this way in England, but, as a rule, in anything but an artistic manner. In America following France in the 80's we had a school of pen draughtsmen, but the tradition is lost, the school is dead. De Neuville and Detaille and hundreds of others drew in pen and ink with added wash, not that the pen was to them of any special importance; it simply happened to be the medium that was the fashion. Their sketches were really a working-out of the old projects' and intentions' scheme. With the introduction of photo-engraving, the publication of *L'Art* and *Salon* catalogues, and the coming of the Spaniards, the latest change to process came in France. The Frenchmen, luckily, were able to adapt their style to the new requirements.

In De Neuville's well-known drawings of war subjects, as in Meissonier's work, there is the most careful modelling, obtained by simple and direct means. Hamerton devoted much space to justly praising his *Coups de Fusil*, published by Carpentier, but to praise De Neuville and to omit Detaille is to slight an artist who is no less brilliant as a pen draughtsman. And to write of these two men and omit Jeanniot, who is far better, was an inexcusable oversight.

Jeanniot is the leading French pen draughtsman. He paints, but he is more of a pen draughtsman than a painter, and therefore should be ranked above these two better-known men who, owing to the magnificent series of photogravure reproductions of their paintings published by Goupil, acquired a widespread popularity. Jeanniot has devoted himself almost exclusively to illustrating magazines, and showing French life. I hardly know where or when he began to draw, but the first numbers of *La Vie Moderne* are filled with his work. Exactly the same can be said of Adrien Marie and Renouard. Of late most of the work of Renouard, however, is in chalk and pencil and etching. He made the finest dry point of the War. Mars also has done much for English papers, with his rendering of life on the seashore, and his charming children and their fashion-plate mothers. He and Gyp, even more popular, used to fill the weekly journals.

At one time, in almost every number of *La Vie Moderne*, was to be seen work which, though the artists' names might be unknown outside of France, was good. The same could be said of an innumerable host in *Paris Illustré*, *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *L'Illustration*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Revue Illustrée*, *Le Courrier Français*, *Le Rire*; or if you looked any week in books which bear the little card *Vient de Paraitre*, you would probably find in their pages some exquisite little gem by a man you never heard of before. Alas no longer, only suggestion, rank color, sham Beardsleys and photos. Almost every French pen draughtsman made the books and papers of yesterday—whether big or little, comic or serious, important or frivolous—beautiful and worthy of study. The early volumes of *La Vie Moderne*, *L'Art*, *Le Courrier Français*, *Le Rire* and *L'Assiette au Beurre* are the best masters that any pen draughtsman could have.

It would be much easier to name the French artists who cannot draw with a pen than those who can. However, among the better-known draughtsmen were Duez, whose brilliant sketches transfer scenes from the theatre to the pages of the theatrical papers; Jean Béraud makes interesting interiors; Maurice Leloir has given us a new Sterne; Auguste Lançon's drawings of animals have strength and vigor; Lucien Gautier can make a bronze statuette or a marble group with a sunlight glowing on its surface and the shadows hiding in its undercutting, real for us in *L'Art;* Bracquemond, the etcher's head and tail pieces are charming, while his little sketches are as fine as those of the Japanese from whom he was among the first to learn; Ringel, the modeller, who seems able to do anything, and whose drawings after his own plaques are the most true that have been made; H. Scott was a delightful architectural draughtsman; E. Adan renders his own pictures well; Rochegrosse, Mme. Lemaire, Edmond Yon, Robida, who is very popular as a caricaturist and an artistic traveller; Brunet-Debaines, who was one of the first to show Englishmen what pen drawing for process-reproduction should be; Habert-Dys draws an initial or the border of a page with most effective brilliancy by means of almost pure blacks and whites; graceful swallows flit about chimney-pot initials, Japanese dolls tumble all around the text, perfect oriental feeling pervades his head and tail pieces, and all his work is suffused with his own personality; Legrand, Forain, Steinlen, Willette—they are big men though they mostly draw with chalk.

There is one Frenchman who stands apart from all these men, and who was the landscape pen draughtsman of France. This is Maxime Lalanne, who died full of honors, if not of years. Without his drawings Havard's *Hollande* would be dead as the cities of the Zuyder Zee. His bird's-eye views have made them live again. For quick, bright, strong incisive work, for getting at the essence of a thing with sharp, short, brilliant strokes, perhaps no one can equal him. The only possible drawback is that there is too much Lalanne in it. He knew, if anything, too well what he was going to do. He can hardly be called mannered, because a mannered man cares nothing for nature with its variety and subtlety, while Lalanne really

did care and makes you feel that he cared. I may perhaps best explain what I mean by saying that Rico in his work seems to ask, "Is this the way a tree or a bit of water ought to look? I think it is;" while Lalanne in his is more positive: "This is the way the tree or bit of water looks; I know it," he seems to say. He is almost too sure of himself.

In speaking of French pen drawing one cannot help noticing that a few years ago it was the fashion in Paris to draw with the pen for reproduction—a fashion, started by the Spaniards, then living there. The work of the French artists, although not so brilliant as that of the Spaniards, was good, direct and careful. At the same time the attraction of the French magazines and journals was that week after week Vierge, his brother or his followers, contributed most striking drawings. But since the introduction of the half-tone processes much of this work has been given up, and only those artists who care for line and the quality to be gotten with a pen still make pen drawings. What has given that which is known as French art its reputation with art students and art lovers, is that it is not French art at all, but the art of the whole world; for there is not the slightest doubt that the work of the greatest artists of the day is to be seen at one time or another in Paris, which is the art metropolis. The *Salon* is really the broadest and most varied exhibition in the world, and far less French than the Royal Academy is English. The National Academy is nothing at all. Venice is the most interesting show to day.

Almost every French pen draughtsman to whom I have referred is a well known painter. If you take up an old *Salon* catalogue, you find it full of pen drawings, pictures themselves. Of these I have given several as examples of good reproductive work. Indeed, the list of the greatest pen draughtsmen is, as I said of the Spaniards, the list of the great painters. The fashion of illustrating catalogues commenced seriously in France, and grew and developed there under *L'Art*, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and the publishers of the *Salon* catalogue, until its influence made itself felt, in England and America, though very little of the French feeling has been retained. The French work was done for the sake of the drawing; the English and American catalogues were but inartistic reading books for the artless. There have been some exceptions. Some good drawings have been made for English catalogues, just as of late years the *Salon* catalogues have been given over to less able draughtsmen and now to photography for this reason: at the present artists have their paintings reproduced by half-tone. First because most of them can't draw and most of the rest are too busy or too lazy. In some ways this is unfortunate for pen drawing; in others it is fortunate, since it helps to confine pen drawing to its proper sphere, which is not the reproduction of tone, but of line. The publication of *L'Art* and these catalogues not only created a school of French pen draughtsmen, whose sole work it was to reproduce other men's art, but, so powerful was its influence, that it produced a few English and American artists, who for a time did very fine work of the same kind, but of them

I shall speak in the English and American chapters. It is owing to the same influence that the finest catalogues ever issued have been published in America, and that in this country catalogue-making and advertising became a fine art—before they degenerated into "Commercial art"—lessness. Yet there are signs of revival.

If the healthy black and white art, which was the art of the nineteenth century could be put into advertisements, catalogues, the daily and weekly papers, journals and magazines, today in the twentieth century, which the people really would appreciate, understand, and care for, as they once did, I believe it would do just as much good as pictures buried away in churches, that the people look and wonder at through the eyes of a guide-book or of a cackling docent, the beauties of which seeing, they do not perceive, and the meaning of which hearing, they do not understand; but they are debauched by the comics and movies, bored by uplift and see no longer.

My many sins of omission and commission I hope may be, to some extent, overlooked. Among the illustrations will be found the work of the comic, humorous people, as well as those who are in the full swing of the latest movement, the mysticists, the symbolists, even the cubists, futurists, or other ists or asses. Now I have reflected the last will not be found, for they are of no use to the student and a bore to the artist, a snare to the collector, a curse to art. So I have omitted them from this chapter—and given them a place to themselves.

THOUGH Meissonier and Menzel were born about the same time, there is no doubt that Meissonier was the first of modern illustrators, that is, the first of moderns to make pictures on wood in line, which were cut in facsimile, either by the Englishmen who, following Charles Thompson, went to France, or by the

Frenchmen like Brévière and Lavoignat who studied with them. The most important book, published about 1828, was Cumer's edition of *Paul et Virginie*

and *La Chaumière Indienne* with more than one hundred drawings by Meissonier. At the same time Meissonier was contributing work to *Le Magazin Pittoresque*, and a little later *Les Deux Joueurs* appeared in that journal; this print today is an excellent example of drawing and engraving, as may be seen from the reproduction.

From *Paul et Virginie* there is no doubt that Menzel obtained his knowledge of the possibilities of wood-engraving. But to Meissonier and the romanticists

must be given the credit of inventing modern illustration, and to the English engravers the credit of cutting their drawings, as nearly as they could, not to look like steel engravings which were the fashion, but like the designs made on the blocks by the artists. Meissonier's most important work, however, was not done until 1858, when his illustrations to *Les Contes Remois* appeared, engraved by Lavoignat and Leveillé. This book has never been surpassed in drawing and engraving on wood, and considering, that save the others to which he had con-

tributed, some years earlier, nothing approaching it had been done, Meissonier must be acknowledged to be the inventor of modern design as Bewick is the inventor of modern wood-engraving. These drawings from the *Contes Remois* are the best things that Meissonier made; and in their way no one has improved on them. How much better they were than the engravings we shall never know. But the engravings are the standard which one should follow for the decoration of the printed pages by wood-engraving. They are somewhat lost here, as they were intended for a much smaller page.

EDOUARD DETAILLE AND A. DE NEUVILLE

NOTHING has been more of a surprise to me in preparing this book than to find how comparatively few pure pen drawings have been made by two men so well known for black and white work as De Neuville and Detaille. I have not forgotten that I have said I care little whether a drawing is "pure" pen work or not, and there are many drawings in the book where wash is used with the pen work. Nothing, however, but a "pure" pen drawing can be reproduced with so little labor and without hand work. These two men studied under Meissonier before the coming of process, and they drew on the wood; therefore, though their work was well reproduced, it made very little difference whether there was a wash on it or not. During the last forty years, in which their reputation has been made, and De Neuville unfortunately has died, though they have done a vast amount of work for reproduction—in fact, almost all their work was intended for this purpose—it has been for reproduction by photogravure, either in color or in black and white, from their paintings and not from their line drawings.

One drawing by Detaille is a sketch of the principal figure in his painting L'Alerte, and though it was exhibited, as are hundreds of his and De Neuville's drawings, it is a sketch of projects and intentions, and no better than many of the

old men could have done. The drawing is good, and the action and movement of the man and horse are very well expressed. But it is filled with careless blots and

smudges. It is the sketch of a master, done for his own use, though he is willing to show it. The other drawing is full of character. A glance at the work of Jeanniot or Haug and Luders will show that Detaille's drawing is a study, theirs are for exhibition. Having followed the methods of years ago, and having met with success in other ways, he had never paid the necessary attention to modern illustrative methods. From his standpoint there is no reason why he should. He paints for reproduction, and in the reproductions published by Goupil, from the cheapest

to the most expensive, his work is rendered very well. No one today knows more about painting for reproduction than Detaille. He is one of the men who have given up pen drawing because their wash drawings can be mechanically engraved equally well. In his great work, *L'Armée Française*, there are scarcely any pen drawings at all. All this applies to De Neuville.

Ed.

MADELEINE LEMAIRE

I AM not yet sure whether I should have selected this charming figure of a flower-girl, or one of Madame Lemaire's studies of flowers, which she renders with more color and less work than even Alfred Parsons, though I cannot think she gives as much attention to the delicacy of each individual form and the expression of its growth. But there is no doubt to her right to a place as a figure draughtswoman. There is a refinement of drawing and a rendering of color in a simple fashion, which is delightful. Madame Lemaire's designs are only notes of her pictures, but notes of a most artistic sort. The principal qualities to be studied are the simplicity of line and the grace of handling. Why do not fashion plate artists draw like this? Maybe they would if they could.

DANTAN is a consummate master of technique yet a man who has given the world very little pen drawing—at least very little that I have been able to find. In the original painting the greatest thought was for the scheme of light, the posing of the figures, and the arrangement of the details. But to suggest this in pen and ink without over-elaboration is quite wonderful. The reserving of blacks here, as in all other good drawings, will be noted. But his great success is the rendering of the greys, and the flesh tints of the model in the foreground. You feel the difference between the relief on which the sculptor is working, the little colored figure, the model herself, and the cloth which carries the light from the relief down her arms on to the box where she is sitting. All is produced by the most simple means, and yet the different surfaces are perfectly suggested. It cannot be said there is any great brilliancy of handling; the drawing in places might be much better. The model's hands and one of the sculptor's are probably not up to those in the picture. But this drawing should be studied mainly for its suggestion of color, and for the very careful and, at the same time, very artistic manner in which Yves and Barret have engraved it. The skillful use of cross-hatching by the engraver has contributed in many places to the successful rendering of the character of the different surfaces. And yet in some of the most difficult passages, notably in the model herself, there is none of this hand work; the right effect is entirely in the drawing. But alongside the model, look at the delicate way in which Dantan's name is engraved. It might be remarked that this is too trivial to notice; but it is such apparent trivialities that make the difference between good and bad engraving.

The outlines of the figure on the relief are somewhat rough and hard. I think they should have been cut down and thus softened. The hardness is probably due to a defect in the block. As it is, the outlines catch one's eye unpleasantly. As to the rendering of the canvases in high light above the relief, the plaques and reliefs on the wall which runs at right angles to it, at the left hand of the drawing, I think the surfaces and the color and texture suggested are worked out, though unobtrusively, as well as the principal motive in the picture. But every part of this drawing is worthy of the most careful and thorough study.

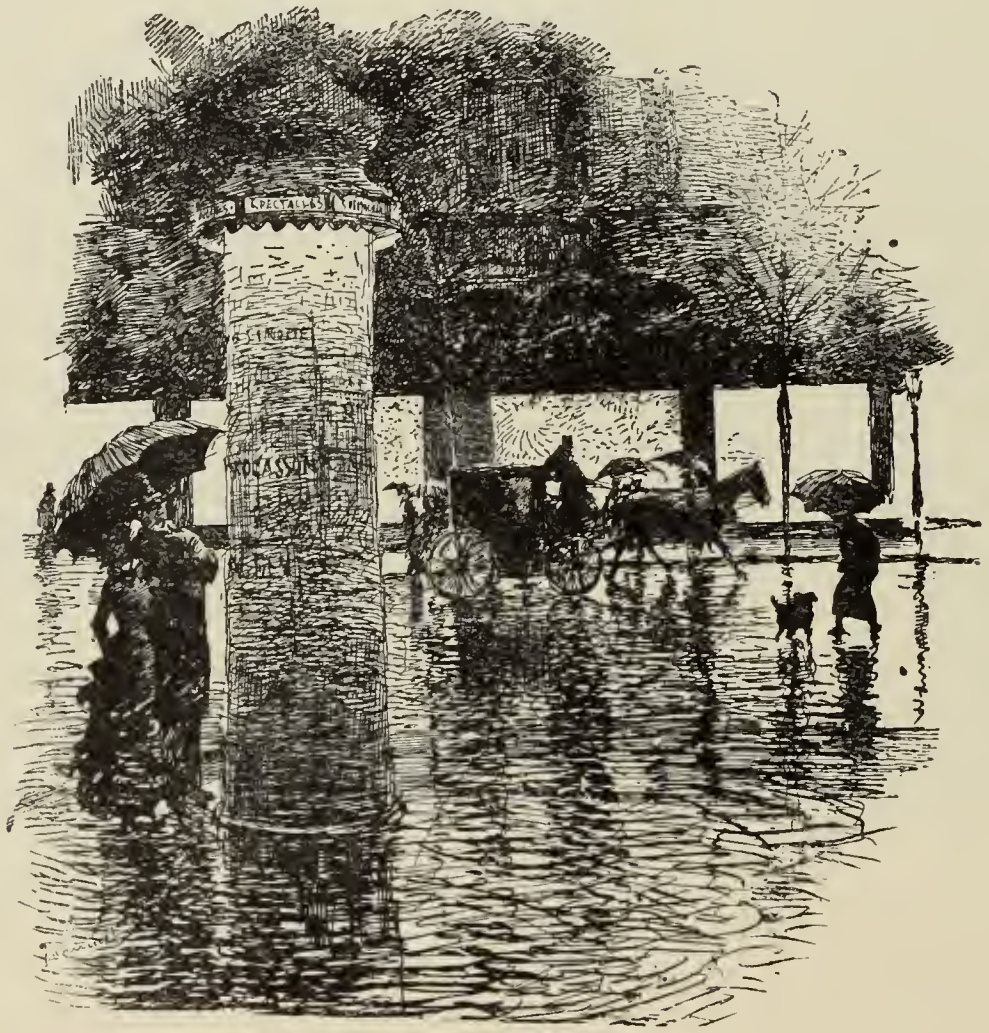
Dantan assured me that the drawing was his work, but it is extraordinary that a man who has shown so little pen work should get such perfect results. I have no doubt that he is responsible in a great measure for the careful engraving, and therefore it is almost presumptuous of me to offer any criticism upon it. This drawing is but another proof of what I have asserted: if an artist can reproduce his own picture in pen and ink artistically, he produces not only a valuable record but a new work of art. It is to this drawing, as much as to the picture itself, that Dantan owes his fame.

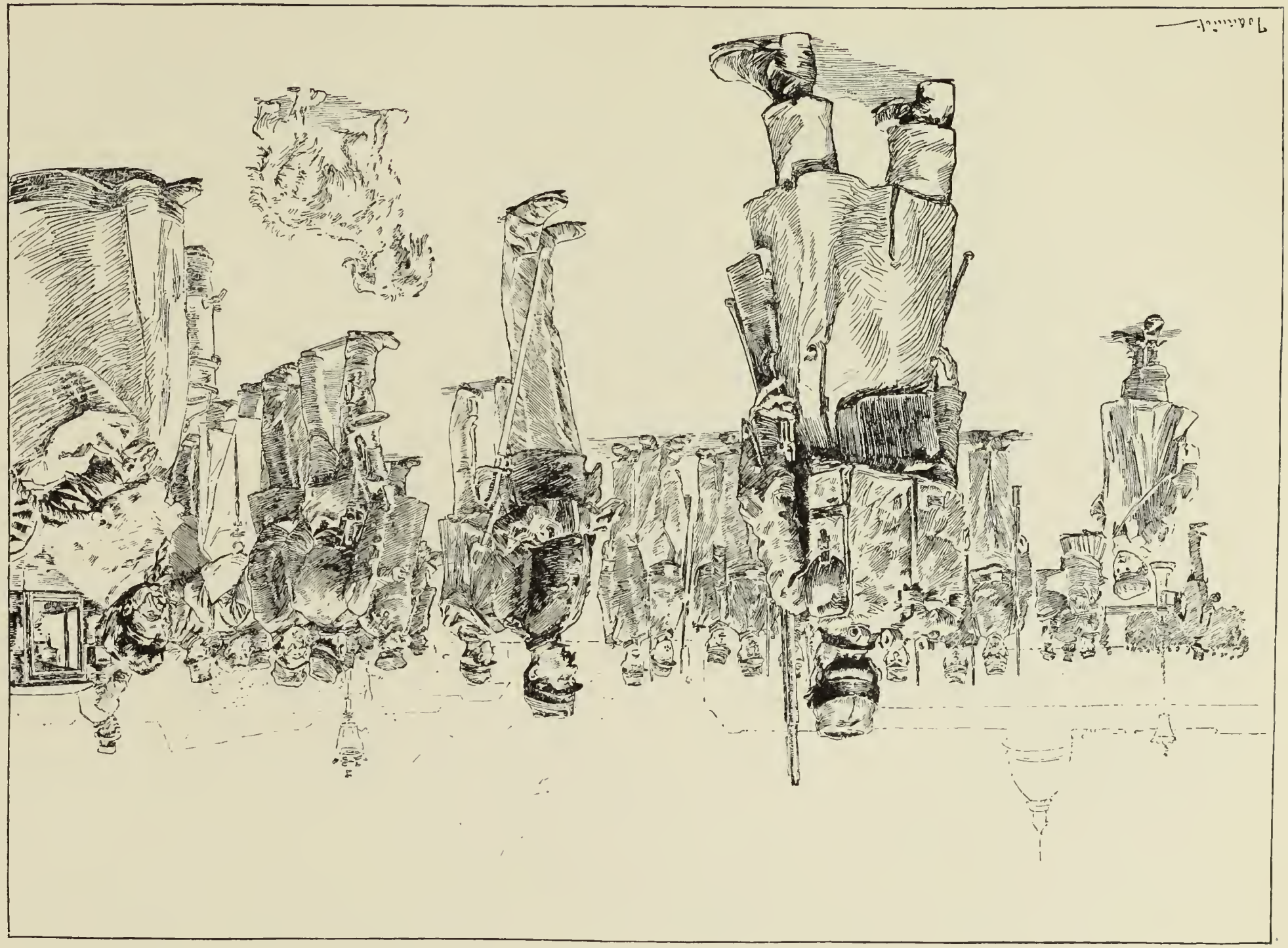
Σ·DANTAN - 1880-

JEANNIOT'S work comes perfectly by process. By the simplest means he obtains the best results. In this little drawing of the boulevards at night with a *kiosque;* the light which comes from it, the lights of the shop windows, and their reflections on the wet asphalt, are given as well as if the drawing was made in wash. There is no over-elaboration and unnecessary work. The tones are suggested in a remarkable way. They are all wrong, but they give the right effect. So the little drawing should be carefully studied; it is easy to see that there are too many black splotches which may have been greys in the original, but have, through careless reproduction, come as blacks in the print.

Then take the drawing of the soldiers drilling. Randolph Caldecott never did a better dog than the one standing in the foreground looking at the officer, while the recruit close by is simply the thing itself. Look at the character in the awkward squad, in all the spectators, in the officers. The houses in the background are careless. They might have been suggested much more truly with no more work. But the figures are delightful in character, and every line shows thought. But who thinks of line today—who thinks of anything save how little he can do, how much he can make.

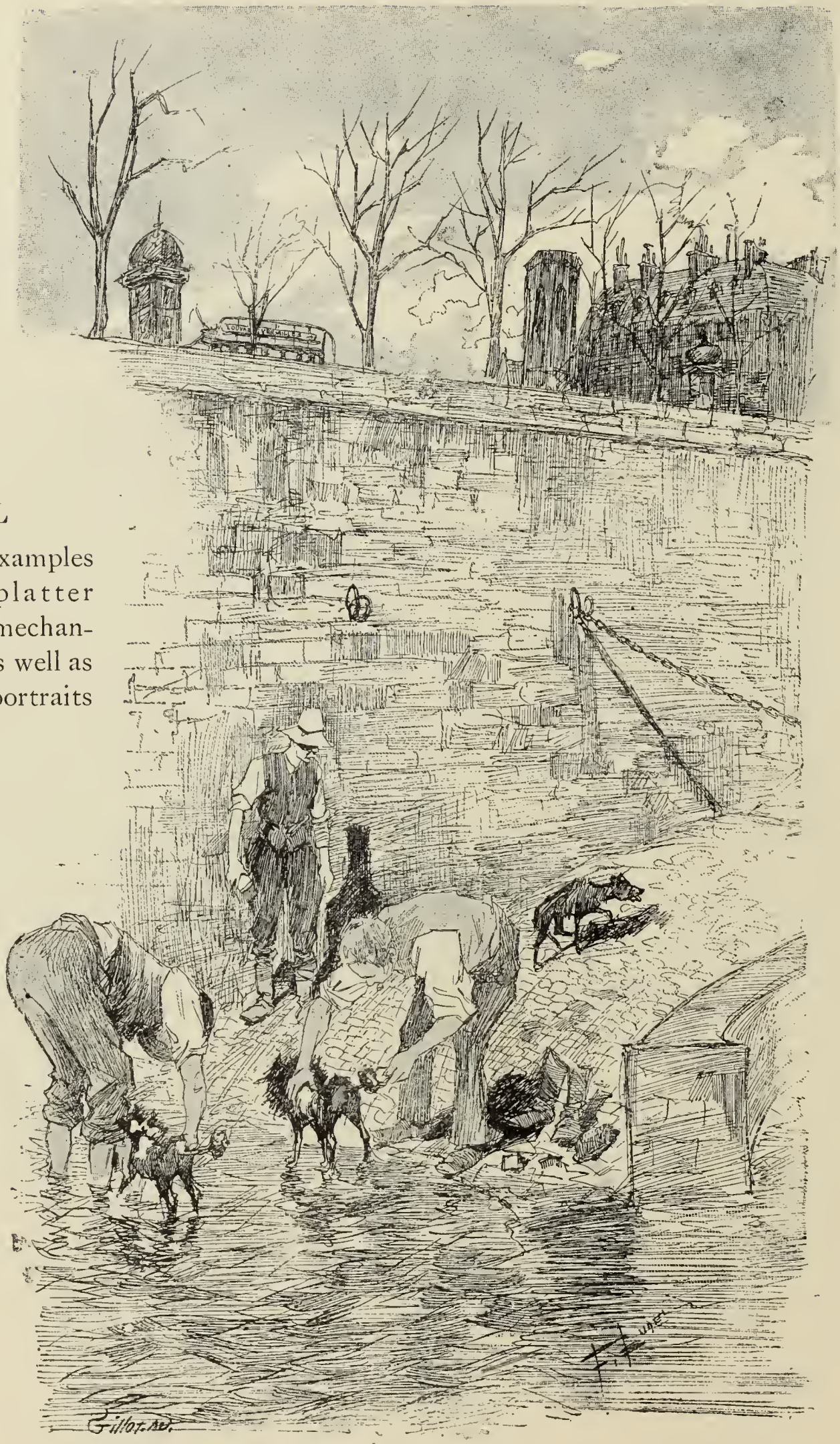
Jeanniot has illustrated many books and papers, *La Vie Moderne*, *La Revue Illustrée*. The book by which his work has been made most widely known is the Dentu edition of *Tartarin de Tarascon*, which contains a large number of his pen drawings.





F. LUNEL

FINE examples of splatter work and mechanical tint, as well as excellent portraits of places.



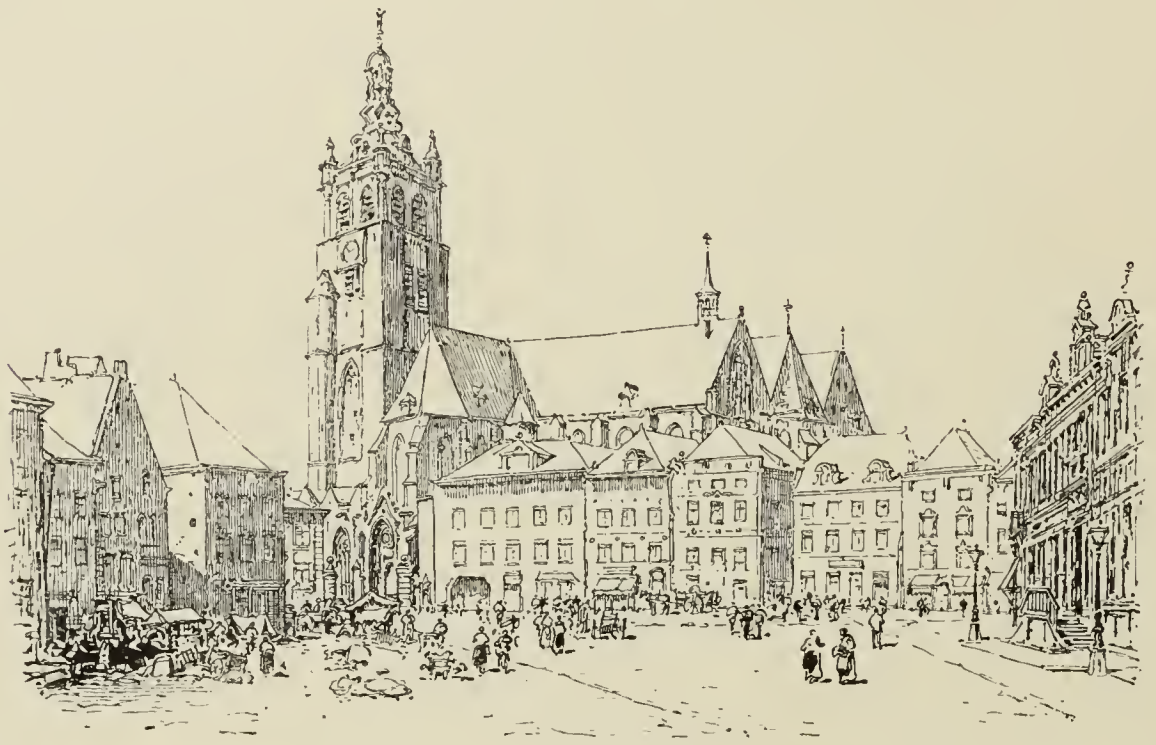
DECORATED, sent on a special mission with Paul Bourget to America, written about by Daudet, cartoonist of *Le Figaro*, war artist, Forain may certainly be said to have arrived. How much of all this is due to his subjects, how much to the legend which goes with them, how much to his skating on the thinnest of thin ice, which bends and cracks almost to the suppression of the papers at times in which his illustrations appear, is not my affair. All I am concerned with is how much art there is in his power of omitting lines, in his concentration of effect, in his ability, as Daudet has said, *de résumer, dans un geste, et dans une phrase, à la française, vingt pages*, not only of criticism, but an epoch of fashions, morals, and immorality, properly regulated in France.

His simplicity of line and his power of expression with that simple line are wonderful. Still at present I feel that he has carried the simplicity of the Japanese, from whom all this is derived, too far. His line at times has become meaningless and without beauty—not that it ever had much of the latter quality. But, while one may love the line, equally simple, of Hokusai, one is bored at times with that of Forain, though one wonders at the result he gets with his apparently clumsy method. Forain deliberately ignores all flexibility of line; each seems put down with an unyielding point, and yet the result is amazing. He uses much wash, chalk, or crayon in his work, which comes well by process, in the daily papers. This is one of his important drawings, well engraved by Florian, in which Forain has used all sorts of mediums; and yet one can note perfectly the pen, the wash, and the chalk, so well has the engraver preserved each in the print. Forain has illustrated much for *Gil Blas*, *L'Echo de Paris*, *Figaro*, *The New York Herald*, *Le Courrier Français*, and other papers. Volumes of his designs have been printed, among which are *Album de Forain*, *La Comédie Parisienne*, *Les temps difficiles*, *Vous*, *Eux*, etc., while in the war he made many lithographs, mostly not very important.

Though he is a master of design as well as of execution, he is a delusion and a snare to any one not so brilliant as himself; and any one as clever would be but another Forain, and one is enough. His carelessness is, however, as easy to imitate as his excellence is difficult, and his imitators are numberless, especially in the United States where his simplicity has been changed into stupidity and his character made characterless—he is easy to prig from; difficult to improve on. A delusion to the artless and incompetents who live on him, depend on him, and fail to learn anything from him; it is not his business to teach.

FLORIAN

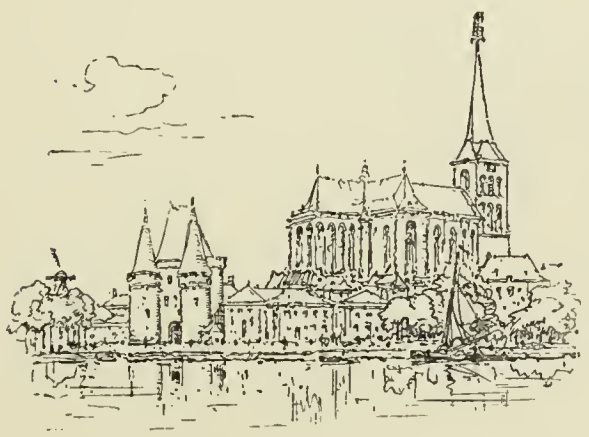
LALANNE was one of the most exquisite and refined illustrators of architecture who ever lived. His ability to express a great building, a vast town, or a delicate little landscape, has never been surpassed, possibly, by few but Whistler. To a certain extent he was mannered; so was Rembrandt; Whistler is the only man



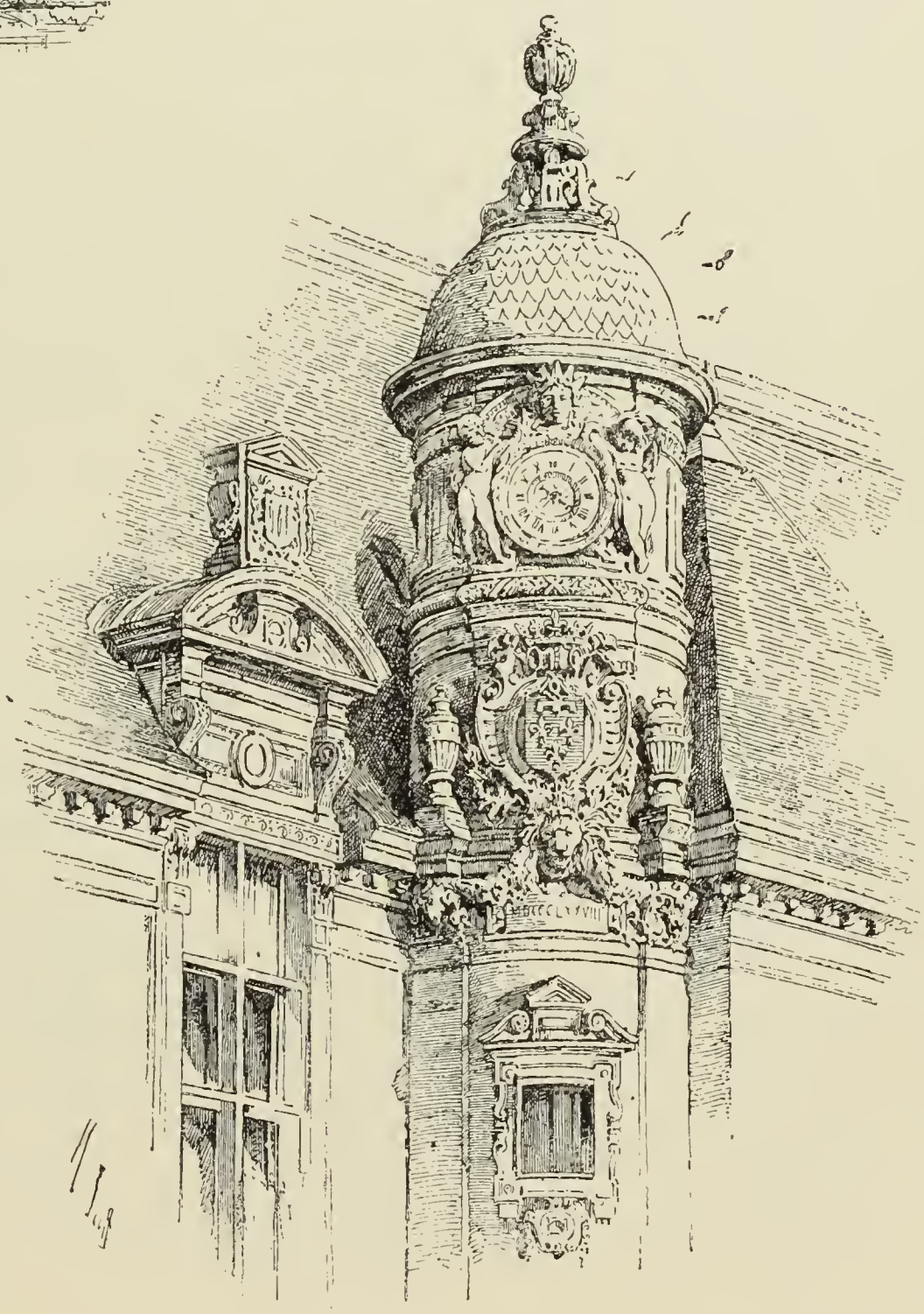
I know of who was not. The three little drawings show Lalanne's style very well; the only trouble was he always drew like that. I do not know what was the size of the originals; in Havard's *Hollande* the illustrations are reproduced in many different sizes, but the small ones, like these, are the most successful. The student will find the book extremely useful.

Lalanne probably acquired his refinement of handling while making his delicate etchings. It is scarcely necessary to analyze his drawings here, as I have considered one of them in an earlier chapter, and all are characterized by the same simplicity and refinement of expression, the same directness of handling. There is

in them great knowledge of architecture, but this knowledge is not aggressive. The *Portfolio* contained many examples of Lalanne's work, among others sketches in Rouen and illustrations for Hamerton's *Paris*. His etching of Richmond and the Thames, which appeared in the *Portfolio*, is the most exquisite example of his work I have seen in any English periodical. Nearly the same results, however, could be obtained with pen and ink.



The books which Lalanne illustrated are numerous. He did a great deal for Quantin. His work can be found in back numbers of *L'Art* and nearly all the French magazines and periodicals, for he was a most prolific draughtsman. But perhaps the best, certainly the most complete, series are in Havard's *Hollande à Vol d'Oiseau* and *La Flandre* by the same author.



H. SCOTT

I DO not know if Scott was a Frenchman. But he lived in France, and his work appeared in French periodicals. I suppose he was one of the many Frenchmen of English or other foreign parentage, among whom one at once recalls men with English names, like Alfred Stevens and Albert Lynch.

Scott devoted himself to the picturesque rendering of architecture. He is not a master by any means, but he

has done more of this work than any one else in France. Looking at his drawing, I should say he was educated as an architect. In the headpiece, at Chantilly, the

drawing of the flat mansard roof is absolutely without character. I suppose it is slate.

The large drawing of Pierrefonds is far better. The scraggy grapevine in the foreground is atrocious and meaningless. But the light is excellently carried up the long street leading to the *château*; the *château* is very well drawn, though there is but little light and shade in it, and some careless cross-hatching on the towers. The masses of trees are very wire-worky. Taken altogether, however, as an impressive representation of a vast building dominating a small town, the effect is extremely well given with expressive, vital, meaning lines.

MARS is evidently—I may use the term correctly in this case—a *nom de plume*. His real name is Bonvoisin; and he is, according to Louis Morin's *French Illustrators*, very much of a man. I care little for the draughtsman's personality, or sex either, for that matter. But I am sure that as a caricaturist, rendering his drawings with a feeling far beyond any artless or slovenly caricaturing, as an illustrator of fashion magazines, as a delineator of French *hig lif*, or as one who produces charming children's books, Mars is good. He is a delightful contrast to the overrated amateur Gyp. But there is frequently so much carelessness and so much caricature in his drawings, which are intended to be serious, that it is really difficult to find a good example of his work, though it appears every week in the French papers.

However, a drawing like this of *Pierrot blanc et Pierrette noire* shows one side of his work—the only side I find worth considering seriously—as well as it could be shown. There is nothing remarkable about the drawing; it is most probably all *chic*; but it is filled with graceful lines, and is specially characteristic as an example of his delightful use of pure blacks and whites. It may look as if it were very simple to silhouette a figure in either pure black or white, but is really very difficult to do it and still give an effect of roundness. It is this which Mars can do so well. Several of the Germans—Schlittgen and Marold—and Birch in America also draw in this way, but no one does it with the grace and charm of Mars. On one side it is only a step from his drawing to the German silhouette work, and on the other to the pure outline work of Caran D'Ache. These drawings are nearly always printed with a wash of color.

DRAWINGS OF SCULPTURE

IN looking over the catalogues of different art exhibitions, which are perhaps the only places where are to be found pen drawings of sculpture with any pretence to artistic rendering, one is struck by one of two facts. Either the sculptors have not made the drawings themselves, or else they have produced slight and trivial renderings of their own often very beautiful work. The chief cause for this is that many sculptors out of France, singular as it may seem, cannot draw; that is, they cannot make a drawing of any artistic value. In Paris this is not so often the case. A man who has gone through the Beaux-Arts is able to draw. Rodin's drawings are as notorious as his sculpture; among them I have found a good one. But in other countries it is the exception when the sculptor can. And again, it is extremely difficult to give with a pen, either in simple lines or complicated masses, the feeling of marble, terra cotta, or bronze.

Yet the majority of French sculptors, when they wish an artistic rendering in pen and ink of their work, not infrequently employ one of the three draughtsmen whose work I have here given to do it for them. Let us take the large drawing by St. Elme Gautier, after the high relief of Mercié, over one of the doorways of the Louvre. Mercié is a painter as well as sculptor, his painting often being seen in the *Salon*, and he realizes the difficulty of giving with pen and ink the effect of a newly-modelled relief which has none of the marks of time, or the interesting smudges and breaks and fractures which save the copyist much work and lend charm to the results. But from new work you have to draw sharply and cleanly, depending

upon nothing but your ability to draw correctly, taking the utmost care with every line, and yet avoiding that liny mechanical look which you will find at once in your drawing unless you are very

skillful. I cannot call this drawing of Gautier's very artistic, but it is a clean, sharp rendering of the subject, and as such is a good study. Contrast it for a moment with these heads of angels by Marie Weber. She has got all the modelling and the effect of the surfaces and the rendering of light and shade without a single outline, though Gautier's work is almost altogether outline. But a

drawing like this could not be made unless the draughtsman was quite Gautier's equal. Notice how, though she indicates the lights and the darks in the mouths, she has concentrated her blacks on the base on which the heads stand. And yet you will find little blacks all over the drawing,

which is one of the most delightful renderings of sculpture I have ever seen. Other of Marie Weber's drawings are to be found in *L'Art*, but none that are as fine as this one.

Half-way between Gautier's and Marie Weber's work comes this drawing of Teucer by L. Gaucherel, which is an excellent combination of their two methods—of Gautier's firm, bold outline in the light part of the figure, and of Weber's delicate modelling in the shadows. The effect has been obtained without a single pure black, just as there was no black in the figure.

Lastly, the head of De Lesseps by Ringel is an example of the work of a man who can model as well as he can draw, and draw as well as he can etch. Not only have his series of medallions of contemporary Frenchmen been most original in their conception and true in their character, but the drawings are in no way inferior, and made a profound sensation a few years ago upon their publication in *L'Art*. They are drawn on *Papier Gillot*, and the cross, the double tone which increases the light, can be seen all over the side of the face, while the pure whites are obtained by scratching the tone all off the paper. This is not really a pen drawing. There may not be a single pen line in it, though I think there is pen work in the hair. The darks are put in with crayon. But as I wish to give an example of pen work on this tinted paper, even though it consists of only a few lines, and as this is one of the finest examples to be had, I think it best to give it, since I am sure it will be useful to students. By means of this tinted paper one can get nearer to the effect of a relief or an entire figure than in any other way, except by wood-engraving or by photography from the relief or statue.

Among Americans, Blum, Wyatt, Eaton, Kenyon Cox, and lastly, Brennan, by a process of his own, which I believe did not turn out very successfully, made some interesting drawings of sculpture which may be seen, about 1885, in *The Century*. But by process or wood-blocks from photographs, of the statue or relief, a more telling result may be had, because sculpture depends not on lines but on surfaces, and by translation into lines it loses enormously.

AUGUSTE RODIN

THERE is evolution in every man's work, that is, in the work of every man who progresses; sometimes forward, sometimes backward. Rodin in his later years completely changed, some would say formed, his style. His later drawings are amusing but worthless as models for students. Therefore they prig from them. But they do not prig from his early drawings; they are like old masters. The artists of the Parthenon were Rodin's ideals. In the end he thought he was an old master. Often, when he came to England to the functions of the International Society, he would start for the British Museum and spend his time before the Elgin marbles. I do not know if he ever drew from them; and I think it was afterwards—though of this I am not sure—that he began to make his later pen and wash drawings. At any rate it was later that he showed them. They were interesting, as were his etchings, some of which are remarkable portraits, but latterly, though beautiful in color, the drawings at times, like some of his sculpture, became impossible to show. What adventures we had with them at the International, where we showed everything we could and honored him by making him our President, a contrast to the Academy, which never elected him nor during his lifetime exhibited any of his work. Even his most fervid designs always had a charm.

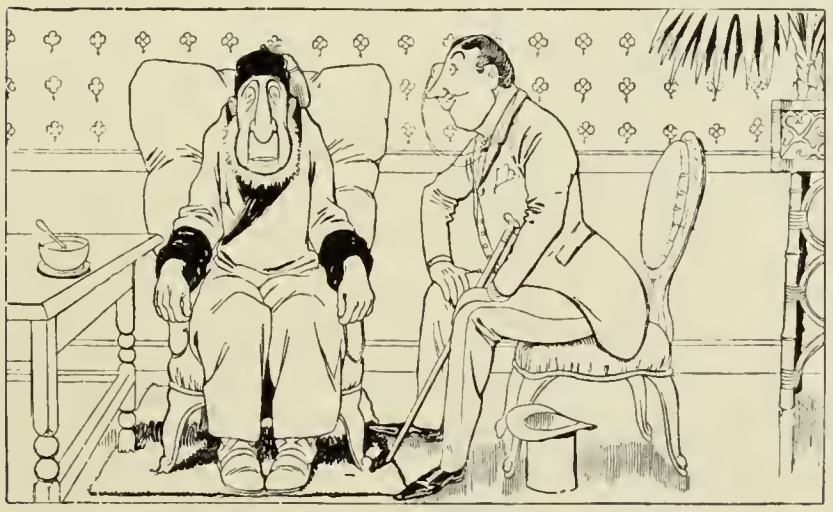
The later designs, I believe, are founded on the Egyptian and Greek wall paintings and have in them the same charm of color as the oldest artists of the world got in their work—but the Greeks were creators, and Rodin is a follower.

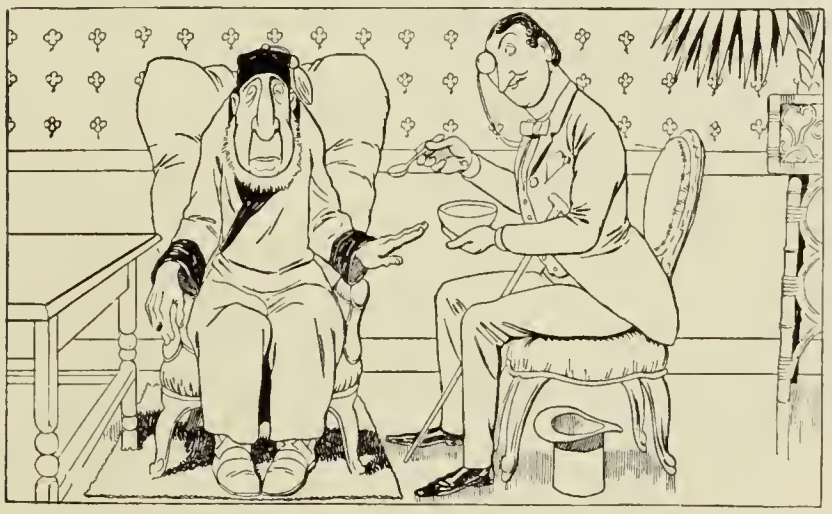
CARAN D'ACHE, whose name was Emmanuel Poirié, was the most appreciated French caricaturist; he was a Russian. His work contains all the essentials of caricature. His drawings amused the whole world. No one but a blind man would refuse to laugh at them. They are composed with the fewest possible lines and these are arranged by a masterly technician. The drawings are commonly printed with a flat color wash, or else in silhouette, but he does not depend on this wash to hide imperfections of drawing. And in addition to its other qualities nearly all his work possesses that local color, that quality of ridiculing notorieties to which other caricaturists make everything else subordinate, with the result that, unless you happen to know the person or the subject caricatured, you can scarce ever appreciate the humor. Caran D'Ache first came into public notice through the shadow pictures of the *Chat Noir*. These were silhouettes, and it is strange that silhouette work so well adapted to pen drawings has been used so little. Since then he has made either silhouettes or caricatures in black or white or color in the pages of *Figaro*, *L'Illustration*, and *La Revue Illustrée*, and devoted himself to illustrating books, among which are the *Comédie du Jour*, *Comédie de Notre Temps*, and *Les Courses dans L'Antiquité*. The idea of this latter book is perfectly absurd, and the combination of the Parisians of today going to *Les Courses* and the Elgin marbles running a race is simply side-splitting, especially when it is worked out technically so well. There is no doubt that we outsiders miss half the point, but nobody can fail to roar while admiring the cleverness of Station de Centaures de la Compagnie Générale; the Heureux Père, Heureuse Mère; Il y a du tirage; Mlle. Phryne; Déjeuner du Favori; L'Arrivée, which is a masterpiece; La Mère des Gracches, with all the little Gracchi in Cab No. 1482; the arrangement of the De Lesseps family of which he never tires; and Le Mail du Prince Apollo, where Apollo drives a four-in-hand, while President Carnot, as Jupiter with the thunderbolts under his arm, is trying to control the Char de L'Etat. The book is filled with this absurd combination of Greek art and modern French life, but it must be seen to be appreciated. It is published by Plon, Nourrit and Company. Among his last works were *Carnet de Chèques*, and *The Discovery of Russia*, while his notes on the Boer war in the Paris papers were amazing.

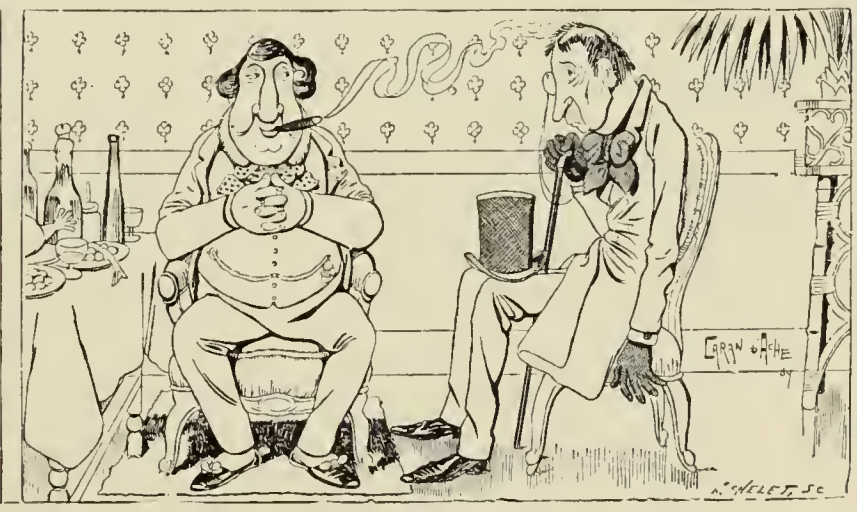
I must refer to the *Figaro Illustré* for Christmas, 1888. This holiday number contained what I think is Caran D'Ache's greatest work, Comment on fait un chef-D'oeuvre.

This series is one of his most celebrated productions, the Nephew and His Uncle. The recovery of the uncle and the collapse of the nephew are inimitable, and like all good caricatures requires no legend or explanation. Caran D'Ache luckily died before his country disappeared in darkness.

Dimanche 6 Octobre
Mon cher Neveu
Viens vite recueillir
mon dernier soupir
Dimanche prochain
Je ne serai plus !...
Ton oncle
qui t'affectionne
Onésime Leduc
Empoisonné





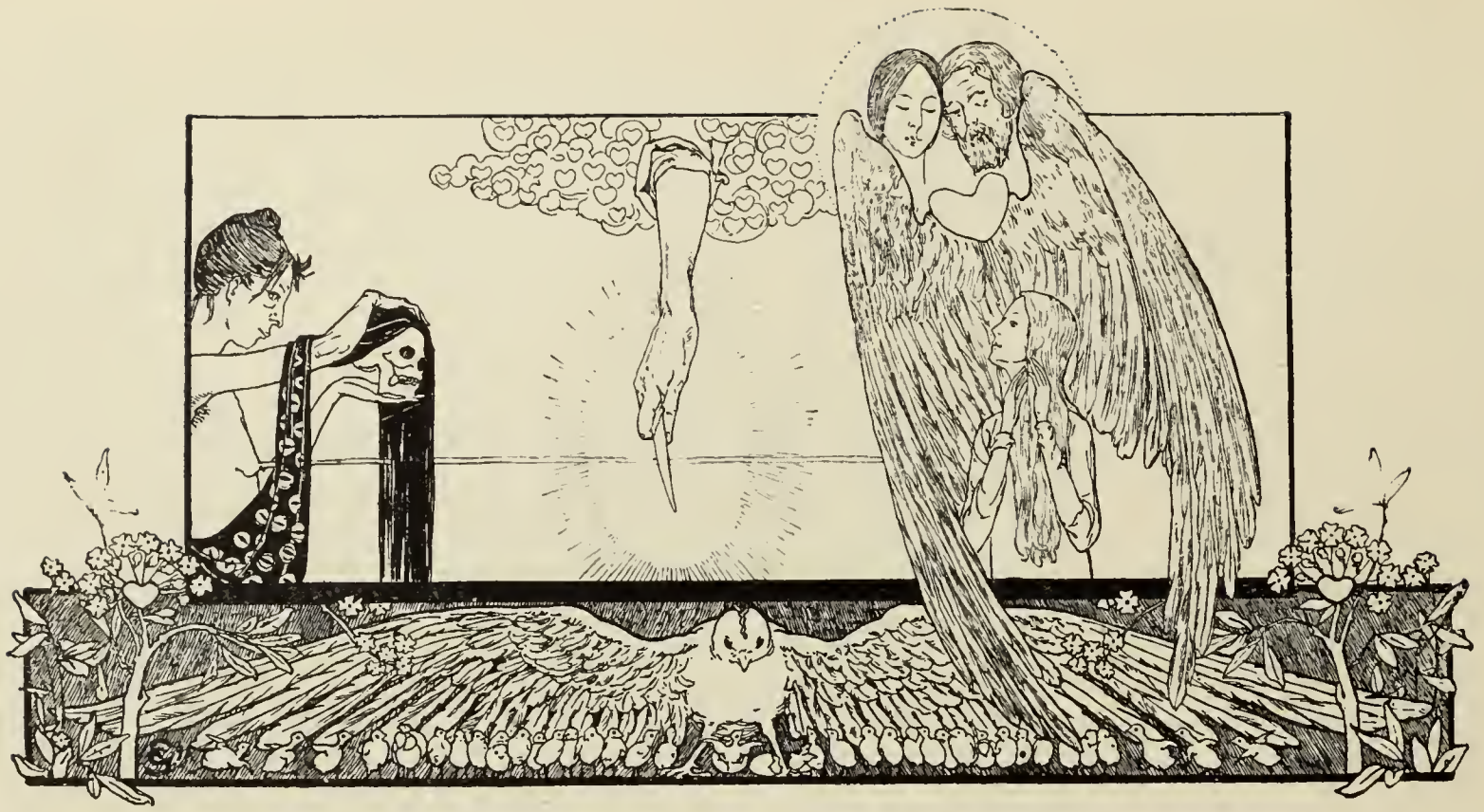

CARAN D'ACHE
87

LALAUZE shows that the clumsy lines without feeling or character, used so much by many English and American illustrators, can be avoided, and graceful sympathetic lines substituted for them. This want of grace of line tells greatly in pen drawing. The excuse for the liny line work of many illustrators is that it reproduces better, but I am sure Lalauze's and Louis Leloir's drawings prove the

contrary. Even Maurice Leloir's Sterne drawings are to me unpleasantly liny; the lines are aggressive all through them. In this connection I must insist that only too often English and American photo-engravers are but mechanical middlemen, who in many cases do not pretend to do their own work, while, in others, they are so utterly ignorant of art they make no pretence to artistic reproduction. When the reproduction becomes in the least difficult, they assure you that it is quite impossible. They have no desire to produce artistic work they do not understand, especially if difficult. But I hope this book may serve to show most conclusively what may be done with process. Lalauze's etchings, especially his refined little illustrations in many books, are well known.

IT may be wondered why I give so much space to a drawing which is apparently crude and very like the projects and intentions of the old men. To show the difference. The old work mostly is in pure outline, or if modelling is attempted, it is done in the most conventional manner. Here you have no outline, but, on the contrary, a masterly sketch in which the suggestion of modelling and the feeling

for light and shade are remarkable in their strength and character. Notice how the figure of the girl is suggested under her dress, and the simple yet true rendering of her hair, and the difference between her face and that of the man sleeping beside her. Of course this is rough work if you like, and the reproduction is less than the size of the original drawing. But though the work is put in strongly and boldly, it is not done carelessly, and it is most interesting to see the way in which a man like Butin works. Note that none of the lines are done with unnecessary coarseness in hopes that they will reduce into the proper relations with other light ones, but all are drawn apparently with a big quill pen. As I have said, I show this drawing more to mark the contrast between modern sketching of projects and intentions and old work of the same sort. It was published in *L'Art*.



CARLOZ SCHWABE

OF all the modern men, Carloz Schwabe has "pushed" symbolism the farthest and most seriously. Schwabe was a contemporary of Beardsley but never his rival or imitator. He has probably had as much, or more, to do with the present craze, or fad for mysticism, as suggested by religious or profane motives, as any one; and he has expressed his ideas with such seriousness of design and composition, such perfection of technique, that he has won for himself a place as a leading draughtsman, designer, and illustrator, not so much because of his subjects as because of the brilliantly successful way in which he has carried out his ideas and schemes. He is a man who realizes that he can take advantage of the modern developments of printing and process, and yet, at the same time, fill his work with all the decorative feeling of the Middle Ages. He is on the same intelligent level in this matter as F. Sandys, Max Klinger, Howard Pyle, and Beardsley.

The drawings that I have chosen are taken from *L'Evangile de L'Enfance*, published in the *Revue Illustrée* for 1890, and *Le Rêve* by Zola, and though, like almost all his work, intended to be printed with flat washes of color upon them, they are so well drawn that the mere key block is as interesting as the final tinted print.

Schwabe, with the other men whom I have named, realizes that mysticism and symbolism are not an excuse for, or means of, hiding bad drawing, careless design, imperfect or untrained pen work; and that a man must know the drawings of the fifteenth century as well as the woodcuts from them; and that, finally, he must be an intelligent illustrator and not an affected *poseur*, and be up in all the modern requirements and possibilities of reproduction and printing. He may introduce a modern element into the most archaic subject without its seeming out of place, just as the old men did, provided he does it seriously and knowingly, and not with the object of impressing the unintelligent.

Verdoux, Ducourtioux & Huillard sc.

H. CARLOZZO

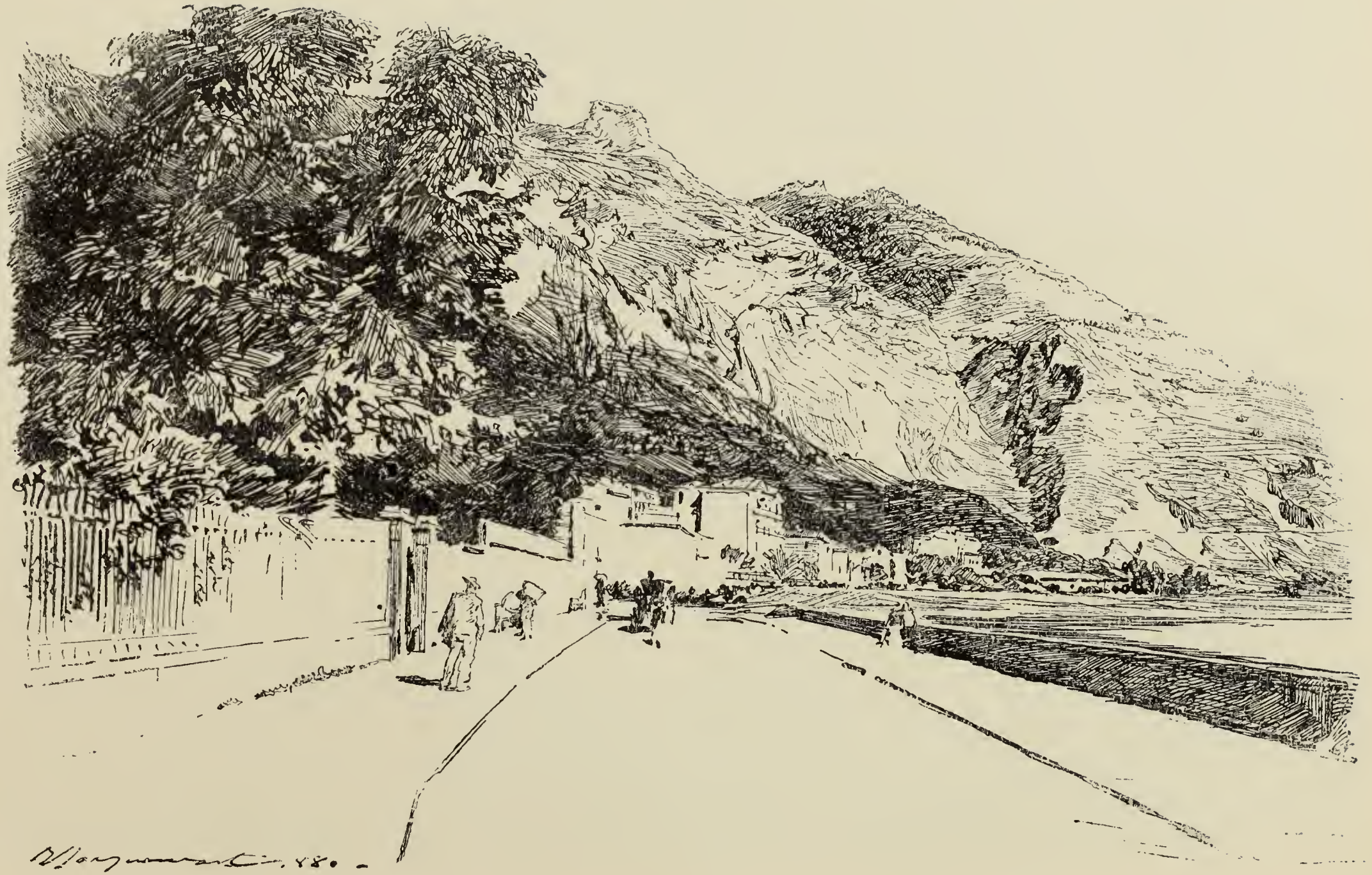
In these drawings Schwabe has made the shepherds into real characters. He has worked out the details of their costumes in a decorative yet realistic fashion. Decoration is not confused with modelling, and shadows are not mixed up hopelessly with patterns. Not only are the draperies of his angels and saints big, simple, and massive, falling in noble lines, but there are figures underneath—and not a lay figure or clothes horse. Beauty and refinement are in the faces, which are so charmingly and simply rendered; while the study of the ruinous old shed in *La Nativité* and the village street have been doubtless done from nature. Nor has he been satisfied with the conventional hands bestowing their blessing, or cut-out stars singing together; while all around one may see in its proper place some symbol or suggestion like the crude cross in the half-timbered work, or the chalice in the roof. Then, too, how noble and dignified are the figures in *L'Etoile des Bergers*, how simple the landscape, how well the grassy, weedy foreground is suggested.

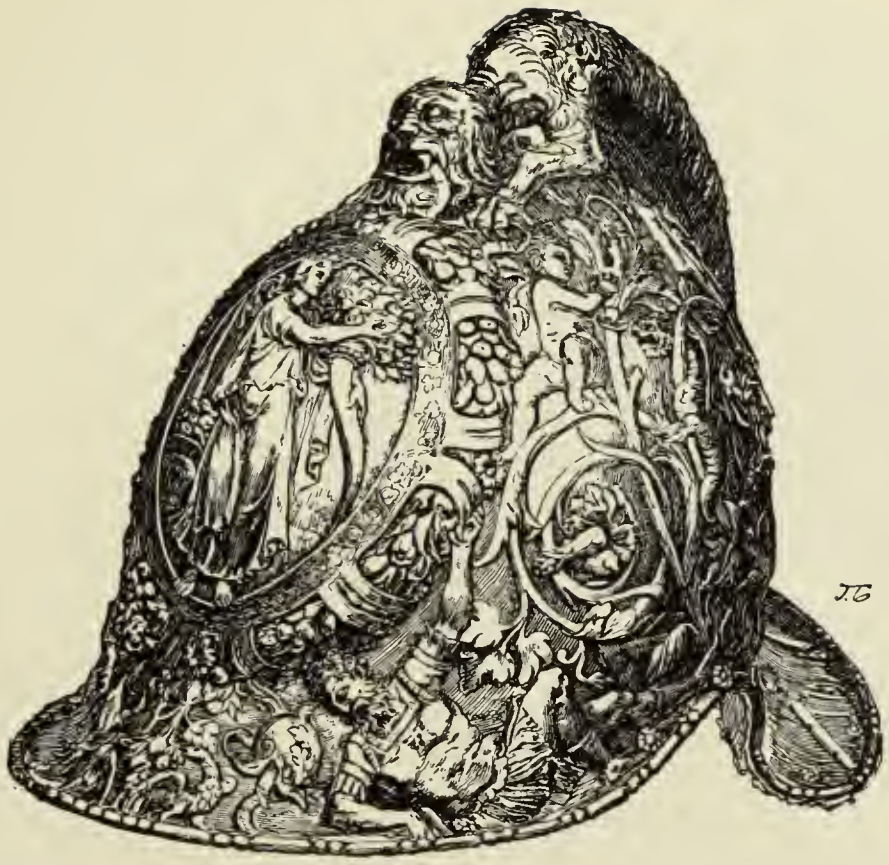
Schwabe's most important work is Zola's *Rêve*, published by Flammarion in 1892, in which some of his best work will be found. The cover is charming, and contains not only that amazing combination of decoration in the passion-flowers, but of realism in the rendering of Beauvais Cathedral, as well as the germ of much English work, which has been praised for its originality. He has made, too, some most interesting experiments in reproducing wash and chalk work. Most of the prints are in color, and the head and tail pieces are full of invention as well as brilliantly carried out. Schwabe allied himself for some years with the members of the forgotten Rose Croix, and for a year or so was the real backbone of the brilliant band which included Aman-Jean, Atalaya, Béthune, Grasset, Khnopff, Martin, Point, Léon, Toorop, and Vallotin. The forerunners of cubism, only many of these men were artists, not merely advertisers. He has shown many of his drawings, notably the designs for *Le Rêve*, at the Champs de Mars. Some of these have been purchased by the State for the Luxembourg.

JULES JACQUEMART

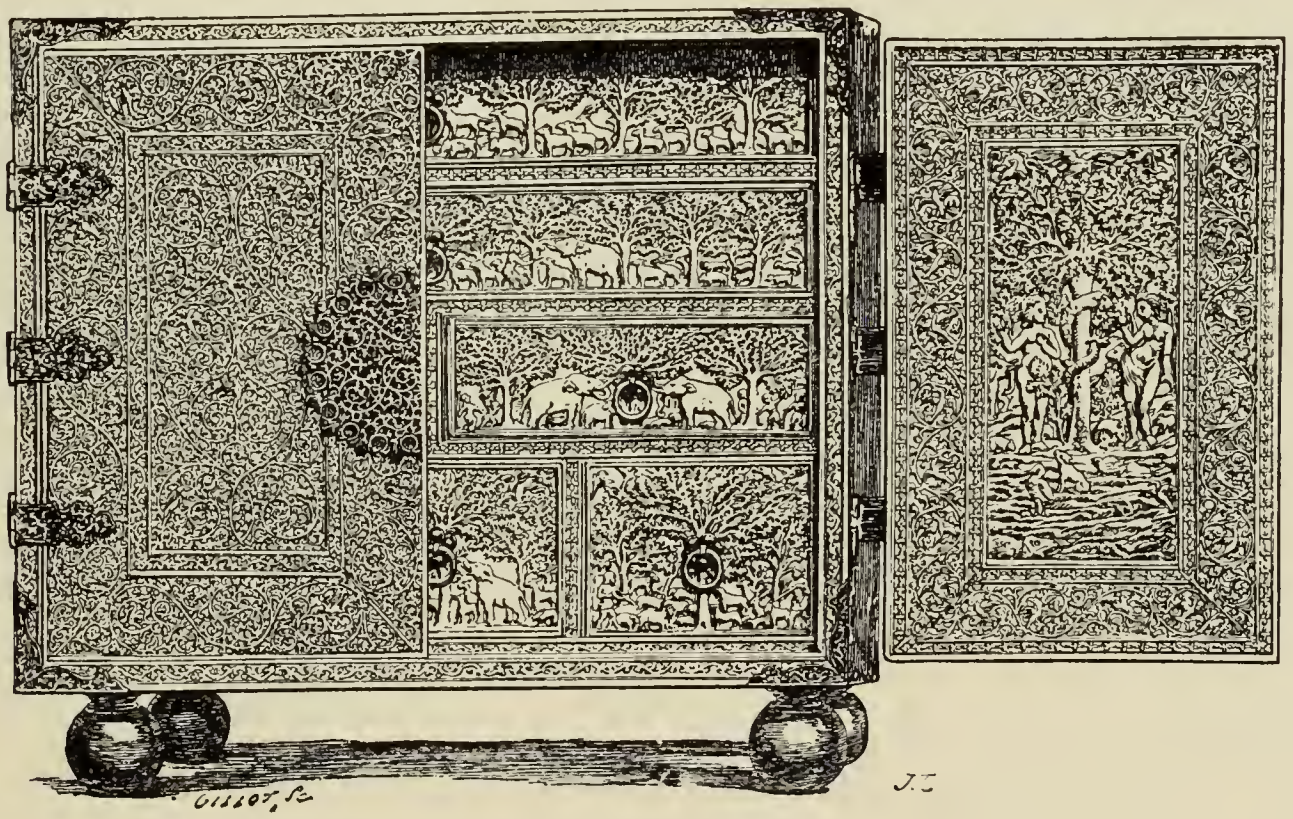
ONE of the most curious facts in the history of process reproduction is that some of the earliest blocks were almost as good as any made today. These engravings by Gillot were done before 1879; and though more difficult subjects can be reproduced, I doubt if better blocks could be produced by Gillot today, There are two reasons for this: The perfect adaptability of these designs to process. and the pleasure the engraver must have taken in bringing out the first important book illustrated by process.

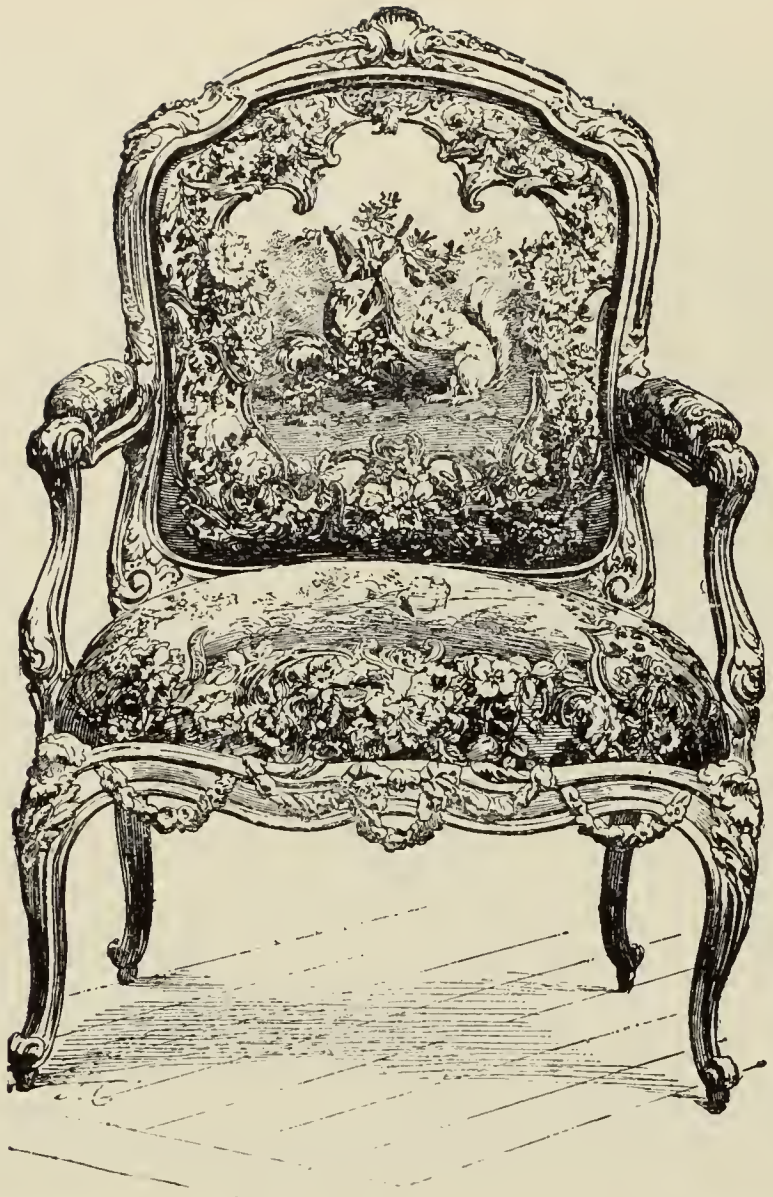
Jacquemart is best known by his etchings, mainly of *bric-à-brac*, but the drawings in *L'Histoire de Mobilier* from which all these engravings are taken are equally good. There is the same serious and successful rendering of materials, the same study of the play of light on polished surfaces, the same delight in the accurate drawing of complicated forms, and an even more careful putting down of the



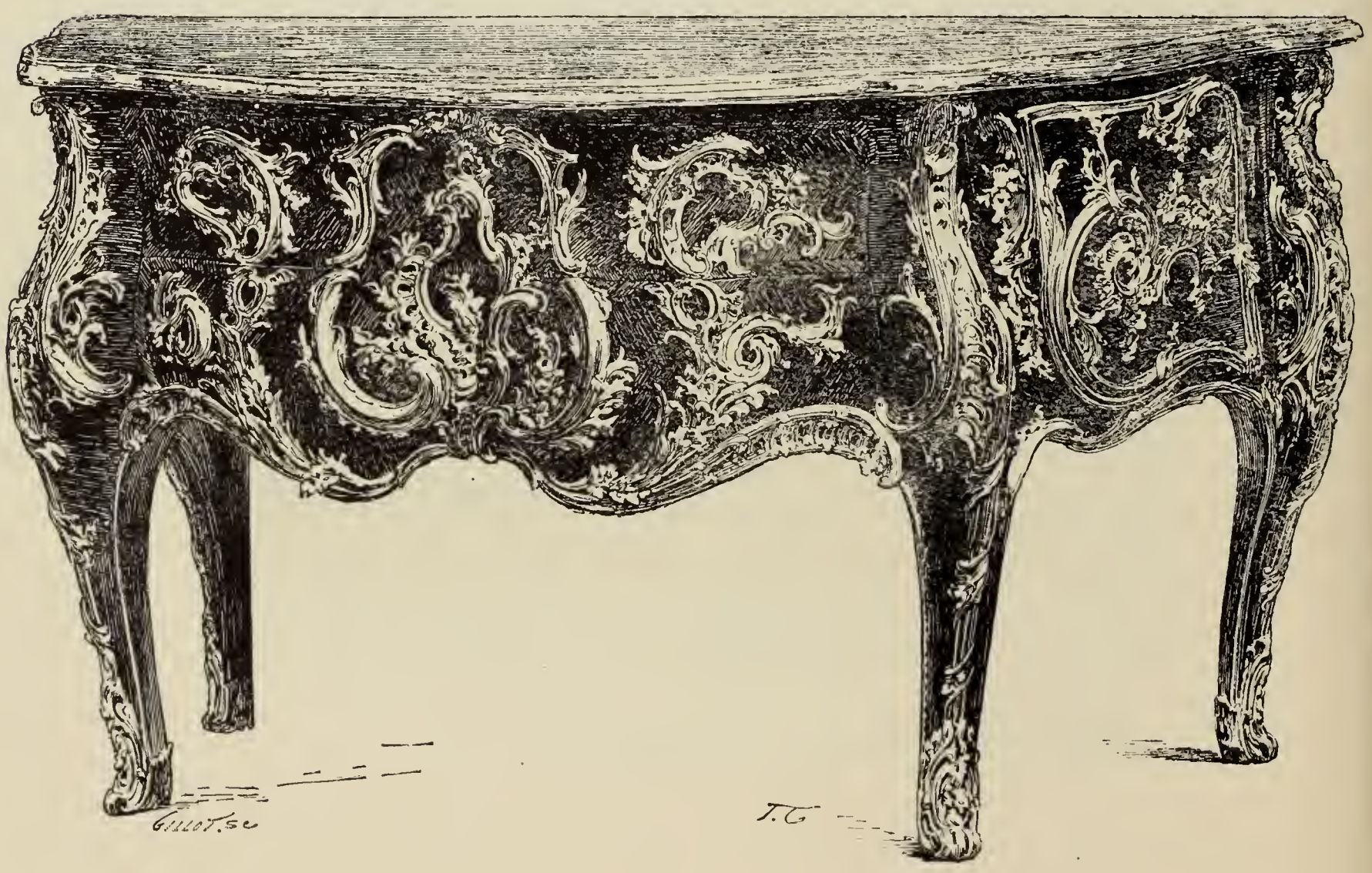


right line in the right place, if this is possible. Note the large sideboard; not only can one feel the colored marble top, the metal decoration, but also the cabinet-maker's work. And there is not a line too much or too little in the design; every line, too, shows the construction, and yet all is in perfect light and shade. The same is true of the richly-upholstered chair; the detail is as accurate as in a photograph, or, indeed, much more so and as free as possible. Then note the complete change in the handling of the carved cabinet, the metal feeling of the helmet with the play of light on the raised surfaces, and the sparkle and glitter on the vase.





And this sort of work did not exhaust Jacquemart's abilities; his rendering of landscape was masterly in pen and ink. No matter what the subject, his illustrations were as serious as his paintings; and he was a big enough artist to recognize that with a simple medium one can produce great art; that illustration is as important as any other branch of art, and that a pen drawing is quite as interesting if well done as a painting in oil. If the American ad man only set his hacks to copy Jacquemart or Bacher, we might again occupy the place in the art world we have lost. But why should we?—what do we care—or know?



A. LANÇON

LANÇON'S drawing of cats is masterly; so is Steinlen's. But in his pen drawings there is very little or no attempt to render the texture of the fur; it is the modelling, the pose, the expression he has been trying for, and to me the work, especially the side view of a cat, looks almost as if it were drawn from a bronze by Barye. This may have been the case. But what I wish to call attention to is that these drawings are made with the double-line pen which I have described in the Technical chapter. Look and you will see all through them the two lines made at one stroke. The two drawings are an example of the working of the double-line pen, and as such are given rather than as examples of handling.

E. GRASSET

ILLUSTRATOR, decorator, architect, designer, Grasset has done notable work in all these fields. But above all, he is an illustrator. His earliest and most important book is *Les Quatre fils d'Aymon*, produced by Gillot about 1881; he has also illustrated Victor Hugo, Flaubert, and Paul Arène. These two drawings are intended for posters, in the designing of which he rivals Chéret, Lautrec, and Auriol. Examples of his decoration will be found in the chapter on that subject. The large drawing, "Duel Judiciaire," is not only one of the most horribly dramatic designs of modern times, but an excellent example of good, direct, outline work, accented with touches of black in the right place; the tree drawing is weak, but all else is good. This is the key block for a color print. But it comes very well without the color.

EDOUARD MANET

MANET, like Whistler, learned from the Japanese in the right way technically. These drawings, done with a brush and ink, are amazing artistically—the work of a master craftsman sure he was right. The drawings were made partly with pen and partly with brush in lithographic ink and wash. The Raven is from Poe's Poems, and I have seen prints of the portrait in lithography. These are perfect models for drawing and printing—not a line wasted, everything telling.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE

COURBOIN is a master of simple direct line. This drawing is but the skeleton, the key block for a color print; and yet it is quite as complete, and, I think, even more expressive without the color than with it. The three characters are as finely rendered as they could be, though it is usually well to get more variety and quality into the pen line. In this case, where it is only intended as a guide, Courboin has kept the line very simple. Michelet has excellently reproduced these single lines, which are most difficult to etch singly and print with the original delicacy.

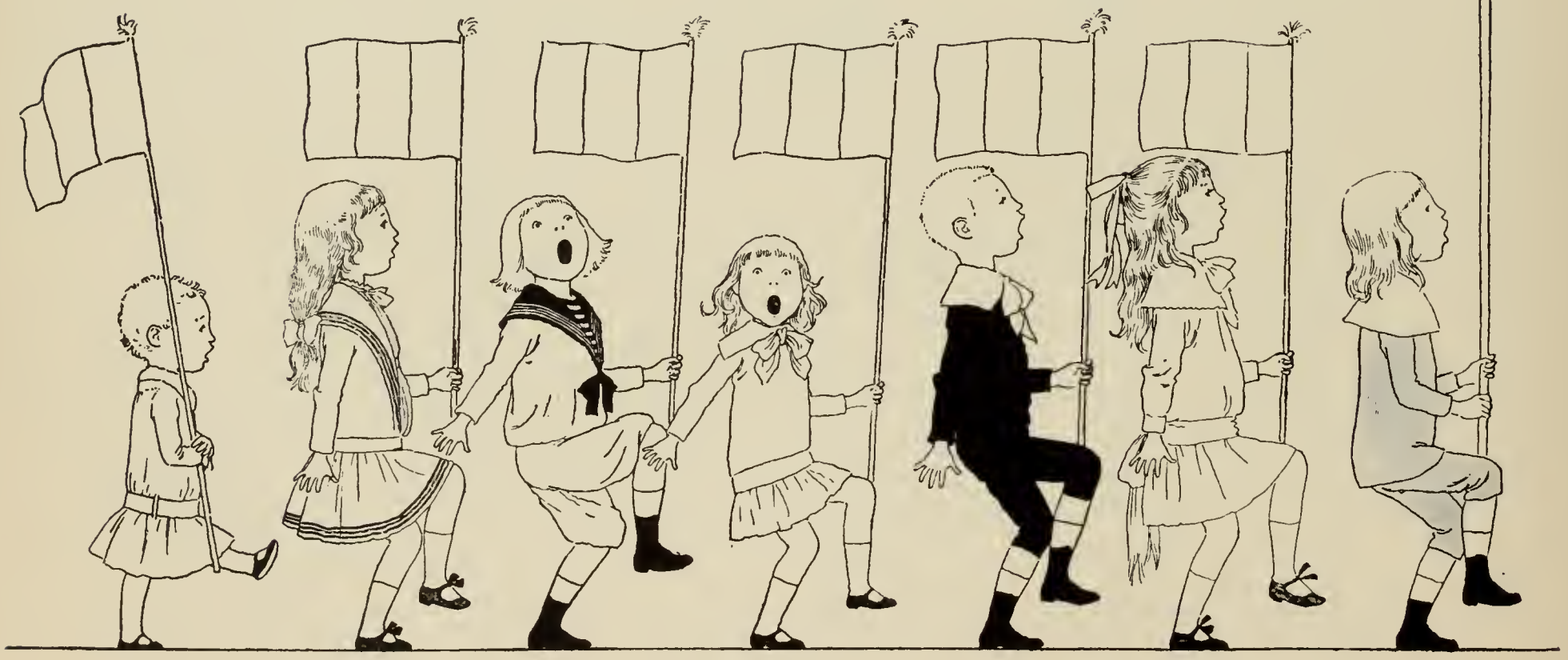
A. WILLETTE

ILLUSTRATOR, editor, poet, politician—in at least one of these *rôles* Willette is almost always in evidence in Paris.

Whether he resurrected Pierrot to found *Le Pierrot*, his paper, or whether *Le Pierrot* is but what it seems to be, the refuge for his creations, I do not know. Willette, while he has employed almost all sorts of methods and illustrated almost all the papers of Paris, as well as decorated the hoardings of the capital with his designs, he could make a poster; still he seems best when he is inventing new adventures for his favorite character, and showing us these adventures by means of pen and ink. Simplicity is his dominant note. Usually there is only the black cap of Pierrot, all the rest is white, as simple as possible. The Pierrette is equally graceful. Through all his work you see this bright joyousness, suggestion, and fun.

BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE delineator of child-life; never have children been better observed, more intelligently studied; nor their gestures, clumsy and graceful, more simply and directly noted. He was always decorative, and there is not a line in his drawings without meaning. He has contributed much to *St. Nicholas*, and his best-known books are *Chansons et rondes pour les petits enfants*, *Chansons de France pour les petits français*, and *Nos enfants*. Yet we prefer Buster Brown!



GODEFROY

This artist is quite as amusing if not so realistic as Caran D'Ache. His style is different and quite as original; therefore he deserves a place. Every stroke has a meaning.

WHAT a delightful contrast this is to the stupid caricatures the geniuses of the East Side of New York make and have printed in our papers, that delight the uptown New York public. It is far better, too, than a hack's work, but it costs more than a copy from a photograph, so the American editor takes that. There is some wild scribbling—but there is much character and color.

RAFFAËLLI'S drawing is an excellent example of the simple, direct, straightforward rendering of a head. The greater part of it, I should say, was done with a quill. The bony formation of the head is remarkably well rendered, and yet, as it should be, in the simplest manner possible. Notice how Raffaëlli has drawn the tassel by a flat mass, and still made it look round, and kept its proper relation and form. Notice, too, how the stubby beard and the lines of the face are drawn to show the growth of the beard and the direction of this growth, and to express the construction of the face; and only one set of lines is used.

The other drawing is from his book on Paris—*Types de Paris*—and is most interesting for the admirable reproduction of wash in a line block. Most of the drawing is in line, but the trees and the nurses' gowns are partly in wash or drawn with a half dry brush. And the greys in the original have been gotten by the

process engraver with a roulette. The dots of the tool can be seen all through them. Both the drawing and the engraving are interesting.

The drawings in this book are in many media, but the pen drawings are the best of all.

J. B. COROT

THOUGH Corot died before process was perfected, so great is this perfection today, that his drawing comes perfectly by it, even if the artist had no thought of reproduction in his mind, no knowledge of its requirements.

PROPERLY speaking the design at the bottom of this page is not a drawing at all, but one of the shadow pictures shown at the *Chat Noir*. No doubt the original was made with pen or brush and ink; but these shadow pictures were, I believe, cut out of tin. But this making of the picture by cutting out the whites, that is, leaving the whites to produce it a silhouette in white and not in black, is most interesting, and might be usefully employed by many draughtsmen in many ways.

Louis Morin is an author as well as artist, and has illustrated many books of his own. Among them are *Jeannik*, *Le Cabaret du Puits sans Vin*, *Les Amours de Billes*, *Vieille Idylle*, and in these books and *Les Bohémiens* of Félicien Champsaur he is as graceful as Watteau and as delicate as Vierge, and yet he is himself. He also wrote *French Illustrators* for Charles Scribner's Sons.

RIVIÈRE'S silhouettes for the *Chat Noir* are amazing, the reproduction even seems the size of life, and all the figures are in motion. I have never seen such a feeling of movement given in any form of art. There are others of armies on the

march by himself, Pille, Morin, and Caran D'Ache, which fairly frighten one with their sense of irresistible onward rush; you feel, as in this one, that you are in the presence of a vast multitude, you really hear the sound of their footfalls. Nothing more impressive has been done in art.

FELIX VALLOTIN

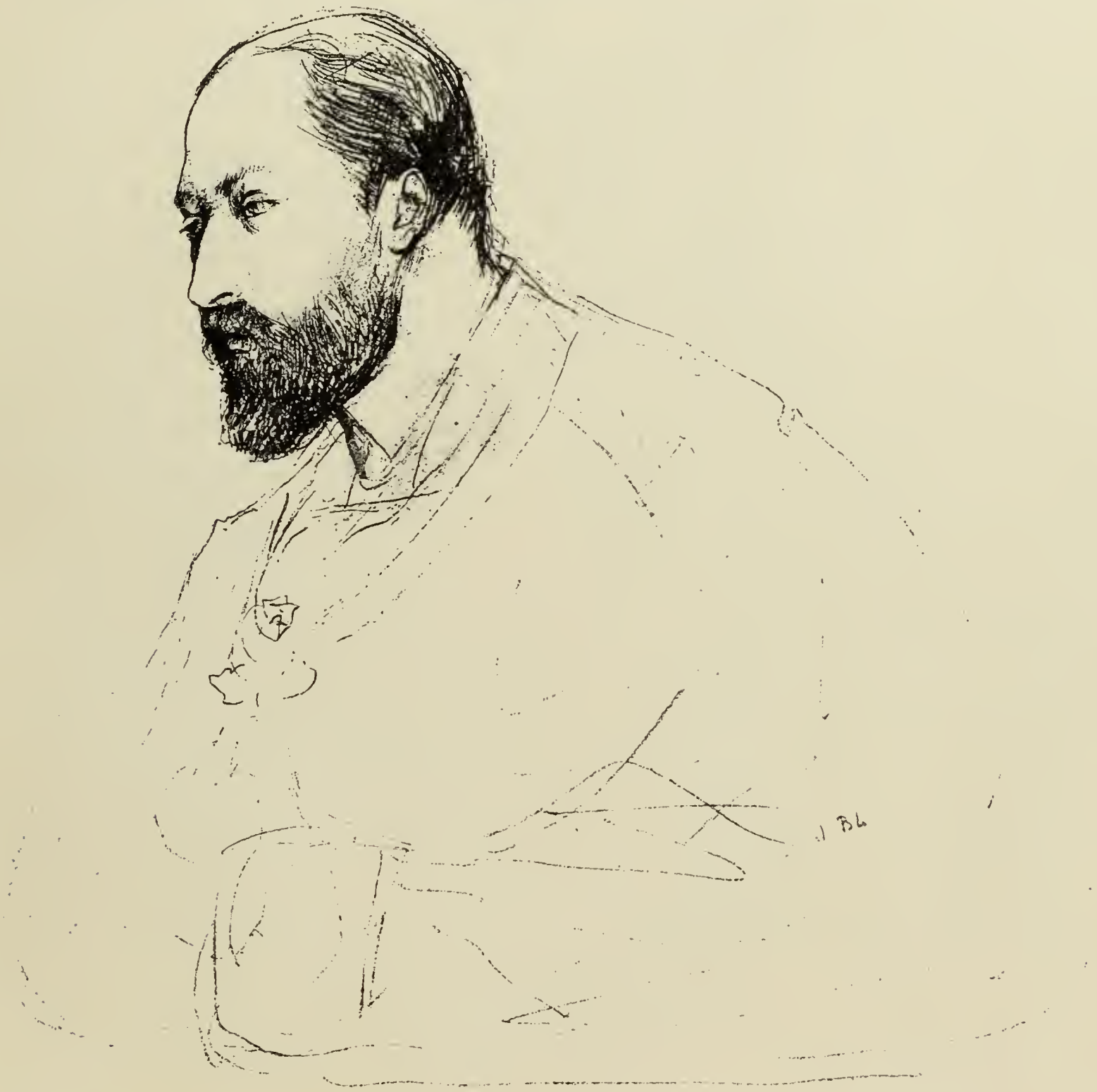
THIS is not a pen drawing but a woodcut. Vallotin is endeavoring to resurrect the art of wood-cutting, and this is an example of his method or work drawn and cut by himself. He also works out his designs in lithography, and nothing could possibly be easier to reproduce by process. In every case I imagine a pen drawing is first made on paper, the block or stone; this is then cut, etched, processed or lithographed.

In his arrangements of black and white he is most masterly; in his suggestion of retreating or advancing masses, too, he is very fine. Note the three mourners in the center; you feel the character and shape of each, and yet they are rendered by a single black mass. The way the whites, too, cut into the blacks is skilfully managed. Vallotin's work was published by Joly on the Quai St. Michel, Paris, and each design is usually sold separately.

A good example of this master's simple primitive style.

LAUTREC, after his connection with the *Courrier Français*, one of the most brilliant and most international of weeklies, did little pen work. But here is a remarkable example of pen and chalk work remarkably well reproduced and well worth study. But do not follow the scrawls.

A DRAWING on *papier Gillot*, grained, scratch paper, showing much skilful work on the part of the artist with knife, crayon, pen and wash; much intelligent work by the photo-engraver in reproducing the quality and feeling of the drawing; it requires very careful printing.



Lepage's portrait of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) is one of the studies made by this artist, and refused by this prince, as a commission in London. It is more remarkable as a drawing, however, than as an example of princely stupidity. The treatment is quite like an etching; every line means something, and it is well worth study, and the work is rightly concentrated on the head.

LOUIS LELOIR

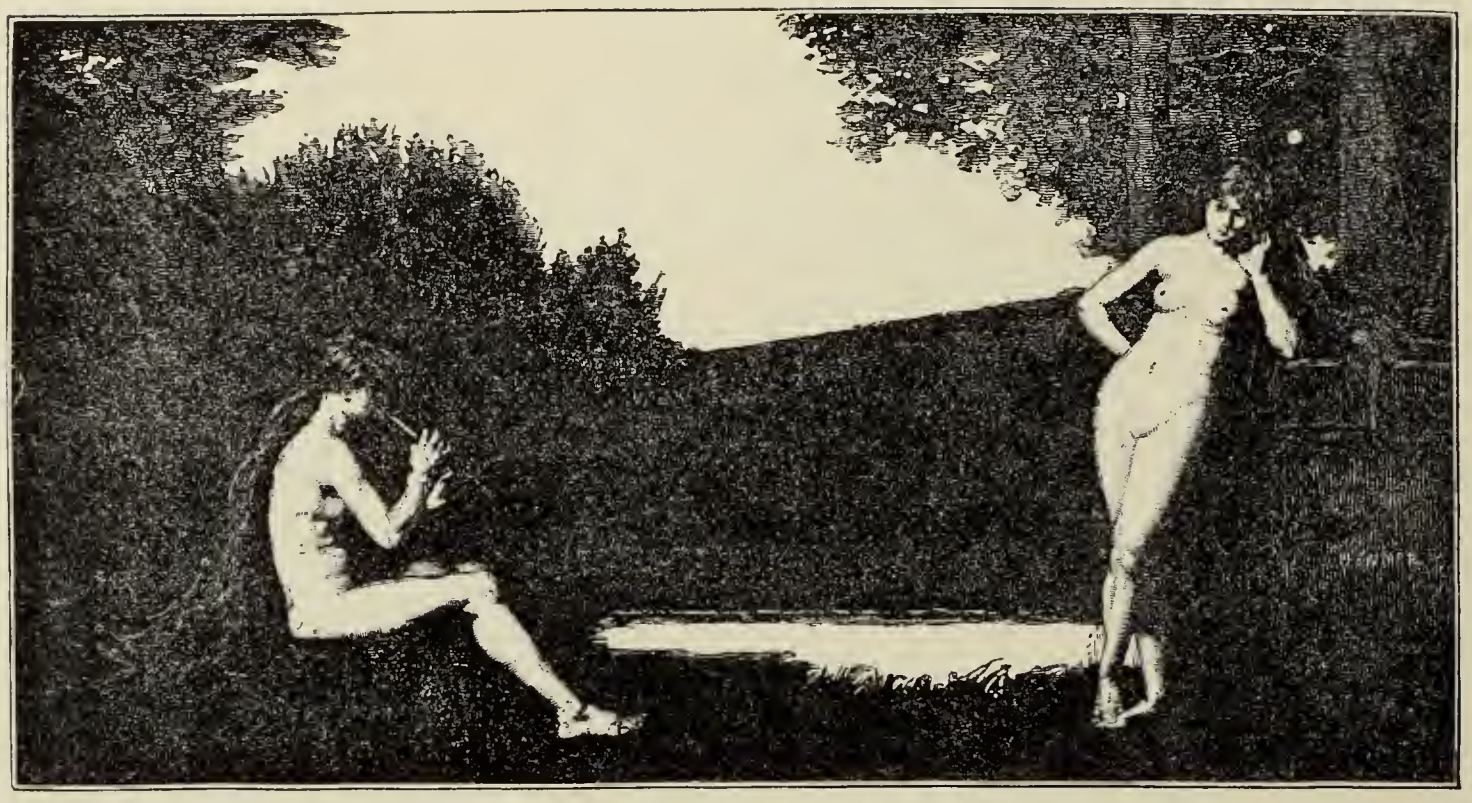
THIS Leloir must not be confounded with Maurice Leloir, the illustrator of Sterne. The drawing is a most refined rendering of character. The face has been put in so well for reproduction that the printed result is more successful than any work I know of. And yet it is one of the very few drawings by Louis Leloir that I have seen. Of course it is nothing more, perhaps, than a sketch for a picture, but when a man can make such a sketch he is a great master of pen drawing. The face and hands cannot be too thoroughly and carefully studied. There is meaningless scribbling in the cassock instead of modelling. But the whole is very good. The drawing, too, must have been much reduced.

M. RENOIR

A CURIOUS example of what an artistic result can, in the hands of a clever man, be made with an absolutely uninteresting and clumsy line. It is, however, a difficult game to play, and is usually a failure.

PAUL RENOUARD

AN illustrator who treats as many subjects as Renouard is forced to must express himself in different fashions. His use of pure line and complicated chalk and grained-paper effects are absolutely different. These designs are pure pen work. In his early days Renouard made many drawings of actors in a surprising fashion, and he also was surprisingly influenced by Charles Keene. This block proves both facts. Later he gave up the pen, of which he became a master, for the brush. There is a series in *L'Art* of studies of copyists in the Louvre full of character. The old man painting is one of them.

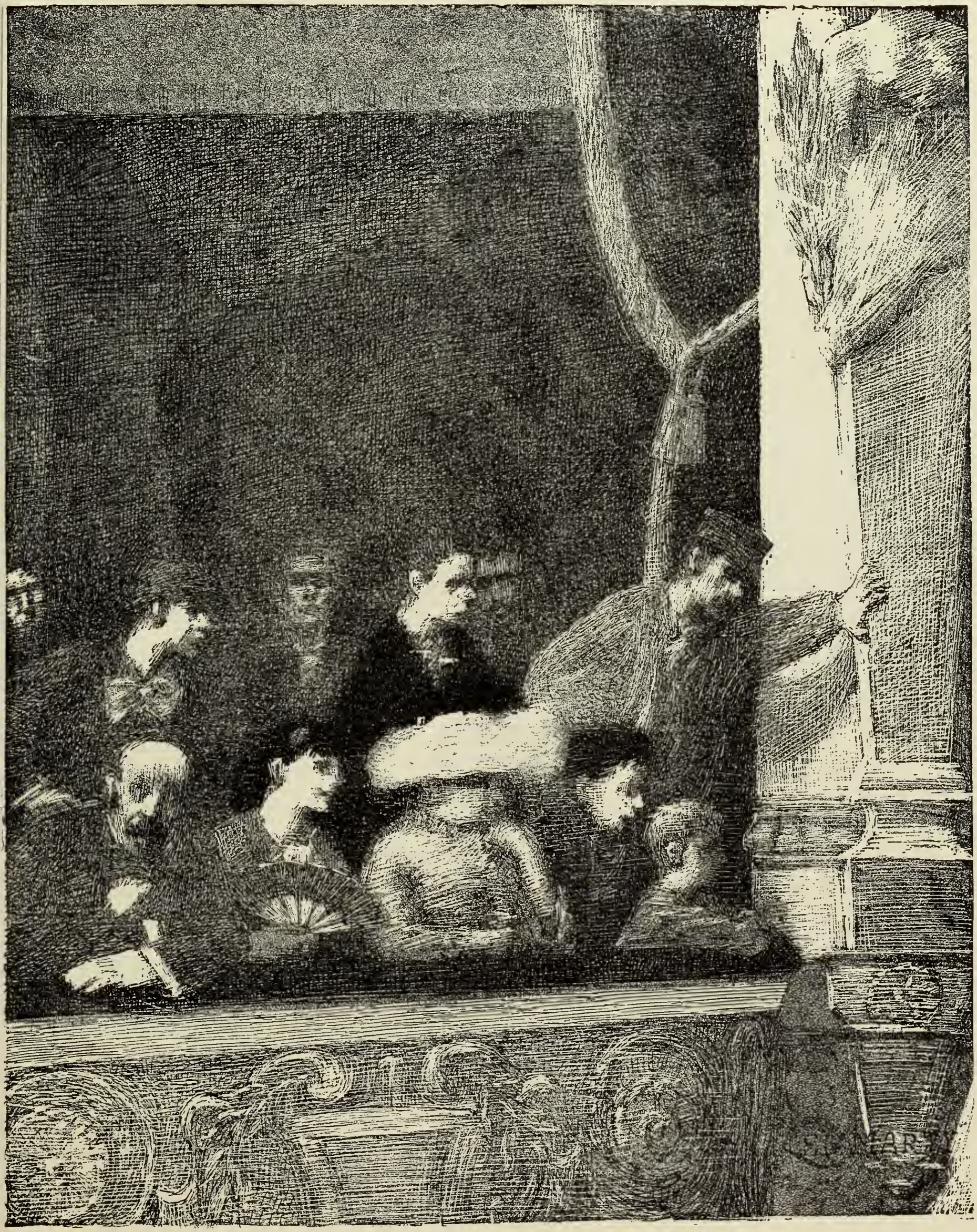


HENNER

A REMARKABLE example of brush and pen work in tones—producing a most effective result. The drawing, made with a brush in flat tone, is most characteristic of the artist's work. It is remarkably well arranged in mass, and if one can draw as well as Henner, a very effective method of working, as it reproduces easily and prints well, though there is considerable hand work on the block, engraving with a roulette, to lighten some of the tones.

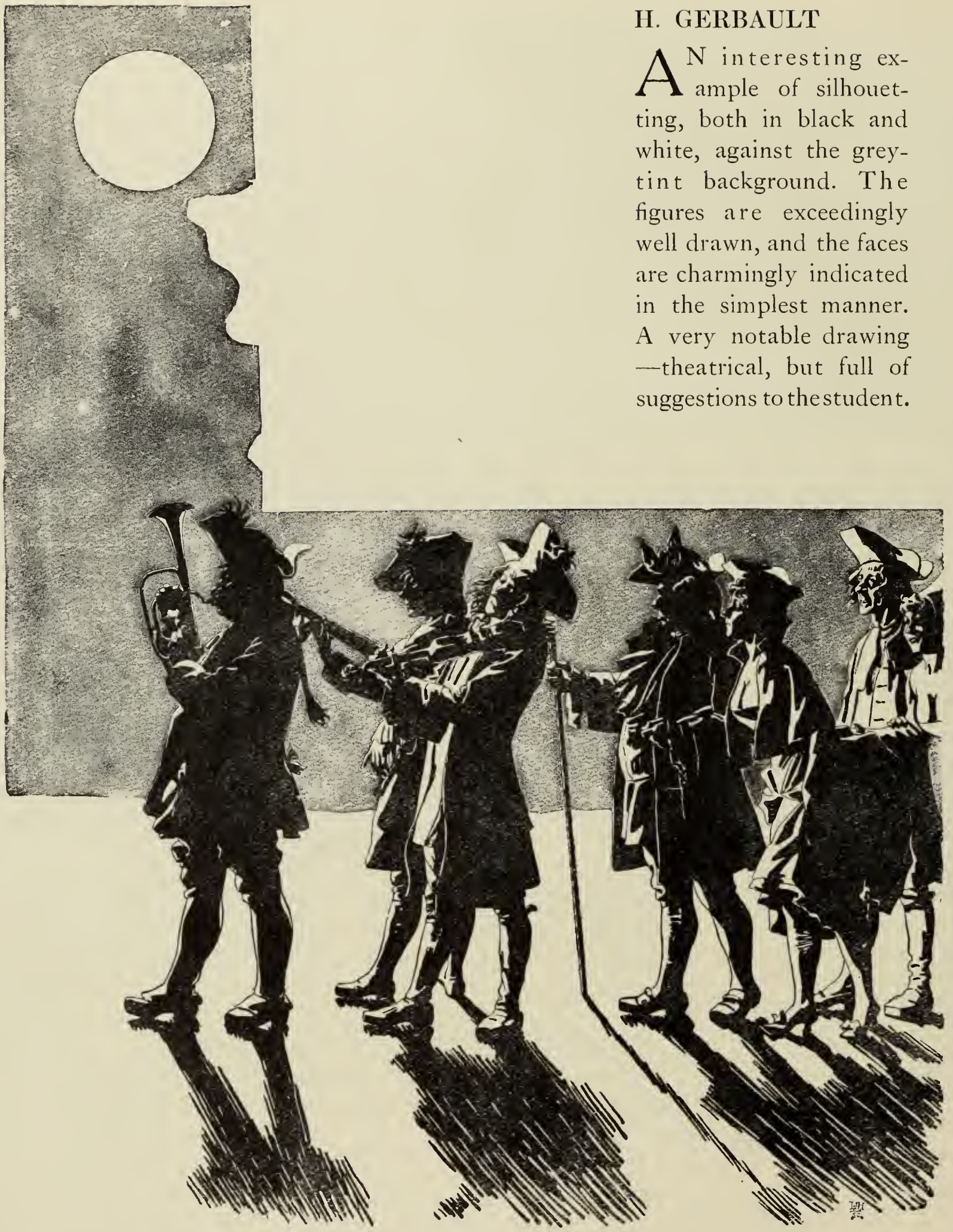
E. MARTY

THIS effect, a very successful experiment, has been obtained by making a uniform tint all over the grained paper with chalk and pen, and then scratching out the drawing with knives and scrapers.



H. GERBAULT

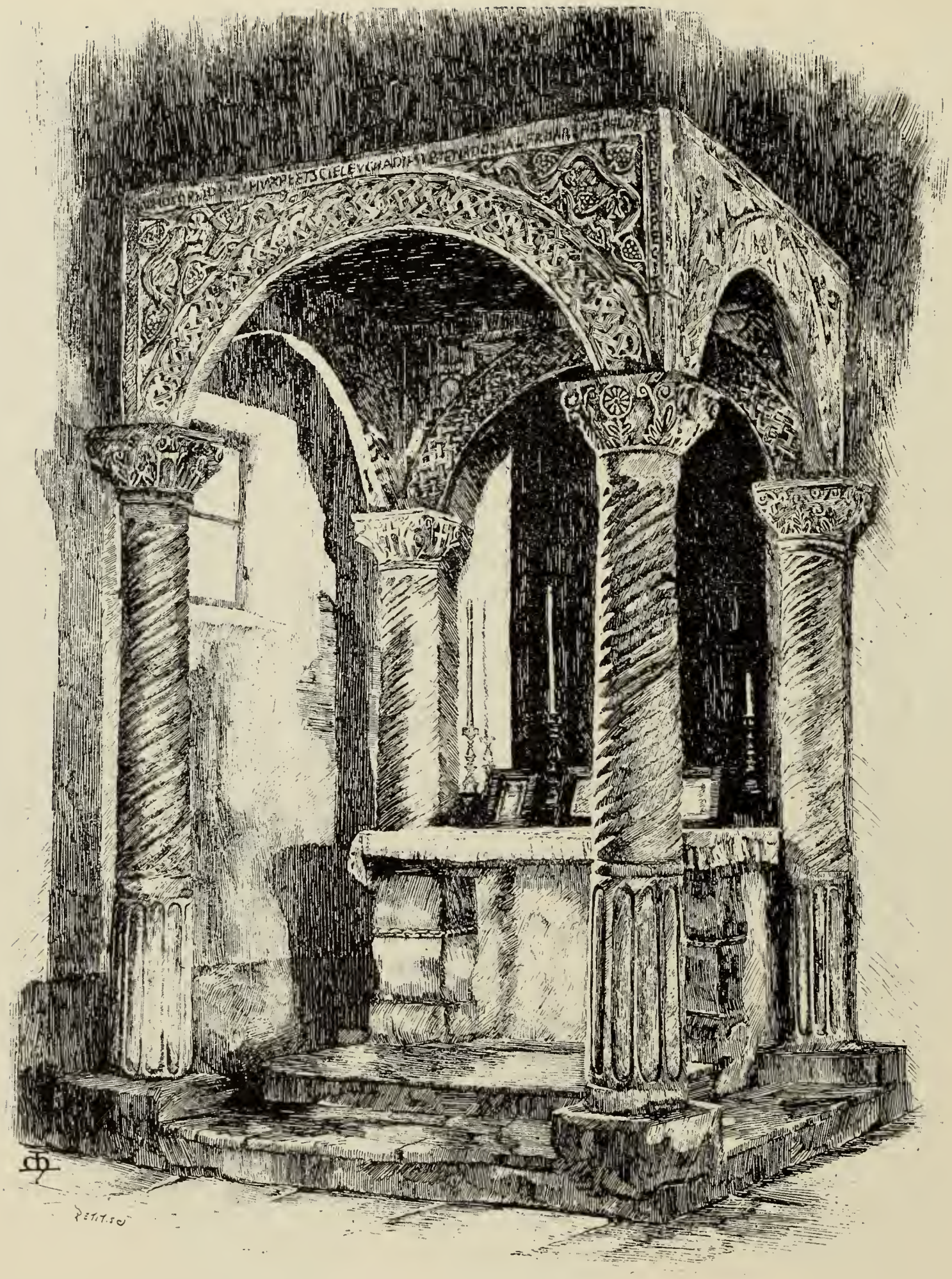
AN interesting example of silhouetting, both in black and white, against the grey-tint background. The figures are exceedingly well drawn, and the faces are charmingly indicated in the simplest manner. A very notable drawing —theatrical, but full of suggestions to the student.



F. STEINLEN

THIS artist has devoted himself almost altogether to Montmartre and Belleville in Paris. He has shown how much pathos and dramatic feeling there is to be obtained from the not very pleasant people of those quarters, yet he has done it most artistically, and mainly in pen and ink. Some of his drawings in pen and chalk, printed in *Gil Blas Illustré* in two colors, are historic compositions, a proof that a tragedy can be rendered just as well by the simplest medium as the most complicated, while in pen and ink his masterpiece is *Dans La Rue*, the Songs of Bruant. Steinlen did much work during the war, mainly in lithography.

Louis le Grand is almost the only French artist of distinction who has carried on art today, and in his case his last work is in etching; but in old numbers of the *Courrier Français* and *Gil Blas Illustré* remarkable proof of his skill as a pen and line draughtsman may be found, if copies of the papers can still be found, another horror of war. They should be collected, preserved. They are masterpieces.



MLLE. HERWEGEN

A very interesting and direct treatment of architecture well worth study.

IN Germany the greatest pen draughtsman was Adolf Menzel, who, in age as well as art, takes precedence of almost all modern men. Like Meissonier, Fortuny, and Rico, he cut himself loose from academic methods and traditions, and like them he had his eyes opened to see in what a valley of dry bones he had been walking by going straight to nature, though, at the same time, he may be said to be a direct descendant of Holbein and Chodowiecki. Not only German pen draughtsmen, but some of the most brilliant Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen owe much to the study of his work.

Menzel was born in 1815. His most famous illustrations are in the *Life and Works of Frederick the Great*, *Germania*, and *La Cruche Cassée*. The drawings for the Life, made on wood, were given to the best Parisian engravers, who were, in 1839, engaged upon those amazing illustrated books, which are the triumphs of French drawing, engraving, and printing. Cumer's edition of *Paul et Virginie et La Chaumière Indienne* had just appeared; and there is no doubt at all, that Menzel sent, or at any rate confided *à des graveurs parisiens* these drawings and that he was, like all the world, tremendously impressed with the French books, in great part engraved by Englishmen after the designs of Gigoux, Jacque, Johannot, Huet, Isabey, and, greatest of all, Meissonier. But Menzel was far from being satisfied with the results, for the reason that these engravers reproduced everything in a mannered fashion, giving their idea and not the artists' of the originals. This utter subjection of the artist to a mechanical and inartistic engraver is what ruined the work of many young Englishmen in the sixties. The preposterous notion of getting the engravers' and not the artists' lines, although it must have been disheartening to the latter, had at least the good effect of developing wood-engraving, and photographic reproduction, all over the world.

Menzel was so discouraged at the results obtained by the French engravers that the greater number of his drawings were done over by Germans, whom he directed, who were artists enough to know that they were nothing more than machines gifted with human intelligence and artistic sensibility, that they should devote the whole of their skill, under Menzel's direction, to the absolute subjection of themselves, that they might perfectly reproduce his work. Even the best results of this perfect subjection, as exemplified in America by men like Cole, Whitney, and Juengling, or Brévière, Leveillé, and Lavoignat in France, in facsimile line engraving, are no better, save in that they are works of art, than those of a photographic process when assisted by an engraver of less ability, but a trained man. Moreover, the saving of time by these mechanical processes is enormous. Among the engravers who worked for Menzel on the *Life of Frederick the Great* were Bentworth, Unzelmann, and Vogel. Menzel's efforts to have his own work and not the engraver's given, produced not only a resurrection but a revolution in the art of wood-engraving in Germany, and this revolution has spread wherever facsimile wood-engraving is used. It was not invented, however, in Germany, but in England, coming there by way of France. The use of wood-engraving in this

manner, though marvelous in its results will soon become a lost art; but, unlike most lost arts, one we can very well dispense with. With the present art of wood-engraving, that is, the translation of tone into line as practiced by the really great wood-engravers of today in Germany, France, and America, I am not concerned. I wish to emphasize the too little known or too much ignored fact that when we have a process which will give automatically in a few hours the same result the workman obtains after weeks of toilsome and thankless drudgery, there is no reason why we should not use it if one method is as good as the other. I am quite right in saying with every artist, excepting probably the reproductive and usually the more or less mechanical and commercial etcher, that I look forward to the day when woodcuts and all other engravings will again hold the place they held in the time of Dürer, or Lepère in our own day, though I do not mean that we should blindly follow the mechanical limitations and imperfections, which Menzel so heartily deplored, when all drawings that are not suited to them will be reproduced by some mechanical process. In fact this has come to pass—but the incompetents and the incapables flood the earth with their abortions and the critics and the cultured stand amazed at the results—and so do artists. No one felt this more than Menzel, for his first attempt to do without the wood-engraver is shown in his drawing on stone for the lithographer, either to be directly printed, or, later, by photolithography. Many French critics have said that the German wood-engravers reproduced his work perfectly. But any one who has had drawings reproduced by wood-engraving knows that it is absolutely impossible for the best wood-engraver to preserve all the feeling of the original drawing, while the drawing is all cut to pieces, if made on the block.

In his Frederick the Great, Menzel, as is the case with all sincere artists, developed his genius. He began a student, he ended a master. No illustrator ever had a greater opportunity. In the *Works of Frederick the Great* there are over two hundred illustrations by Menzel, engraved by Unzelmann, Müller, Albert and Otto Vogel, and this work in thirty volumes was published by the Academy of Sciences of Berlin at the command of Frederick William IV. All the illustrations had to be made of a certain size, rarely more than twelve centimetres, and they were principally head and tail pieces. But into these Menzel has put the greatest black and white German art of the last century. Each one of his little portraits, so full of character, is taken from the most authentic source. We hear a great deal about painters going to the Holy Land and the East, even East Side, New York, to get the background for a more or less unimportant work, and how their paint-boxes and canvases go wrong. But who hears of the hundreds and thousands of studies made for his Frederick the Great in the Berlin National Gallery; or, for that matter, of the thousands of miles traveled, and the difficulties overcome by the artists of the principal illustrated magazines of a few years ago? Their object is the result which they got, and not the belauding of themselves. The modern painter tells what he is going to do—and then can't do it.

Adolph Menzel del. Octob: 1845. Original in the possession of the Königliche National Gallery Berlin

Almost every one who has had royalty for a patron has enjoyed great liberality in some ways, but in others has had to endure almost as great disadvantages. For many years Menzel's work was lost in the thirty volumes of the official edition. This work, to which the artist gave six years of his life and which he filled with his imagination and knowledge, remained almost unknown to the world at large. Fortunately the Museum at Berlin at length issued a special edition of Menzel's drawings. Another important book illustrated by him, Kugler's *History of Frederick the Great*, reissued in England, 1848, was the inspiration of the men of 1860. Now his work is almost as well known in France as in Germany. Master of his art, he recognized the fact that Germany is not the country for brilliancy of effects, and he aimed above all at perfection of modelling and the expression of detail. Many of his drawings have been reproduced in portfolios.

Dietz is another of the marvelous German draughtsmen. Since the introduction of photo-engraving and the half-tone process of reproducing wash drawings, an entire change has been effected in the pages of *Fliegende Blätter*, *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*, and the small illustrated books either published in Munich by the proprietors of *Fliegende Blätter* or else illustrated by the artists who work for them. Others were issued by the Insel Presse and Pan Presse. These men, some of whom are not Germans, but Austrians and Hungarians, after studying probably in the Munich Academy, started on the lines laid down by Menzel and Dietz, and have proved the possibilities of pen drawing in rendering the latest fashion in gowns, and the pictorial quality that lies hidden in a dress coat and a pair of patent-leather pumps. Their work shows the development of a twentieth century school, whose point in common with those of other ages is good drawing. There is in it no affectation, or imitation, or endeavor to reproduce bygone methods; but it is a healthy growth brought about by men who feel and know that the work of today can, in its own way, equal that of any other time, and it is their aim to show this is a style of their own. Such books as Hackländer's *Trouville*, *Ein Erster und ein Letzter Ball*, *Familien-Concert*, *In den Ardennen*, *In Damen Coupé*, *Zwischen Zwei Regen*, are, in their turn, like Menzel and Fortuny, influencing the whole world of pen draughtsmen. Where, oh where, are the men and the work now?

The first of these is H. Schlittgen, an artist whose improvement and march onward are simply marvelous. Instead of improving backward, like so many illustrators, he went forward with every book. For the pictorial quality of German life in the nineteenth century one had only to look for his drawings every week in *Fliegende Blätter*. His work is simple, direct, and right to the point, and everything is drawn with a feeling for its effect. Not a line is wasted. No one has ever done anything as full of character as his pompous German officers. For expression and color, combined with the least amount of work, nothing can be found to surpass his illustrations.

H. Albrecht's work is almost as good as that of Schlittgen, but he does not use his blacks and whites with the same strength and vigor. This can also be

said of F. Bergen, who, to my mind, puts rather too much work in his drawings. One of the most independent of these Germans, a man who works much more like a Frenchman or an Italian, is Ludwig Marold.

Hermann Lüders and Robert Haug, followers of Lang, the battle painter, did for the German pre-war soldier that which Menzel did for the soldier of Frederick the Great's time, and they have an advantage which Menzel did not enjoy—direct reproduction. Their style is quite equal to and much more varied than anything of De Neuville's and Detaille's. In serious portrait-work, not made for publication, which could only have been reproduced within the last few years, Leibl holds a remarkable place among modern draughtsmen.

The mystic and symbolic movement—the fad of the moment with most—has some genuine exponents in Germany; chief among these was Max Klinger, who, influenced no doubt by Böcklin and possibly by the pre-Raphaelites, was producing work of this sort long before sham mysticism descended upon France, invaded in a Brummagem fashion the English Art School, and hence became the thing in the United States. There might be made a long list of these German Symbolists headed by Stuck, the true and the false included; and not least in importance must be noted the comic ones, who in their way are as serious as the serious men they burlesque.

Though Germans are traditionally supposed to be stolid and phlegmatic, there is no doubt that they are the funniest of comic draughtsmen, who taught caricature to Nast and Keppler. When the art of a nation is so expressive that one has only to see to understand it, it becomes a universal language. Oberländer's and Busch's drawings at a glance can be understood by the civilized, and, for that matter, probably by the uncivilized world. Like much of Randolph Caldecott's work, there is little in Busch to study for technique. The greater part of it is as slight as the funny and charming sketches Caldecott put in his letters to his friends. Indeed, Busch's work is a perpetual letter to the whole world, which one who runs may read. You cannot look at it without bursting into roars of laughter. The books which appeal to me as much as anything Busch has done, though he has made thousands of drawings, are *Max und Moritz*, in which there is a color wash over the pen drawing, and *Fiffs der Affe*. Oberländer's drawing, on the contrary, is comically serious. His work has been, until recently, engraved on wood, but many of these blocks, like the famous Bad Pen and the Doctor, are equal to Menzel at his best. Oberländer and Busch are only two among a hundred comic draughtsmen. Whoever cares for the work of these artists should study not only *Fliegende Blätter*, but the little books which were published before the war. Among the most brilliant of these men are Hengeler and Meggendorfer.

Englishmen, and especially Americans, congratulate themselves continually on the cleverness of their pen draughtsmen and illustrators, and clever is the term to apply to them. But as a matter of fact, no cheap book or paper has ever been published in America, or illustrated by English or American artists, that can be

compared with the German publications I have mentioned. *Jugend* is a mine of the most wonderful work that has ever been done in pen, ink and chalk reproduced in black and white and by color printing. There is not and never has been in any country such a storehouse and inspiration for intelligent graphic artists. *Simplicissimus* in a lesser way is important—the war has ended all, made the world safe for mediocrity. But the sooner we get to know the work of German pen draughtsmen, carefully studying it and applying it to our own country, or the country where we may happen to be—though this admission may be very damaging to our own good opinion of our own work—the nearer will our books and papers come to being, what we are blindly and stupidly pleased to think them, the best illustrated publications in the world. It may be interesting to know that some of those wonderfully illustrated books were published and sold for ten cents, while the most expensive cost the enormous sum of a quarter. In the Leipzig 1914 Graphic Arts Exhibition there was an amazing collection of the work of the world—the work of all the world save America. We had nothing, showed nothing, did nothing but prove that we are completely out of any world competition though we don't know it.

GERMAN WORK ILLUSTRATIONS ADOLF MENZEL

MENZEL'S pen work began with his drawings for lithography, and though most of his early designs on the stone are of no value to the student, there is at least one book illustrated in this way with a pen and afterwards colored, I think by hand, which every student should know: his *Uniforms of the Army of Frederick the Great*, done while he was occupied on the *History and Life and Works of Frederick*, *Germania*, and the *History of Frederick the Great*. The drawings are studies of costume—indeed, one might say, nothing but fashion plates which show the cut of the clothes of Frederick's army, but such fashion plates as had never before been made. Instead of ordinary stupid display of mere costume without the slightest artistic feeling for the subject, or else plastered over with idiotic swirls and scrawls to hide the childish scribbling or incredible proportions of the figures, every drawing is a portrait of a model, and every one of these models is not a lay figure to hang clothes on, but a live man. Or compare them with the standardized, sterilized, newspaperized young man you can see every day advertised by Ikey Mo. The ideal of the humans who think they look the advertisements. Let us hope they may never see or know what they really do look like, these machine-made incubated standardized things that litter America. The drawing of the sentinel shows the cut of the front of his coat perfectly, and what more could you want? the make of his gun, the way he carries his accoutrements, and yet, only a fashion plate; note that he is not stupidly standing just to show his coat, but is plainly a sentinel on duty, yawning with the bored expression a man in his position would probably have. This or another model can be seen in two or more positions in order to show the back or the side of the same uniform, but always the note is

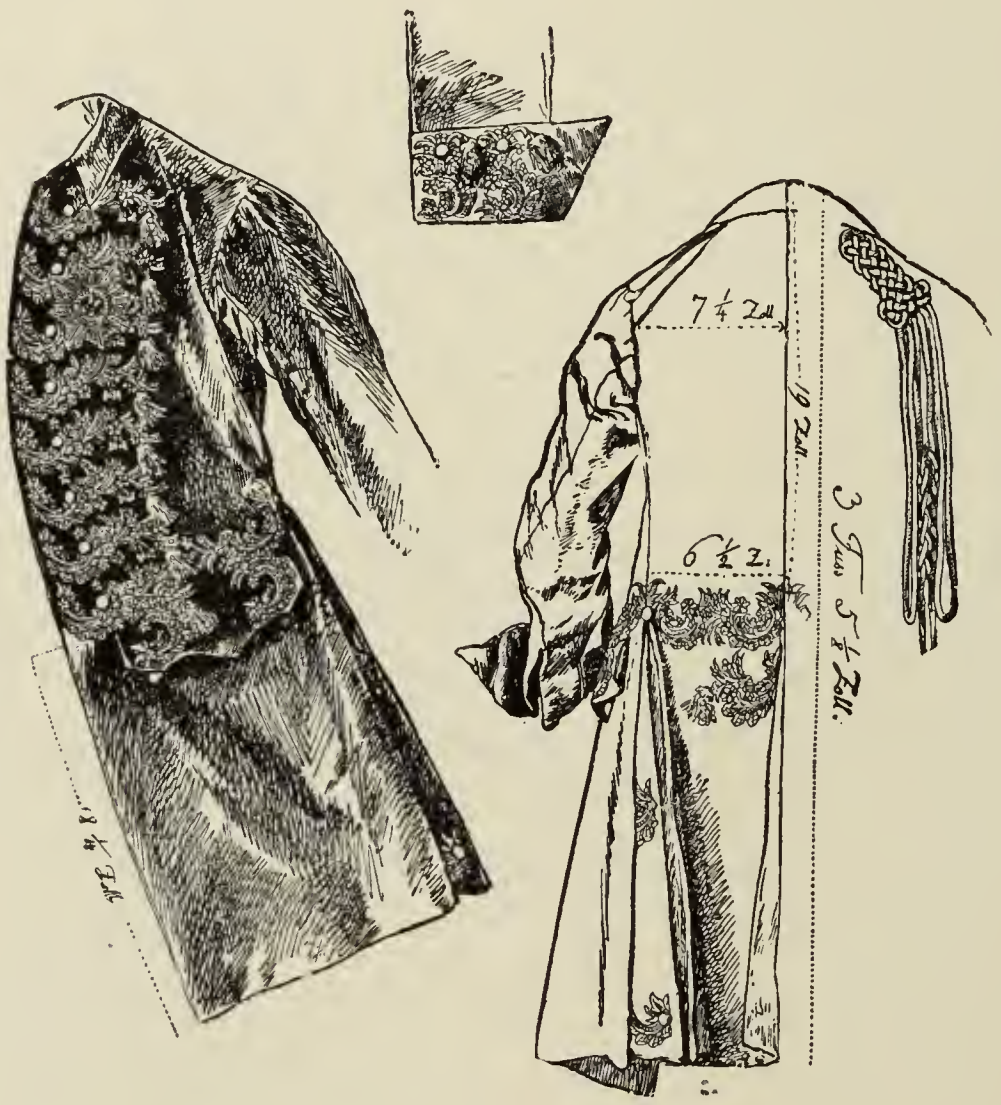
character, expression, action, and not the mere perfunctory rendering of a coat. Contrast this bored sentinel with the conceited, self-satisfied, swaggering trumpeter

who, in the original drawing on the stone, will be found talking to two or three of his companions. Technically, I cannot entirely commend either of these drawings, because the very strong blacks which one finds all over them—in the knee of the sentinel, in his coat and his hat, and in the boots of the trumpeter—were put in to take a color wash in the book, where they do not tell so strongly as they do here. But, nevertheless, much of Menzel's work does show this impatience with the greying of tones, and a desire to use pure black to get his effect at once and be done with it. If I were criticising the drawings from the standpoint of the critics, I mean real critics, I would have no right to object to certain technical details in such masterpieces, since the effect is right. But this slapdash manner of blotting, as in the right boot of the trumpeter—not the right blotting of the Spaniards and Italians—cannot be commended for the student. With him it would only be carelessness; with Menzel, it is impatience with details he knows he can render if he wants to. For a proof of this, look at the coat of the full-dress uniform of Frederick. The gold lace is worked out as carefully as a mechanical draughtsman would draw the parts of a machine, or a naturalist

study the wings of a fly. Note how he has given the set of the coat, the hang of the folds, expressed the color and sheen of the silk, although the actual color was put on over it, and do not attempt to say he could not draw detail when he wanted. Why, everything is even measured, and this is only a bit of one of the enormous pages; on the same page there are details of hats and swords and of canes, to a measured drawing of the weaving of a sash. But if Menzel had done these things later he would have gotten a better result, for two reasons, though he at the last used charcoal or chalk almost altogether; these were drawn on the stone with lithographic ink, which is, first, a tedious and slow process, that is, to work as he did; and secondly, it is almost impossible to print lines as finely as they are made, because, as any one who has tried it knows, lithographic ink spreads or blots easily, or if it does not blot, the result is much thicker and harder and blacker on white paper than the original drawing on the beautifully-toned stone. I show them as models of expression and good drawing rather than of technique. Personally, I prefer the delicate refinement of Abbey to the brute strength of Menzel. Both men can draw details; but Abbey seems to love them; Menzel, though he never slights or draws them badly, apparently hates to be obliged to do them.

I do not want it to be thought that Menzel did not as a rule draw details.

When working for the wood-engraver he used the most marvelous refinement of detail; when working for himself, as the illustrator of today works, he was bold and free as these drawings show.



The half-length portrait is not, as one might imagine, a reduction of a steel engraving, but one of the subjects (Karl von Winterfeld) in *The Heroes in Peace and War of Frederick II*, engraved by E. Kretzschmar; not only a wonderful drawing, but apparently a magnificent effort of genuine facsimile wood-engraving. The portrait has lost much of its original delicate greyness, though there is much over-elaboration in it and many unnecessary lines.

I had hoped to have included some of the small engravings from the designs for *The Works of Frederick the Great*, which show most conclusively that even if Menzel did not invent modern illustration, he has inspired most of the men of today. But Menzel told me that these drawings were made with a hard pencil, and not with a pen, and therefore he did not wish them included.

The study, the thought, the knowledge which have been put into these small blocks are the same that went into his large works in oil, and he is far more successful in black and white, as a rule. But unless one feels, like Menzel, that illustration is quite as serious as any other form of art, there is very little use attempting it. Though hacks may flourish, and ignorant editors do their best to debase and

prostitute illustration and design, they will have no effect on the work of Menzel and Meissonier, and the knowledge of these two great men must grow and have its true effect.

H. SCHLITTGEN

SCHLITTGEN is the best known of all the German draughtsmen, and these two drawings are fair examples of his style. To the simplicity of character sketching of Haug and Lüders is added the use of pure strong color, as in the dress of the girl in the foreground of the large drawing. There is very little to say, except that his work is very brilliant and has influenced the pen draughtsmen of the world. When I say this I wish to eliminate most of these United States in which it is a crime to see, to study, to profit by the work of our fellow craftsmen today. Yet the most superficial glance at this drawing will show where many of our illustrators have got their style or tried to get it. Notice the charming grouping of the figures, and the action and movement which pervade the whole given with the fewest lines. Notice, too, the thoughtful placing of the little blacks and whites, their arrangement against each other so as to tell with the most effect. Everything in Schlittgen is studied and thought out in the most careful manner.

The large drawing is from *Trouville;* the smaller one, which shows most perfectly what might be called his serious caricature, is from *Ein Erster und ein Letzter Ball,* and is a wonderful rendering of that wonderful creation, the German officer.

All the Hackländer books, from which these are taken, should be seen and studied, if they can be found—all this is gone never to return—probably many of the artists, too. I am trying to show in this book the great work that has been done as a contrast to the rubbish that is being done.

THE late Munich professor made any number of illustrations for *Fliegende Blätter*. The design shows how well he was able to carry out the feeling of the old Dutchman with a handling all his own, though it suggests both Menzel and Vierge. Still, the barrels in the foreground, the drawing of the grass, and the toned side of the house, might have been much better rendered with no greater work. But the group of little figures is in power and completeness of expression equal to anything in the book. And it is this power of expression, combined with care in the selection of each line, which marks the modern German style of drawing. This thought for line, which interests and fascinates all artists, distinguishes the work of these Germans from the equally simple but utterly careless and thoughtless engraved line of men like Cruikshank, Doyle, Leech, and their English followers. The ideals of the artless—the idols of the collector—when will modern illustrations be collected—modern illustrators appreciated?

NONE of the German publications and books, with the exception of *Fliegende Blätter* and the little volumes I have mentioned, illustrated by the artists of that paper, had a very wide circulation among English-speaking people. While nearly every German city of any importance possesses an art academy, one at

least having a world-wide reputation, it is rather strange that a greater number of really good pen drawings are not seen. Though probably there are innumerable Germans who do very good work with a pen, the fact remains that but very few seem to care to, or do, get their work published. I do not know if in Germany there exists a prejudice against the employment of a new man, as I regret to say there does in certain quarters in other countries, unless as here he prigs, copies, steals someone else's motives and methods—when he is welcomed, especially if the stolen goods are for sale cheap—cheaper than the work of the men he steals from. However that may be, only the work of the men here represented is seen to any great extent, and, interesting as it would be to discover work done by the artist for study or practice, it is the object of this book to show the work of men who have been recognized as illustrators.

Hermann Lüders and Robert Haug are two most notable followers of Menzel, and in two small drawings—all their drawings I know are small—can be seen most clearly their style which is very similar, and consists of the greatest expression of character given in the fewest possible lines. Contrast the light, dapper officer in Lüder's drawing of a review, in *Ein Soldatenleben*, with the heavy files which are passing. Although the drawing is almost in outline, you can see the different quality of the cloth in the officer's and in the privates' uniforms, and every soldier's face has a character of its own, although it may be given in only two lines. Notice the curve shown in the feet of the advancing file—the curve which is always seen in any column of marching men. The tiny portraits of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Von Moltke, are quite as complete and satisfactory as any

huge work in oil, and this small drawing contains as much character and as much feeling for the quality of line as any etching that was ever done. I know there

would be more refinement in the etched line, but these two drawings in their way are perfect.

The drawing by Haug of the cavalry passing is from *Ein Schloss in den Ardennen*, and of it, especially of his drawing of horses, exactly the same things may be said as of Lüder's work. Both of these books—and it may here be noted that *Ein Soldatenleben* is written as well as illustrated by Hermann Lüders—should be known and studied, as well as Vierge's *Pablo de Segovie* and Abbey's and Parsons' *Old Songs*, by all who wish for style and care for the best results in pen drawing. These drawings were reproduced in Vienna. Alas, though blue and red and white books litter the earth, art books like these are hard to find now.

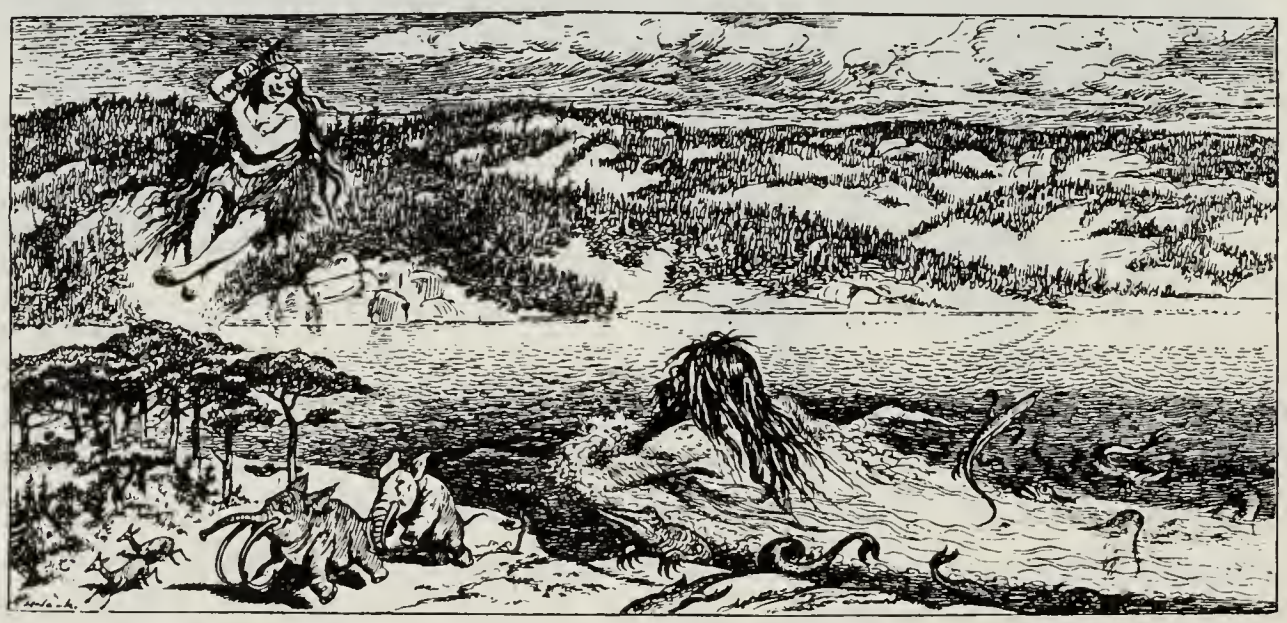
A. OBERLÄNDER

OBERLÄNDER is always called a caricaturist (he may be dead—the death of a great artist passes unnoticed; Klinger had a line or two in the Spring of 1920) and he is a caricaturist in the true sense of the word, for he shows in his drawings the humorous side of his subject without aggressive exaggeration, and in a manner which interests artists as well as people who have no knowledge of art. The caricaturist who merely puts a little head, a big nose, or long legs to a figure, without drawing it in a good technical style, and expects people to laugh at it, although he may appeal to a vast inartistic public for a moment, because this abomination somewhat suggests a notoriety or celebrity, cannot permanently

attract those who really care for art. Can anything be more wearisome than to go through either one of the histories of caricature or a file of the political comic papers? You turn over page after page only to find the stupid portrayal of forgotten men and unremembered and trivial events. Without the legend accompanying them they are unintelligible, and nearly always the events which led to the publication of the picture are forgotten and all interest in the subject has ceased. The man who puts down such trivialities and the public who appreciate them are not much above the schoolboy who scrawls the effigy of his schoolmaster on a back fence; still they are nothing to the rubbish, rot and trash of the American comic and commercial artists—the ideals of the vulgar American savage, and the numbers of this tribe are one hundred million. I do not mean to say for a moment that all caricatures should be as elaborate as this of Oberländer. Many other men can tell a story in half a dozen well disposed lines. But a caricaturist who can work out a drawing, and yet keep in it the comic and amusing element, possesses a power given to few.

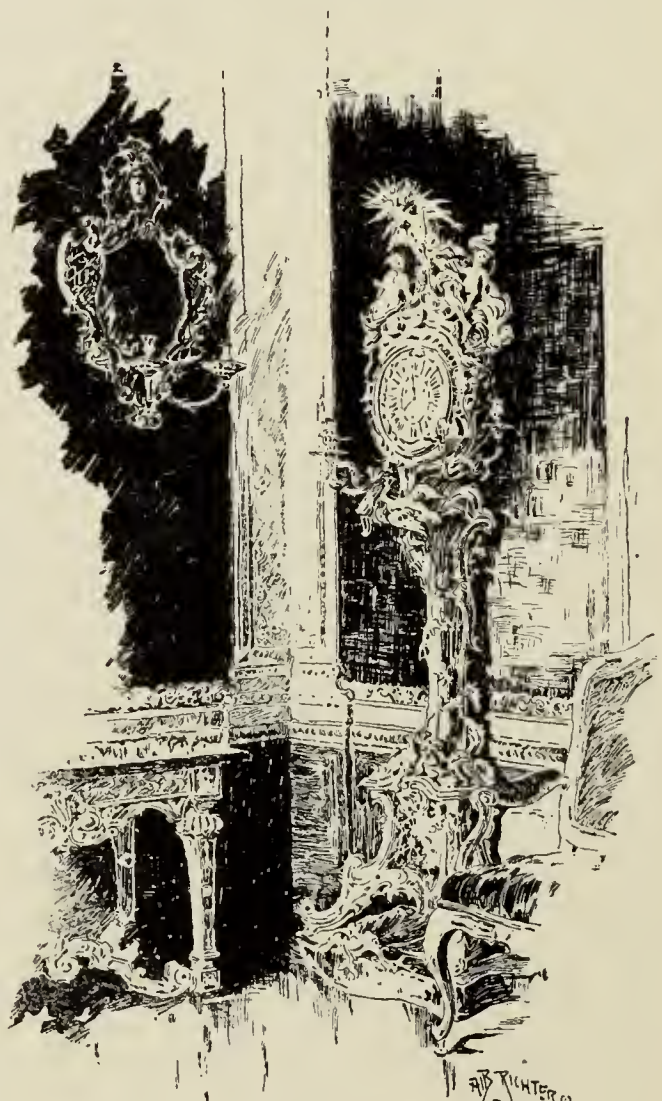
I care not for a minute if this is a portrait of a doctor in Berlin or Munich, or only of a model. The subject is of no importance, but the way in which it is worked out is of the greatest value to artists. I am very sorry that the drawing has been engraved on wood; though it has been very well cut by Roth, in all of the darker parts the pen quality is lost in the wood-engraved line. But as the drawing was most likely made on the block—at least I have never been able to find out anything about the original—this was all I could give. However, what remains of it reaches the highwater mark of caricature.

Any number of Oberländer's drawings can be found in the German papers, from which they are often taken by the periodicals of the whole world, as they can be understood by everyone without a story to explain them. In fact our brilliant young men find them a mine of information, subject and suggestion, and why not? The drawing of the primitive lover on his way to greet his mistress—or is it the returning of a devoted or erring husband—is very good.



MAROLD'S work possesses more of the cleverness of half a dozen Italians, though it is not an imitation of any one of them, than that of any other German I know. The drawing in the hands of the three girls is very careless; but the simplicity of the work combined with the strong bits of color and the character in the faces make a whole which is very pleasing and interesting, and which certainly has a style of its own.

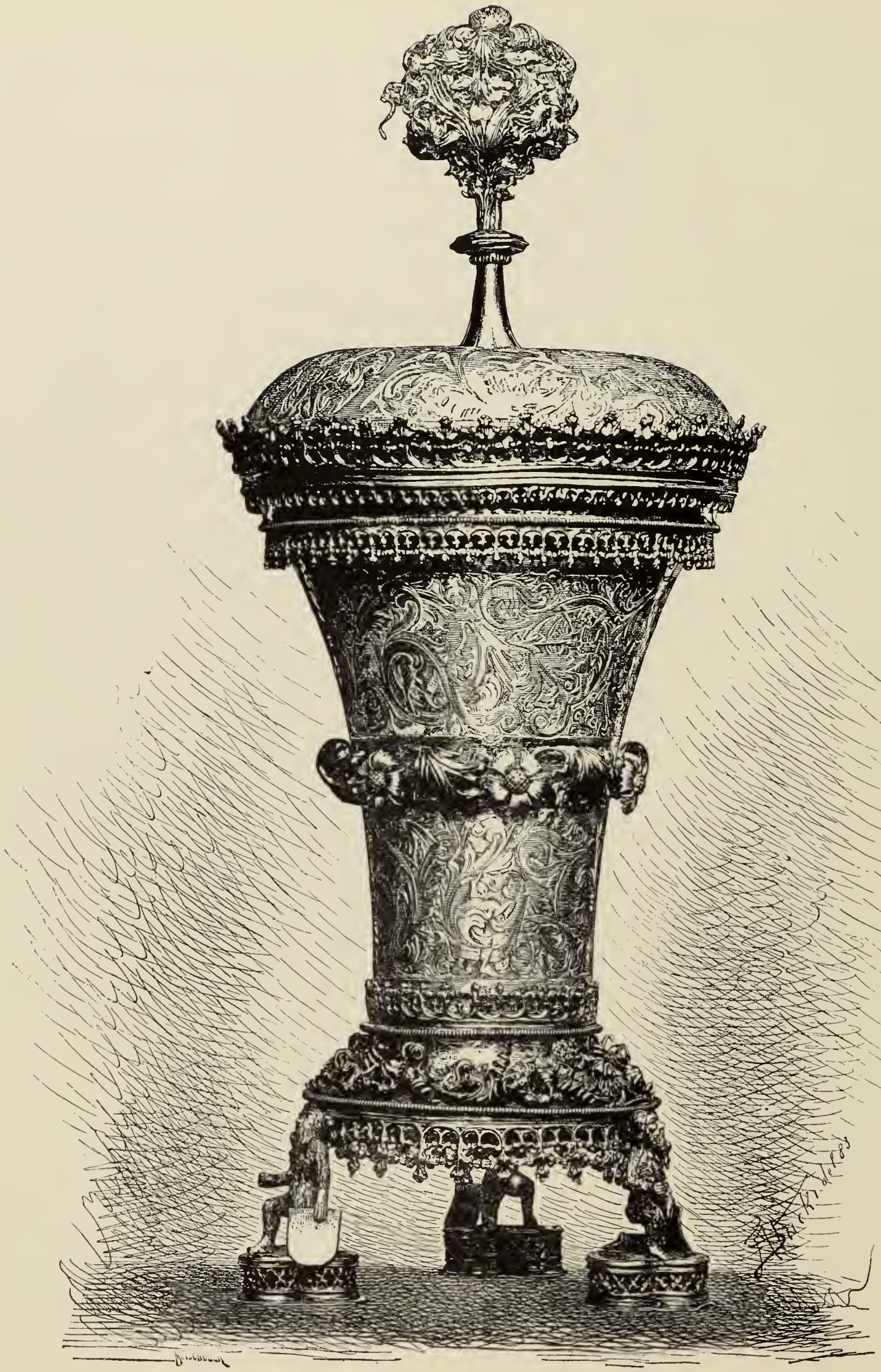
WHILE *Fliegende Blätter* and its artists are known everywhere, magazines like *Universum*, *Kunst für Alle*, *Fels zum Meer*, *Daheim* had little, if any, circulation in English-speaking countries. And it is only occasionally, for a year or six months at a time, that these magazines rise to the level of originality. It has been less a surprise to find my own work in some of them than to discover good original drawings. For though they borrow from all sources, they rarely keep up a high standard in work done specially for them. I have already referred to the series of reproductions by Angerer and Göschl after Rembrandt in *Daheim*, where they made an oasis in a desert of commonplaces; in half a ton of *Fels zum Meer*, there is hardly a notable drawing done by a German in pen and ink; but in *Universum*, at times straight away for a year, one will find a number of good drawings, and then the magazine will degenerate, only to be revived again. All through it, however, there is good decorative work by E. Unger, two of whose very characteristic designs I have included in the Chapter on Decoration. There is Scheyner, who draws like Haug, and Mandlick, who works like Schlittgen. But I think the most original of all the men who have illustrated this magazine is Albert Richter, who draws landscape and interiors, three of whose drawings are given on these pages. The expression of detail in the carving over the open doorway and in the corner of the room is very well rendered, while the bit of a German town is extremely characteristic, the German feeling being well kept. The drawings are very slight, but despite this slightness there is evident a great desire to show with the simplest means the most picturesque aspects of very commonplace subjects. In fact they possess the true illustrative quality. These are the sort of drawings that should be used in commercial catalogues.



AMONG all foreign black and white men, none is more interesting than Hermann Vogel. He worked for some time on *Fliegende Blätter*, and then, like Marold, Rossi, Tofani, Myrbach, and Vierge, found himself in Paris. The effect of

lighting in the large drawing, Cortesia, is excellent; so, too, is the suggestion of color. One is reminded, it is true, of several other men, but still the whole is most interesting. The interior of The Salon is very good, the grace of the woman, the way the two men stand and sit, and the leaving of the walls white, though they are in shadow, is most cleverly managed. The pictures on them are well suggested and the furniture carefully studied; altogether this is a most simple

and satisfactory rendering of a difficult subject. Vogel's many-sidedness, an absolute necessity for an illustrator, is shown in the landscape. There is the most careful feeling for line in the study of the trees, in the wet, muddy road, and in the general realism of things; and all his work is done with a frank, painter-like simplicity which makes him a very excellent master to follow.



THERE is nothing more difficult to draw with a pen than low relief or decoration, and while Jacquemart,[1] with his books made rare by limited editions, nearly always illustrated with etchings, and therefore only for collectors and amateurs, gained a great reputation; this man who can draw just as well and with as much feeling for light and shade and color and the play of reflections on polished surfaces, in which lay Jacquemart's great strength, is unknown because, though he treats the same objects in the same manner, he draws them with a pen. The sole difference is that Stucki works for the people, and Jacquemart, catered to the collector who is usually unable to appreciate his work technically. The chasing and the roundness and the metallic feeling of this cup or chalice could not be better rendered by any other medium. In the *Century* and *Harper's* there have been published drawings by Will H. Drake and Otto Bacher, which are as good as this.[2] The background and the surface on which the chalice stands are meaningless in line.

JOSEPH SATTLER

SATTLER seems to have survived the war and his books are again appearing. He is one of the most brilliant technicians, having founded himself on Dürer and Holbein, yet he has taken advantage of all modern methods. I do not even know how this remarkable design from his *Dance of Death* has been reproduced—probably by offset or rotogravure, for before the war the Germans in reproduction had done things we have not yet dreamed of and never—if things go on as they are—will do. Here it has been processed very well by the Weeks Company.

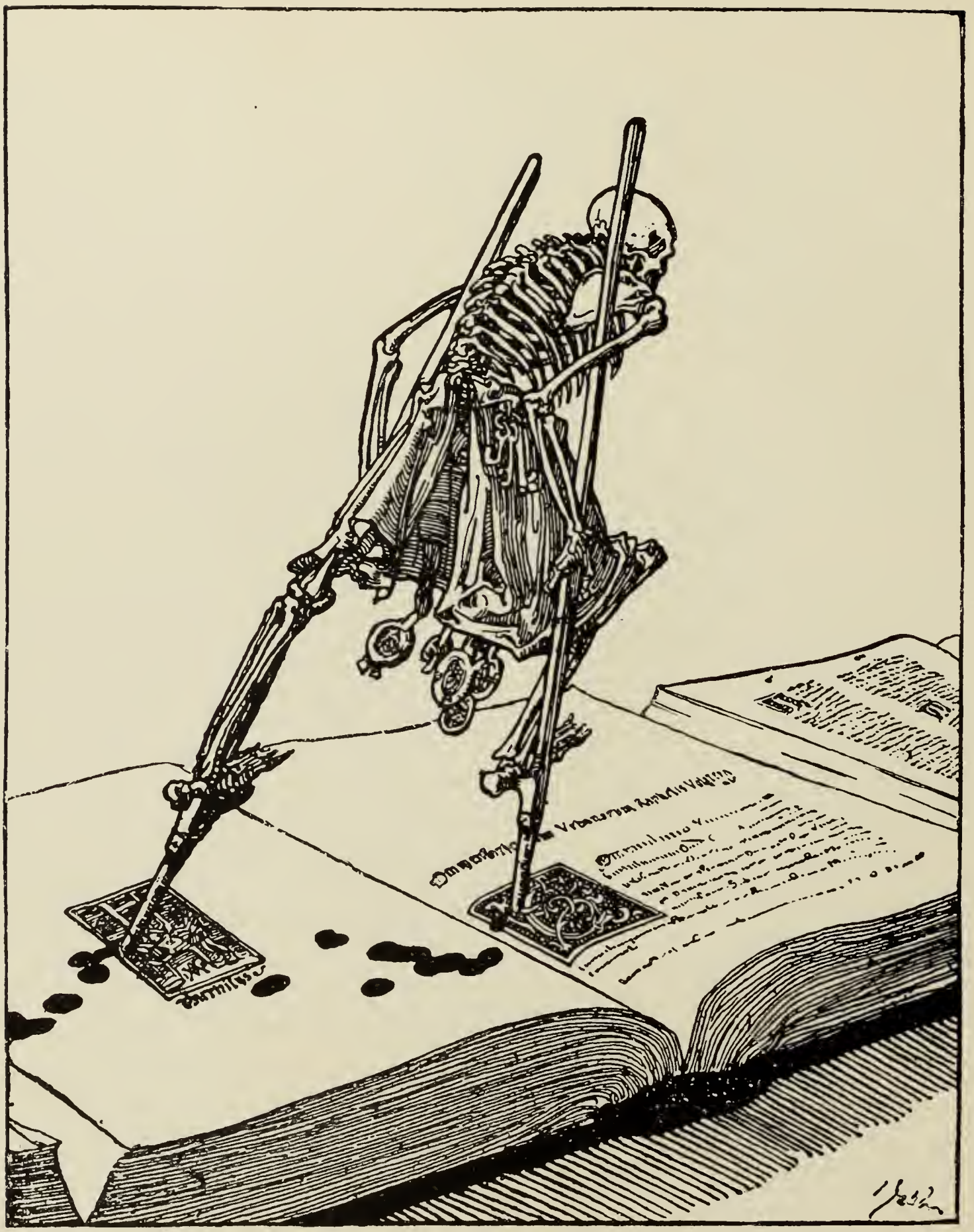
Herr Sattler has won for himself a distinguished position in *Jugend*, as I have said, to which an army of young artists contribute. This weekly is using all the newer methods of color-printing and process; is reviving by means of lithography and line the old effects of chiaroscuro engraving, and is in every way the most modern and lively of illustrated papers, and reflects great credit on the publisher, Hirth of Munich, who has hitherto been known chiefly for his reproductions of old prints and engravings.

Among the more notable contributors to this journal, which every week appears with a different cover in color—and some of these covers are most excellent—is Otto Greiner, whose drawings may be found in the decorative chapter (Greiner was killed early in the war), while Franz Stuck has contributed several; some of his drawings and those of Seitz have been marvelously reproduced by lithography and process tint work, by which means they give exactly the effect of the old block work in color. I am very sorry that, owing to the complicated nature of the printing, it is impossible to include them.

There are several other contributors to *Jugend* who might have been included, but there are enough examples, not only to demonstrate that there is an extremely

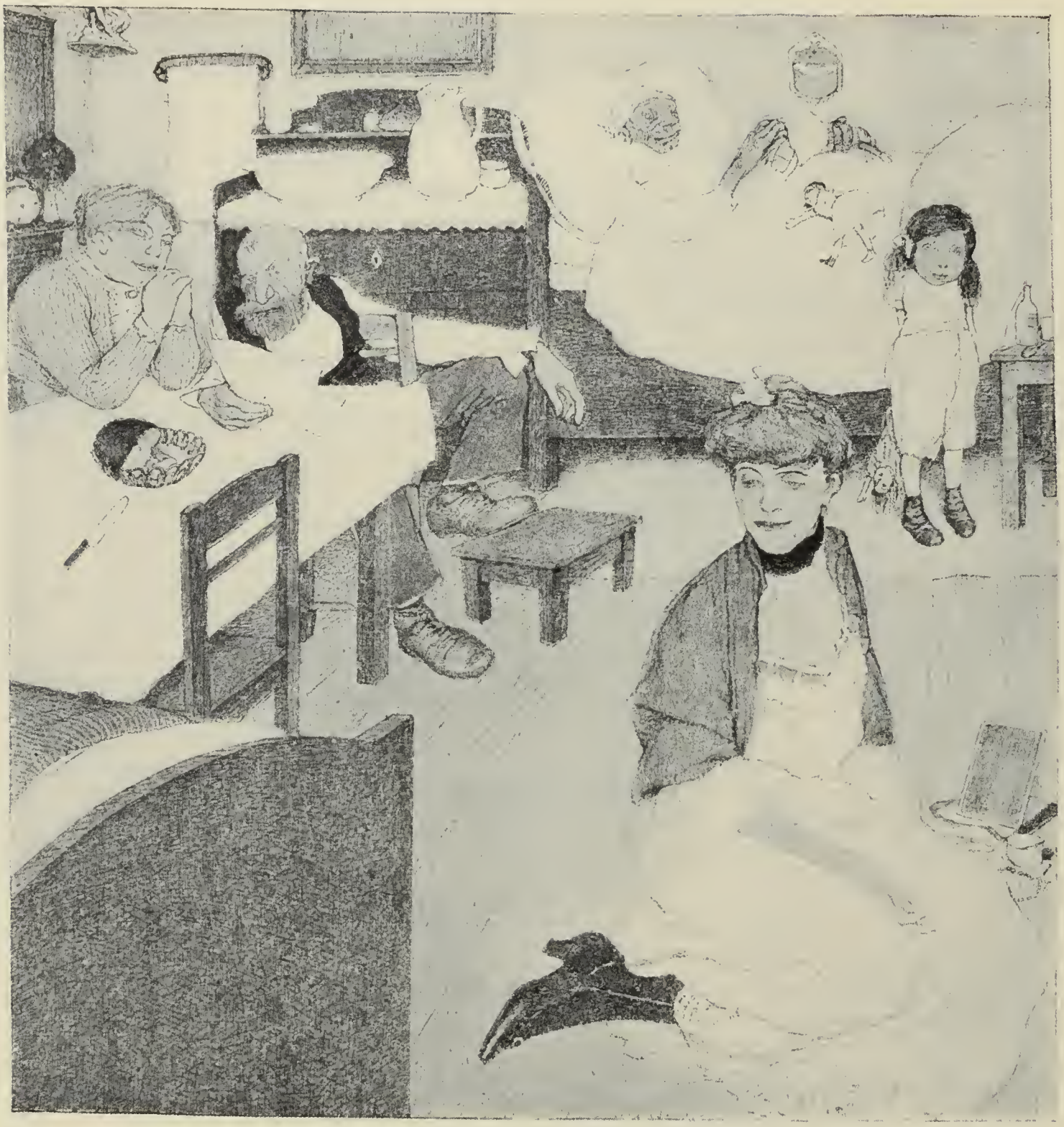
[1] See French Chapter for Jacquemart.

[2] See American Chapter.



brilliant group of men in Germany—or there was before the cursed war—but also to prove that the most intelligent attention was paid to the revival of some of the old decorative forms, without the imperfections and limitations imposed by the old methods.

Schmidt-Helmbrechts



The Support of the Family. Excellent example of pen and wash drawing.

The Brother's Visit. Line and wash, the latter reproduced by aquatint. Good use of pen outline; grey tint and solid black.

While here we are slavishly imitating, to a great extent, in Germany—the home of printing—tradition was rightly carried on. While here one may confuse the work, or even be unable to distinguish the work of individuals, there one runs no more danger of doing so than of mistaking Dürer for Holbein. One of these artists, R. Engels, is certainly greatly indebted to Mr. Anning Bell; but all the rest are assuredly themselves.

It seems to me that H. Rossmann has given quite a new feeling to the pen line, one of fullness and richness, exceeding anything that has been done before. Another is rather French and realistic, Von Rezenicek, but good in his fashion; this example, however, is but the key-block to a color-print. Schmidhammer, with his Gulliver-like demon, expresses his tiny crowd remarkably. Carben is rather wooden and square, but there is decided individuality in his line, and the drawing is well put together. Schmidt-Helmbrechts carries on the tradition of the classic landscape with great beauty of line and excellence of arrangement, while the unsigned drawing has so much character that I am glad to show it—though I do not know the name of the artist.

Simplicissimus, too, though more given to comics and caricatures, is wonderfully illustrated. What happened after that black pall fell on Europe I know not. May we emerge from the present dark age—though there is no sign of it. What I have seen is either pathetic or decadent; art has fled the land. And after came the great darkness and so far as England and America are concerned, German and Austrian art is wiped out. Another of the horrors of war. As one day I walked through in June, 1914, the wonderful Leipzig International Graphic Art Ex-

hibition, with the head of the German section of The Leipzig Book Work School and the Director of the Edinburgh College of Art, the German Professor, pointing to the work on the walls mostly diseased beyond words, said: "We are in the same state that Greece and Rome were before they fell, and something awful is going to happen to us." In a few weeks it happened and internationally the arts of those lands have disappeared. What is left in the German magazines and papers that I have seen is poor indeed. Russia is wiped out and nothing comes here from Scandinavia or Belgium, though the Belgians are at work again—but the outlook is black—but a new art age will come.

The Bath House. Excellent example of brush work; also extraordinary caricature.

Evolution. Line and wash. Brilliant contrasts have been simply obtained.

Sir Edward's New Year's Programme. Line and wash, most simply and expressively done.

STUCK is one of the most brilliant of that band of German mystics and symbolists, which includes such men as their master Arnold Böcklin, Max Klinger, Otto Greiner and Hans Thoma. They are many-sided, like Sandys alone, among Englishmen. And like him they value good drawing equally with mysticism and romance, and all are dead and gone.

Stuck began as a comic draughtsman and designer of menu and show cards, went on to *Fliegende Blätter*, where his designs for the months made a great sensa-

tion. The December is one of them; but his most powerful design for that paper is probably his Death of the Emperor William—a great composition, finely handled, which I am glad to have the chance to reproduce. Now his work is more in color and in the round. Centaurs and fauns are his delight, and he loves to show the bright, gay, joyous human life they led, especially the fun they had. And all

through *Fliegende Blätter* it is the pranks and scrapes of Love that he draws. But there is no end to his quaint, horrible, grave, and gay inventions, and it is a pleasure to turn to such bright, good work, away from the black veil which hangs over middle Europe; he is said to have been killed.

Stuck's line is clean and simple, though in the background of the Germany there is a dragged, painty effect, obtained, I should think, with a half-dry brush or pen. This centaur driven by the Puck is done with a brush, and the background is all wash, but now almost any work can be reproduced, so this does not exclude it. The way in which each line is used to express modelling and action should be noted quite as much as the energy of the man-beast or abandon of the little imp.

The Colonial Lady. Brush and pen work; the tones made with spatter work and reproduced in line.

THOUGH a younger man than Arnold Böcklin, Max Klinger may be almost ranked with him. Dr. Singer, of the Dresden Museum, has, at Klinger's request, lent me this drawing, which Klinger considered a good example of his work. I am sorry that it is not more characteristic of his serious work, where great beauty of line and perfect handling are employed in his rendering of romantic or classic subjects. Klinger died almost unnoticed in the Spring of 1920.

Klinger's pen drawings were usually studies for his etchings, and these pen drawings are carried out in a most masterly fashion.

Here, however, the humor of the German mystic asserts itself in a most amusing fashion. The contrast between the ape-like, half-blind old person and the almost pre-Raphaelite female is good; why they both worship before the decapitated heads I do not know; it may be, however, that the top hat is their shrine. The drawing is a burlesque of a function held in Berlin, but it is quite too local to be intelligible. There are some examples of Klinger's etched work in collections here, his edition of *The Golden Ass of Apuleius* and his *Symphonics* are well known. In the books the etchings have lost much of the freedom of his pen work; but in the Print Rooms of Berlin and Dresden, especially the latter, his finest work, both in drawing and etching, is to be found. Although his subjects are almost invariably those of Holbein and Dürer, he brings his work up to date. One has always haunted me—a dance of death. A railway train is rushing rapidly toward you; the engine and carriages are most carefully studied, the rails and the smoke make marvelous lines, the landscape is sombre, and right in the foreground Death has fastened himself to the rail—in a moment there will be a terrible accident. The idea is as old as the world, the conception and execution the work of a man of today. These drawings are, luckily, almost all owned by the great galleries of Germany, as well as the portfolios of etchings, published in very limited editions, made from them. Klinger, too, was much moved by socialism and the people—did he know that disaster was coming to the world and try to warn us?

Eine Liebe
M. Klinger
Op. 10
Berlin 1887

I HAVE never seen the drawing from which this block was made. But I have seen several pen studies by this artist; and, though in many ways unsatisfactory as the reproductions are, in fact impossible as the originals are to reproduce, they are of such distinction and individuality that they demand a place as the work of a master.

All Leibl's pen drawings that I have seen were made on white or tinted paper with very grey ink, reinforced with washes of the same, or intenser tones. Consequently, when these are reproduced by process, a great and unavoidable change takes place. First, they become very much darker all over, as it is impossible with black printing ink to render the delicate grey of the paper; then the grey ink work becomes much darker, because the grey tone of the paper is under it, and it is impossible to retain the silvery quality of the ink in any reproduction though it is at times very nearly approached. The look of Leibl's work is best kept, I imagine, on the left side of the coat, where the grey, watery ink lines may be easily studied—though they are much darker than in the original—but in the head they have been lost in the general mass. Still, the drawing of the head is so fine that the modelling is expressed, even though the lines which produced it, in many parts, have disappeared. I do not think there is much handwork on this block, which it seems to me has been admirably reproduced by Angerer and Göschl.

This drawing is reproduced by the half-tone process, and the lines come in the tint, and a far truer and simpler effect is thus produced than by any attempt at cleaning up the background and digging out the greys between the lines, while the charcoal or crayon work around the hat is retained. This half-tone method has superseded the line method because the effect is just as true, and a blending enveloping tone is added, giving a result approaching—with good printing—an etching. The best method of all is by the offset press described in *Lithography and Lithographers*.

This drawing was made with the double line pen. The double lines can be seen in many parts of the print.

THERE are probably good pen draughtsmen in Belgium, Austria, and Russia, or there were. But the best-known artists of all these countries almost invariably leave their native land to live in Venice, in Paris, or in London. Now they are flocking over here, but not for inspiration—but for our cash. In Vienna the first international exhibition of black and white illustrative work was held in 1882; the last and a greater began with the war, in Leipzig, in 1914, but of the present art of these countries it is almost impossible to see anything today. Even the catalogues which I had about me have disappeared in the fall of the world. The trouble is that the illustrated books and papers—the exhibitions of pen drawing—of these countries did not circulate all over the world before the war, as do those of France, England, and the United States.

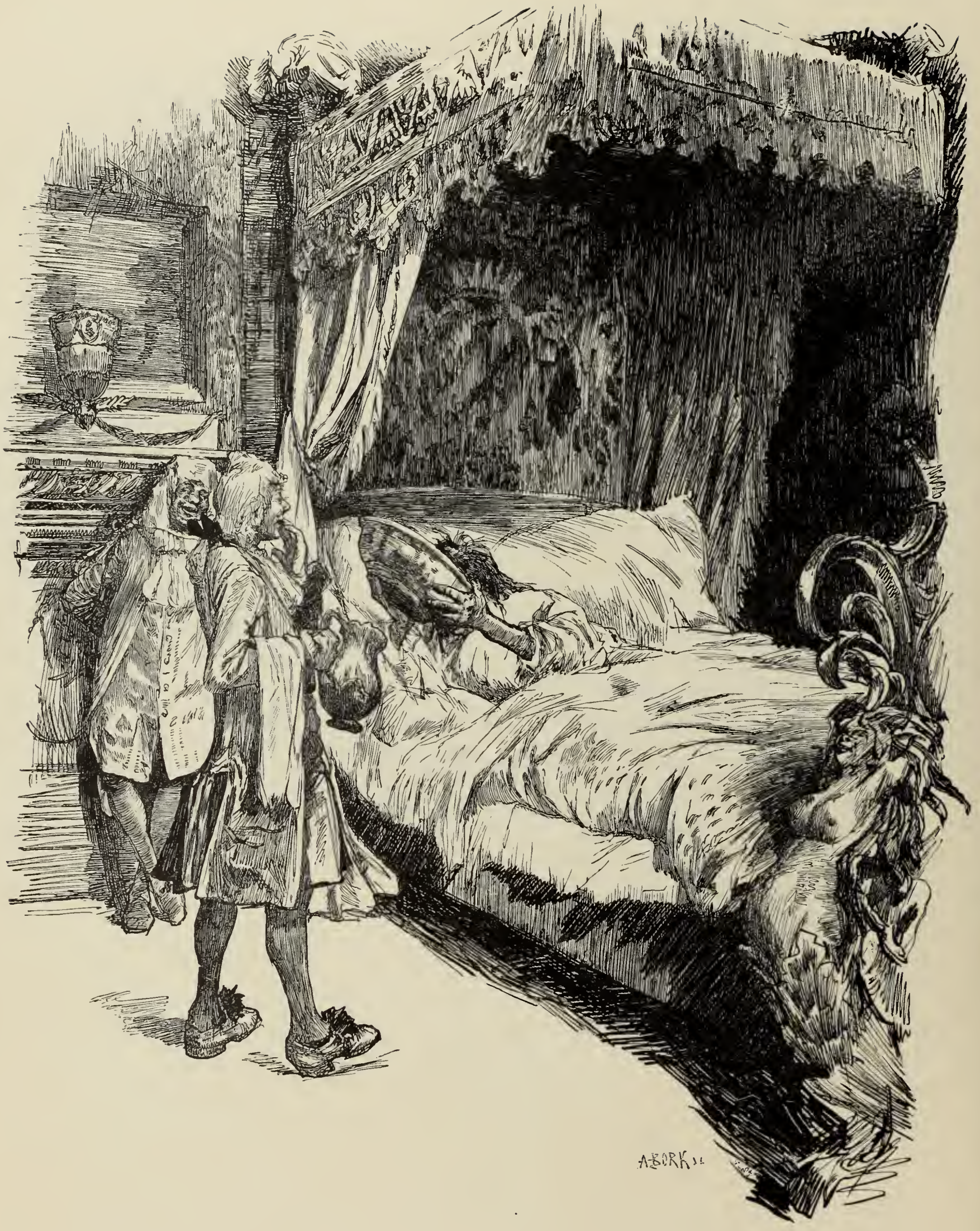
Niccolo Masic, a Hungarian, and Repine, a Russian, who is said to have been killed and his paintings destroyed, are men whose pen work stands out in any illustrated catalogues. There were many Russian color books but I never cared much for them. In Masic's designs there is a suggestion of Vierge. In Denmark and Holland alone are there to be found original artists, who remain in their own country, and publishers enterprising enough to bring out their drawings in a decent fashion. Denmark possesses Hans Tegner, who has done a marvelous series of drawings for *Holberg's Comedies*, a really great artist. In Denmark, too, the silhouettes of Paul Konewka were, so far as I know, first published. Curiously, not a single artist was produced by the war, many were killed. Some of the older maintained and strengthened their reputations, many, for a moment, got in the limelight. Among them the Dutchman Raemakers, but Raemakers' work or the greater part of it was in chalk and wash, not pen and ink. And he therefore can be dismissed. The chalk is easier than the pen.

In referring to nearly all illustrated catalogues or rather to those I can find, I also find that the same pictures, which have been the admiration of the *Salon*, travel around with their accompanying reproductions from one art center to another. In Holland there was a very fair monthly magazine called *Elzevir*, while H. J. Icke's drawings after the old masters are amazing. From Norway come Carl Larson's children's books, mostly in color, though with a line key block; they are delightful.

OF DUTCH, DANISH AND OTHER WORK ILLUSTRATIONS

TEGNER with one set of drawings won a leading position as an illustrator. His edition of *Holberg's Comedies* makes him a formidable rival to Menzel, and to Abbey. That he has founded his style on theirs is very evident. That in certain ways he has branched out for himself is equally certain. He has not sought, as so many do, to imitate their masters' tricks and mannerisms, but he has used what he could, yet evolved a style of his own. The large interior full of figures is very reminiscent of Abbey, but it is drawn with a firmer line and more simply; but I think it lacks the grace which the American would have put in it. The two large heads are altogether Tegner's. In the bedside scene and in the party crossing the

fields one feels the influence of Menzel, but it is felt in a right sort of way. The garden is all his own. I have included a number of Tegner's drawings, not only because he is absolutely unknown to artists in England and America, but because the Jubilee edition of *Holberg's Comedies*, for which these drawings were made, is not very accessible. And the more good work seen the better. There are other phases of his work that I possibly should have shown, but Tegner is so many-sided a man—an indispensable quality for an illustrator—that I would have to include almost every drawing in the book; and this edition of Holberg's is well


A.BORK

F. HENDRIKSEN.

worth possessing. It was published by Bojesen of Copenhagen and later an English edition was brought out by Heinemann in London. Special attention should be devoted to the excellence of the wood-engravings, after drawings of Tegner, which are by F. Hendriksen and A. Bork.

THE swing and go of this man's work are remarkable; and it is very interesting to note how well his freely-put-down lines have come by process, and printed on the steam press. This is a notable example of good reproduction from a perfectly sketchy design.

THE line in this drawing is only used to reinforce the color, but it is used with the greatest thought and charm. Larson is among the few good illustrators of children's books.

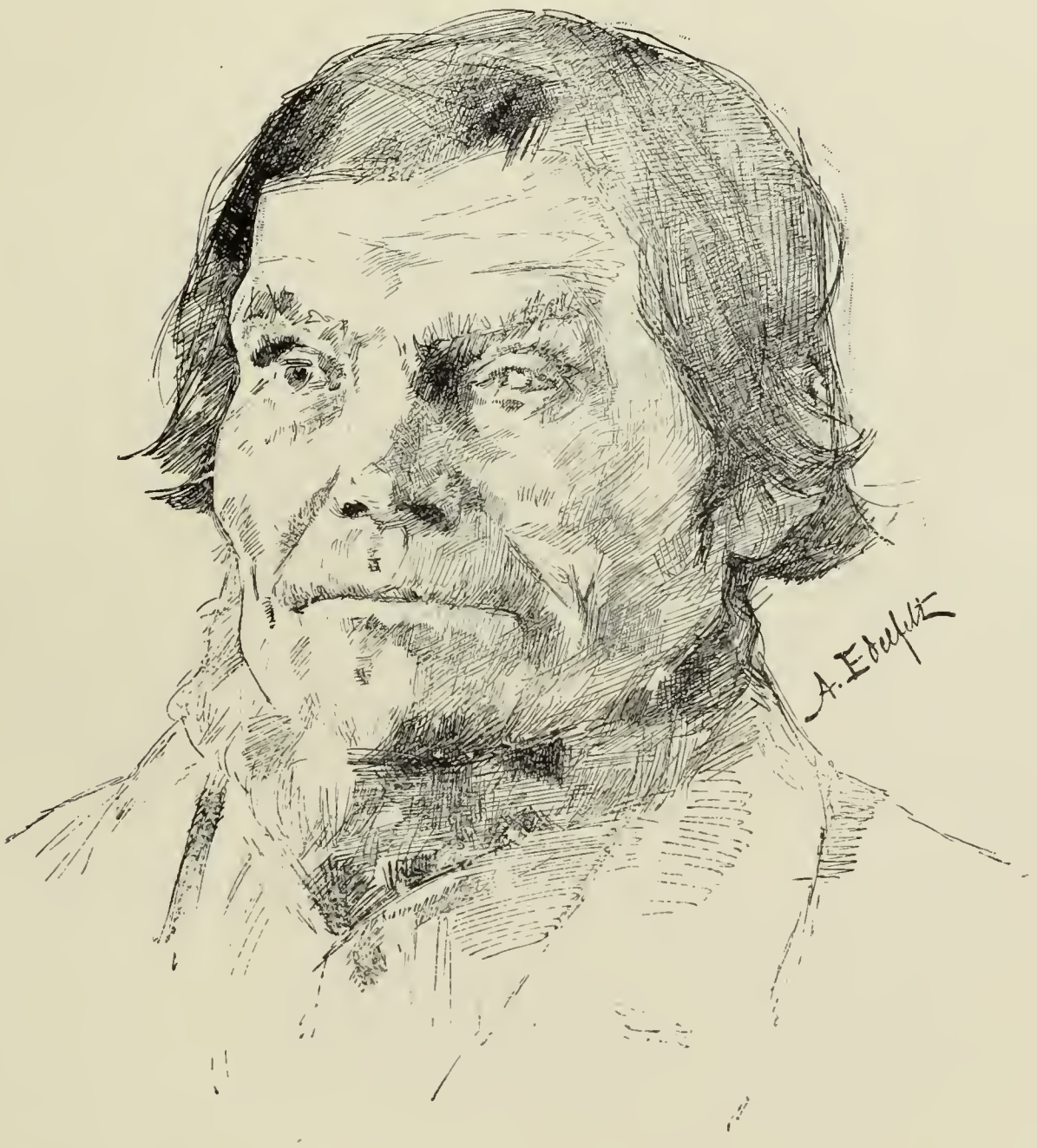
HERR TOOROP was a Dutchman born in Java, hence the curious Eastern feeling in his work, a note which is quite genuine. He was another of the Rose Croix men; and, like the rest of them, his work was distinguished by beauty of line and great care in handling, qualities which would give The Three Brides distinction and make the work remarkable without the mysticism, which I do not pretend to understand. This is a very good example of the reproduction of line and wash by the half-tone process. The original was as large and as elaborate.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF "UDE OG HJEMME"

MOST of the men who have contributed the drawings to this journal are unknown as illustrators outside their country, though several of them are widely known as painters. The paper itself is, I fancy, almost unknown, too.

Ude og Hjemme (Far and Near) was published in Copenhagen by F. Hendriksen, who was also, I believe, the editor; while the amazing wood-engravings with which the early years are filled are almost entirely by him. Hendriksen is such a great wood-engraver, that were it not for the fact that he has ceased to strive to rival process, I should be tempted to withdraw my claims for mechanical reproduction, at least in part; but as Hendriksen has become a process-engraver, my statements are strengthened. Never, I think, has there been a wood-engraver who,

apparently, so reverently and faithfully followed the lines drawn by the artist; never certainly has there been a wood-engraver who has given the quality, the



original look and feeling of these lines, whether pencil, pen, or brush, more truly than Hendriksen. His power of rendering the look of a medium is astounding. This engraving is a proof of it.

A. Edelfelt's work, especially in color, is well enough known, and he has contributed to this magazine. Though for directness it is surpassed by Frants Henningsen's, the sentiment of which is overpowering, and the pathos heartbreaking but genuine; yet I imagine such a real work of art would not find a place in an English or American magazine; it is too real, too well done.

Though many people draw animals, comparatively few do it well in pen and ink. Madame Ronner and Lambert have used the pen, but I certainly do not care much for their handling of line, however accurate their drawing may be; therefore, it is a pleasure to find some one who, like Hermansen, can do it well.

In landscape, too, much good work has been accomplished, and one recalls

1883

I have no doubt there are many other illustrators in Denmark, Holland, Norway, and Sweden, but I think it is something to have merely touched the matter even if better material, which I doubt, exists.

CONSIDERING that Konewka has so beautifully shown the possibilities of the silhouette, it is curious that he has not had an army of imitators. Still it is not so easy as it looks to space these charming arrangements in black—and that probably accounts for it.

Konewka has illustrated several books with silhouettes, notably, *Faust*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Comedies* of Shakespeare. A certain number of people now make silhouettes, none better than Konewka. Arthur Rackham has most effectively used the silhouette in some of his books.

IN all the countries of which I have spoken the introduction of photo-engraving proved of the greatest advantage to the artist. It enabled him to work without considering a wood-engraver, who had to cut with the utmost difficulty work which the artist did with the greatest freedom and in as many minutes as the engraver took hours or days to reproduce. But the pen drawings made by a brilliant band of young men for *Once a Week*, *The Cornhill*, *Good Words*, *The Sunday Magazine*, and others—between 1859 and 1869, degenerating towards 1879, when they ceased—and for many books, among them the illustrated editions of *Tennyson's Poems*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Dalziel's Bible*, were the most important done in England. Nearly all, however, were drawn on the block, and cut to pieces. That the wood-engravers of *Once a Week* looked forward to the introduction of photo-engraving, and endeavored to foster it, is shown by the examples of mechanical processes which they published in their journal.

But in England, until French and American magazines proved the artistic value, and not merely the pecuniary saving, of process-reproduction, comparatively little attention was paid to it by draughtsmen, for the British artist then was as ignorant and conservative as the American is now. American artists, engravers and publishers took up process seriously long before the British, but few publishers discovered anything beyond the cheapness of the invention; there have been notable exceptions in England. The *Portfolio* always, more or less, for its small blocks used process reproduction—usually pen drawing. *The Magazine of Art* also. But most of the English reproductions were of inferior quality. Those of any distinction were the work of Chefdeville or Ives, a Frenchman and an American. These magazines are dead, killed by the non-payment rags that have succeeded them. Emery Walker now does excellent work. The aim of the photo-engraver was cheapness rather than excellence, just as it is here today, for we have imitated and stolen every bad quality of the British; and artists could feel little satisfaction in drawings reproduced in this commercial, artless fashion. *Punch* preferred for long wood-engravings, by which much was cut out of the drawings, to process blocks, which ruined them altogether. But during the eighties several good reproductive processes were developed in England. Till lately pen drawing was thought of no account except for a sketch. If anything had to be done in a hurry, "Oh, make a pen sketch," was suggested; that the artist can't sketch and the publisher can't understand does not matter. Naturally this did not advance the art in England. Though a healthy revival is beginning among the younger men headed by E. J. Sullivan, yet there are probably still many English artists who agree with Hamerton in his belief that "one very great educational advantage of the photographic process is that the public, which formerly looked upon real sketches with indifference or contempt, as ill-drawn or unfinished things unworthy of its attention, is now much better able to understand the shorthand of drawing, and consequently is better prepared to set a just value on the pen sketches of the great masters." A proof of this is that Societies like the Dürer and Vasari are

formed to reproduce old masters' drawings and they do it very well. When will there be a society to reproduce modern illustrations? But it would be no great comfort or satisfaction to men who have spent their lives making pen drawings that they have no other merit than that of helping the lazy public to appreciate work, not so well done technically by artists four or five hundred years ago—that pen drawings, real modern masterpieces, are only helps to the understanding of the sketches of old masters. Yet this publication of sketches has had disastrous results, for the most artless and trivial things are printed with this excuse —that they are sketches, often so bad that one wonders what the editors are like who accept them, still more what the public is like that pays for them, to say nothing of the people who make them. But the success of certain papers and magazines today, papers which publish good and bad work with equal impartiality, is a proof that the public is quite, as is only natural, unable to distinguish between good and evil, despite the tree of knowledge.

The least known, but perhaps the best pen draughtsman in Scotland for a student to follow, was Sir George Reid of Edinburgh. He could, in a pen drawing, give the character of northern landscape, so different in every way from that of the country of the great southern pen draughtsmen, while his portraits contained all the subtlety and refinement of a most elaborate etching by Rajon; he thought Rajon and Amand-Durand the only men who could interpret him. He had in the beginning a great influence—and the best influence of his life—on D. Y. Cameron, whose early etchings were quite like Reid's drawings, and he was an inspiration to Muirhead Bone and many other Scotchmen, though would they admit it?

An artist who easily stood at the head of his profession, as a landscape pen draughtsman, in England, was Alfred Parsons. Though he was imitated even to his signature, there is no one in England who can be named with him. Alas, he too like Abbey took to paint, joined the Academy and died as an artist long before he ceased to live as a man.

Among the few breaks in the monotony of the long years of Blackburn's Illustrated Exhibition Catalogues are the drawings by E. J. Gregory, one or two by Boughton, Colin Hunter, Herkomer, Charles Green, Sir J. D. Linton, Cecil Lawson, and some strong heads by Frank Holl. But the only drawings which really merit mention as works of art are by T. Blake Wirgman. He has really cared and the result is his drawings stand out far the best in Blackburn's catalogues. Whistler did some drawings for them.

Hubert Herkomer was one of the very few men who have ever illustrated their catalogues with drawings which have a value of their own. I place Herkomer among the British, though he was a man without a country or kept changing his nationality, and he luckily died before the war, when he would have to have found one. His sketches of heads are strongly and simply put in, while his studies in the Bavarian Highlands, though greatly elaborated, are very successful. He later killed himself artistically by palming off in a play called *An Idyl* pen draw-

ings reproduced by photogravure, as etchings. But he was a clever pen draughtsman as he was a clever advertiser, mountebank, painter and sculptor—but far from a genius.

Some of W. L. Wyllie's drawings, notably those of the Toil, Glitter and Grime of the Thames, published in the *Magazine of Art*, are models for the drawing of boats and the suggestion of light and the movement of water. If Whistler only had given us more pen drawings like his etchings, he would show himself to be as a pen draughtsman what he was as an etcher—the greatest who ever lived. A process block from one of his series of Thames Etchings would be a perfect study for a pen drawing—this I proved in the London *Daily Chronicle*—while his use of the brush in line in his *Catalogue of a Collection of Blue and White China* is perfect.

Walter Crane's decorative drawing, his book covers, his designs, his initials, his head and tail pieces, in pen and ink, entitle him to be ranked as the first English decorative draughtsman, while some of Selwyn Image's work is quite as interesting; so are Morris' initials and borders. A whole army of younger decorative men and women have appeared, but Crane, Image and Morris are the recreators of British decorative drawing, and this is acknowledged in a land where every great man is not jostled and nagged by every interloping whippersnapper imitator.

Although Du Maurier was the best known of the so-called comic draughtsmen, his fame rests rather on his wit and humor and satire than in the technical excellence of his drawing. He called himself a pictorial satirist but this scarce describes him. He should have said society artist. His drawings are a sort of sermon which happens to be drawn, instead of written with a pen, and the legend is usually the best part of it. Everyone, however, should study his work in *Once a Week* and *Punch* of sixty years ago. I can understand the enthusiasm with which it was greeted by the artists of that generation.

Harry Furniss is a clever and popular man. Linley Sambourne's drawings also are intensely clever, but so near being mechanical that it would be impossible for any one to study from them without becoming wholly so. Clever is the word for such people, and they are even more cleverly imitated.

Charles Keene's work in *Punch* was unfortunately nearly always engraved on wood and, before I had seen his drawings, had he not written and told me that most of them were made with a pen, I never should have imagined it. The originals were the best character studies ever made in England. It is to be regretted that so much was lost in the engraving. Therefore, excellent as are Keene's drawings, it is useless for the student to study the reproductions in *Punch*, which give no true idea of the original work. But the originals are equal to Hogarth—"the greatest British artist since Hogarth," was what Whistler called him.

The man who won for himself the foremost position in British illustration was Phil May, who quietly produced work which made him famous all over the world.

Cruikshank, Leech, and Phiz are responsible for the style, or rather want of style, of too many English draughtsmen. Their contortions, distortions and abominations are so beloved by the American book collector that every print is preserved, while whole regiments of copyists must be employed to turn out faked drawings and prints now that the genuine absurdities have been exhausted two or three times over. They had great industry but little ability, most of their followers have nothing but their weaknesses and imperfections of technique. The latter forget that the drawings of the artists they imitate were rarely done with the pen, and that if they were, it was only to be reproduced by engraving or etching on wood or steel, mostly by other men, and hence that the qualities of the pen work were cut or engraved out.

There have always been, however, artists in England who have rushed to issue their own organs—from the time of *The Germ*. And in the eighties and nineties there were many: *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*, the serious playground of Beardsley and the rest of us; *The Dial*, the mouthpiece of Ricketts and Shannon; *The Hobby Horse*, run by the Century Guild of artists, Macmurdo, Image, Horne; and then there were organs of the Birmingham and other schools, and the brilliant appearing and disappearing *Butterfly*, and just before the war came *Blast*, a poor, pathetic, choleric squib—and *Form*, a dignified magazine—for Sullivan, Spare and Cole; and there are endless others, and the same sort of art propaganda is preached all over the world—save here, where European designs are pitifully and pathetically cribbed from by incompetents and decadents.

Randolph Caldecott shows much technically to study. When a man has the genius to make in half a dozen lines a drawing like The Mad Dog or The Cat Waiting for a Mouse, he would be another Randolph Caldecott, a great artist. Caldecott had genius. One can pardon his faults and ask for more of his delightful work not only because of his humor but because of its merit. Yet it is just this pardoning that has such a bad influence on art, and has made men who really technically never studied their profession its leaders. The trouble is that because artists have good ideas, the fact that they cannot express them technically is overlooked. No ideas can be expressed artistically without technique, which is nothing more than the grammar of art.

Hugh Thomson drew figure subjects most acceptably to collectors; Herbert Railton drew architecture to please the public; and they are men who devoted themselves to pen drawing. But one cannot help being conscious that it is the demand for draughtsmen, rather than the real feeling for line, which made them pen draughtsmen.

Finally, in summing up, I think that the examples in this book will show most conclusively that, with the exception of Charles Keene, Parsons, Reid, Phil May, Beardsley, E. J. Sullivan, Rackham, Anning Bell, and Griggs, the artists of the Continent and of America have paid more attention to, and have been more successful in, pen drawing for process-reproduction than artists in England.

D. G. Rossetti. The Palace of Art, Engraved by Dalziels. From Moxon's Tennyson, 1857

FOR the publication of pen drawings made some fifty or sixty years ago I feel that no explanation is needed if they still live. While pen drawing, owing to photography, has advanced in all other countries, there is no doubt that in England its most interesting period was just before photographic reproduction was invented. This was the outcome really of the genius of Bewick. To Bewick, therefore, is primarily due the great advancement in the graphic arts accomplished in the nineteenth century; he was the first of modern illustrators. And also to Blake is much honor due; his head and tail pieces, rising angels, falling demons, done with a single brush stroke, are amazing and have never been surpassed, for the modern mystic is usually devoid of Blake's training, expression, ability to draw what he said he saw. The Englishmen who illustrated *Once a Week*, *The Cornhill*, *Good Words*, *The Sunday* and *Shilling Magazines*, and the early numbers of the *Graphic* and *Punch*, have had, even in our days of development both in wood-engraving and in process, few worthy successors. So I am obliged to publish drawings by these contributors or else ignore the best period of English work.

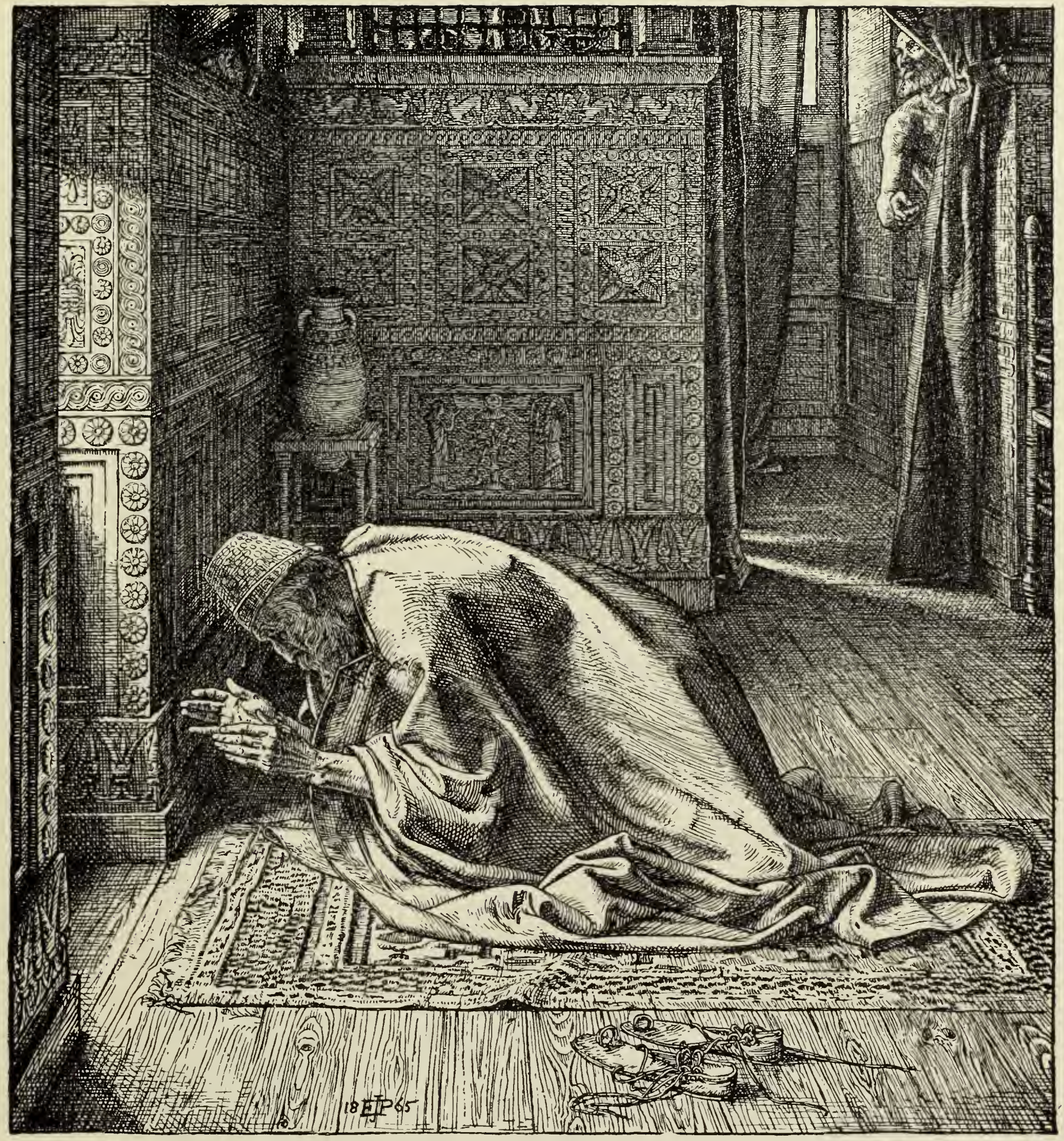
In some cases the original drawings were preserved or photographed through the interest the engravers took in their work, and also because, realizing the uncertainties of wood-engraving, they feared the drawings might be spoiled. The case of *Dalziel's Bible* is different. Dalziels commissioned rising young artists to produce a series of drawings for the Bible. But the work turned in was difficult to engrave. Cassells about the same time brought out their *Doré Bible;* his drawings,

I believe, were in wash, and it was almost impossible for any one to rival Doré's popularity and productiveness. Dalziels, looking ahead and seeing that photography would be used to transfer drawings to the block for engraving, put the work aside for twenty years, and their *Bible Gallery* did not appear until 1880, when the drawings were photographed on to the block and engraved, the original work thus remaining untouched. And I have the admission from the Dalziels that they consider the process reproductions in this volume from these drawings much more satisfactory than their own wood-engravings. This in connection with the fact that Mr. W. J. Linton devoted the ripest years of his life to reproducing his *Masterpieces of Wood Engraving*, not by new wood-engravings, but by process blocks and plates, is the strongest proof that I, at any rate, desire; not that facsimile wood-engraving is a failure, but that it is a waste of time and labor, provided the drawing is made with as much attention to the requirements of processes as the old men devoted to the requirements of wood-cutting. Mr. Marcus Stone tells me that he believes his illustrations to *He Knew He Was Right*, by Trollope, made in 1868 and 1869, were the first pen drawings reproduced in England, all of which were drawn on paper and transferred to the block by photography.

With the Pre-Raphaelites a dignity was given to the art of pen drawing which it had not possessed before, and is not half appreciated yet. In this illustration the leaders were Sandys and Rossetti, though to Ford Madox Brown is generally awarded the credit of being the originator of British modern illustration.

This design by him for *Dalziel's Bible* is carried out with the reverence for line which is so characteristic, not of the men before Raphael's time, but of the Germans of Dürer's age, though without slavish imitation of any one. Not only is every detail, save the very funny chicken in the foreground, well drawn, but the feeling for the various surfaces and the texture of the garments is well given. Contrast the heavy robe of the prophet with the lighter stuff of the widow's cloak and the grave-clothes of the boy; note the difference, although the tone is very nearly the same, between the prophet's garments and the widow's gown, and the difference of handling in each, and each is worked out with a feeling not only for light and shade, but for line. One can see that Madox Brown took the greatest interest in making this drawing, in rendering a subject of the past with the technical knowledge of the present—the true and right spirit in which all art work should be done.

Though I should prefer the sureness of a man like Fabres, a sureness which is amazing and in a southern subject which I should unquestionably follow, to the student I would recommend Madox Brown's drawing quite as highly as the one by Fabres. However, the effects of light in the east have not been rendered by Madox Brown so truly as by Fabres. But Fabres worked from nature, Madox Brown in the studio. Yet the delicate suggestion of bits of light telling against the dark on the steps, the wooden stand relieved against the stairs,



"Daniel's Prayer." Dalziel's Bible. Sir E. J. Poynter

From original drawing for Dalziel's Bible. Sir E. Burne Jones

the relief of the heads against the white wall and the way in which the shadow of the little bird flying to its brick nest is studied, make the drawing equal to the work of Rico or any of the Spaniards and Italians; though it is not so realistic, it is carried out far more completely than any of their drawings, and in it the peculiarly English idea of telling a story is expressed in the British fashion. Notice how the light from the lamp in the little upper chamber is carried down the light side of the post to which the rope that serves as banister is attached, down the rope itself, on by the widow's gown into the most carefully studied interior of the living room. The contrast between the delicate face of the child, the severe head of the prophet, and the agonized expression of the widow is completely rendered. The subject could not be treated in a more satisfactory manner in any other medium. There are certain details of line which will not reproduce, but I believe Madox Brown would have changed them had he known what was wanted.

By publishing these illustrations from *Dalziel's Bible* I hope I may show not only my appreciation of them, but that the methods of forty years ago are adapted to the requirements of today, only we want the artists now to make the drawings—we have the machinery to engrave and print them.

It is said that it was not Frederick Sandys who revived illustration in the manner of the Germans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but that this revival was due to the Pre-Raphaelites, but all of them were influenced by Menzel and Meissonier. As a matter of fact it all came from Germany from Rethel's designs of a decorative sort—Death the Friend, Death the Avenger, and from Menzel's illustrations to *The Life of Frederick the Great*, which these illustrators knew, though Sandys, however, to me denied that he knew anything about Menzel. There is no doubt that Sandys surpasses in technique all the artists of the best period of English draughtsmanship. His designs possessed the same elevation of ideas which was so markedly the characteristic of the Germans, and was the outcome of the spirit of their age. But there is no question that technically many parts of this drawing *Amor Mundi* are quite equal to Dürer's work; while others are expressed in a manner absolutely unknown to Dürer. There is a feeling of color throughout which Dürer never attempted on the wood, because he knew it could not be retained in the cutting.

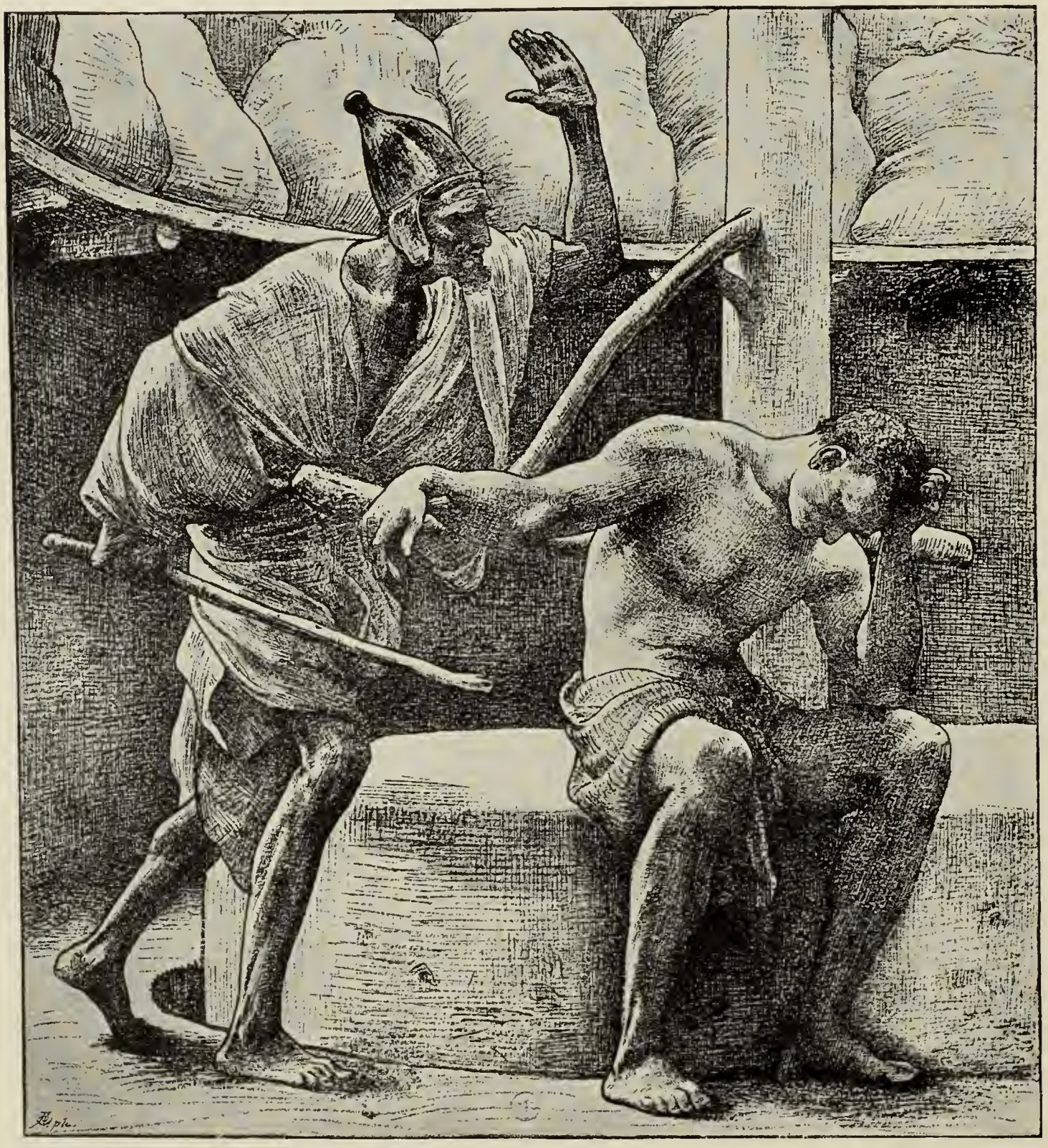
The process reproduction of the wood block *Amor Mundi* shows the drawing in the manner in which Sandys and Swain wished it to appear; the reproduction shows it exactly as it was drawn on the block, the photogravure gives it absolutely. No one has ever drawn better for process than Sandys. It is reproduced autographically with infinitely less labor, and gives Sandys' actual lines without the intervention of another hand.

When I said in the Introduction that I wished Rossetti had not elaborated with pen or pencil his drawings, I referred to the drawings from his paintings which have been photographed and published, for technically these do not compare for a minute with his illustrations of Tennyson, particularly those in the

Studies for Amor Mundi. The completed design is on the opposite page

Photograph of original drawing. F. Sandys

Palace of Art, drawn on the block and cut to pieces. Nor would it be fair to show as an example of his work the illustrations in the *Prince's Progress* and the frontis-



"Samson." From Dalziel's Bible. Lord Leighton

piece to the *Early Italian Poets*, which give no idea of their refinement. The only drawing I know of which may have been made for engraving is the portrait of his wife, which was never cut, and can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and this monument of his art has here been reproduced truly and well for the first time. He can hardly be considered an illustrator, though he did make so marvelous a success in the Tennyson. But even in that there is but one drawing—the first illustration to the *Palace of Art* engraved by Messrs. Dalziel—really worthy

of the extravagant praise lavished upon it. It would be the greatest waste of time to draw in such a manner and on such a scale in these days of process. That

From Dalziel's Bible. A. Boyd Houghton

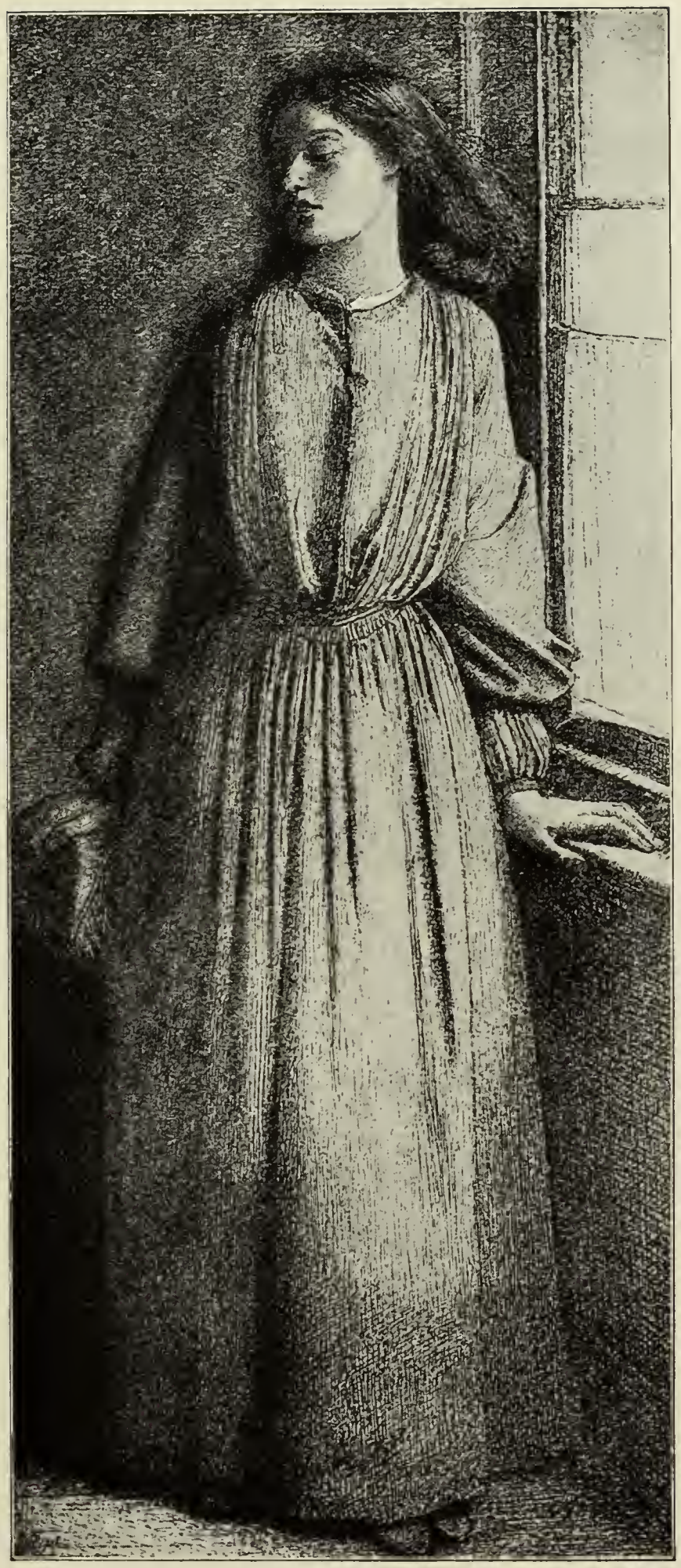
Rossetti and Dalziel did produce their result calls for all praise; a repetition of it would be laborious and misplaced affectation. Still Rossetti was not a trained craftsman like Sandys, or there would have been more and better illustrations from him.

Sir E. Burne Jones was good enough to lend me an original unpublished drawing in somewhat the style of Rossetti, and it has been excellently reproduced by the Swan Engraving Company.

The work of other men in the pages of the magazines I have referred to was engraved by Swain and Dalziel, I doubt not with the greatest fidelity possible, but the actual quality of the line, that is the quality given by pencil, brush, or pen, is in nearly every case lost. Therefore, though these magazines and *The Cornhill* and *Good Words Galleries* of proofs should be seen and known by all students, it is useless to publish any of the blocks as examples of pen drawing. But as engravings, the series of *Parables* by Sir J. E. Millais, notably the Good Samaritan, published in *Good Words*, April 1863, and the Lost Piece of Silver, in September of the same year, are enough to make any man's reputation. They rank with Dürer. I have been fortunate in obtaining an original unpublished drawing by Millais—his study for the Ophelia. One of these men who, to my mind, is much less well known than he deserves to be, is J. Mahoney, whose drawings in the *Sunday Magazine* are, even as wood-engravings, equal to anything done in England; the engravings by Whymper from Mahoney's drawings in *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* should also be seen.

Fred Walker is considered to be one of the greatest of English illustrators. His subjects were interesting, his sentiment popular, and his drawing graceful. But as he worked before process, he was limited in using the pen. For this very reason the results he did obtain are surprising. The sentiment in his work is very charming, but in this drawing, as in so many others, it is neither true nor real. The color and line and composition are most admirable.

The English engravers of Fred Walker's time seem to have endeavored to compel him and Pinwell and Keene and Du Maurier, even when they were at the height of their success, to draw lines which they could cut in the easiest manner. The consequence is that it is impossible to tell whether many of the drawings were done with a pen, a pencil, or a brush. I know it will be said that most of them were not done with a pen but with a brush, that is with the sensitive point of a very fine brush such as the Japanese use. They were also worked on with a lead pencil, pen and wash, but in the engraved result, in the majority of cases, you cannot tell which line was made with a pen, which with a brush, which with a pencil; and I say that such a subjection of the artist to the engraver is utterly wrong. It is not that the wood-engraver could not cut almost every line that Fred Walker ever drew, but the fact is that he did not engrave it so as to show the actual means used to produce it. Wood-engraving can do almost everything, and even this drawing of Fred Walker's could be engraved on wood, and American reproductive wood-engravers did this—but process did it even better and certainly cheaper, and reproductive engraving disappeared. This is one of the cases where science has rightly come to the aid of art. It is all very well for certain artists, who are not illustrators, to say that another man can render your work better than a machine; in a line drawing, in which you do not want any one's ideas or feelings but your own, no man can equal, though he may very materially aid, an accurate machine in reproduction.



Portrait of Miss Siddal. D. G. Rossetti

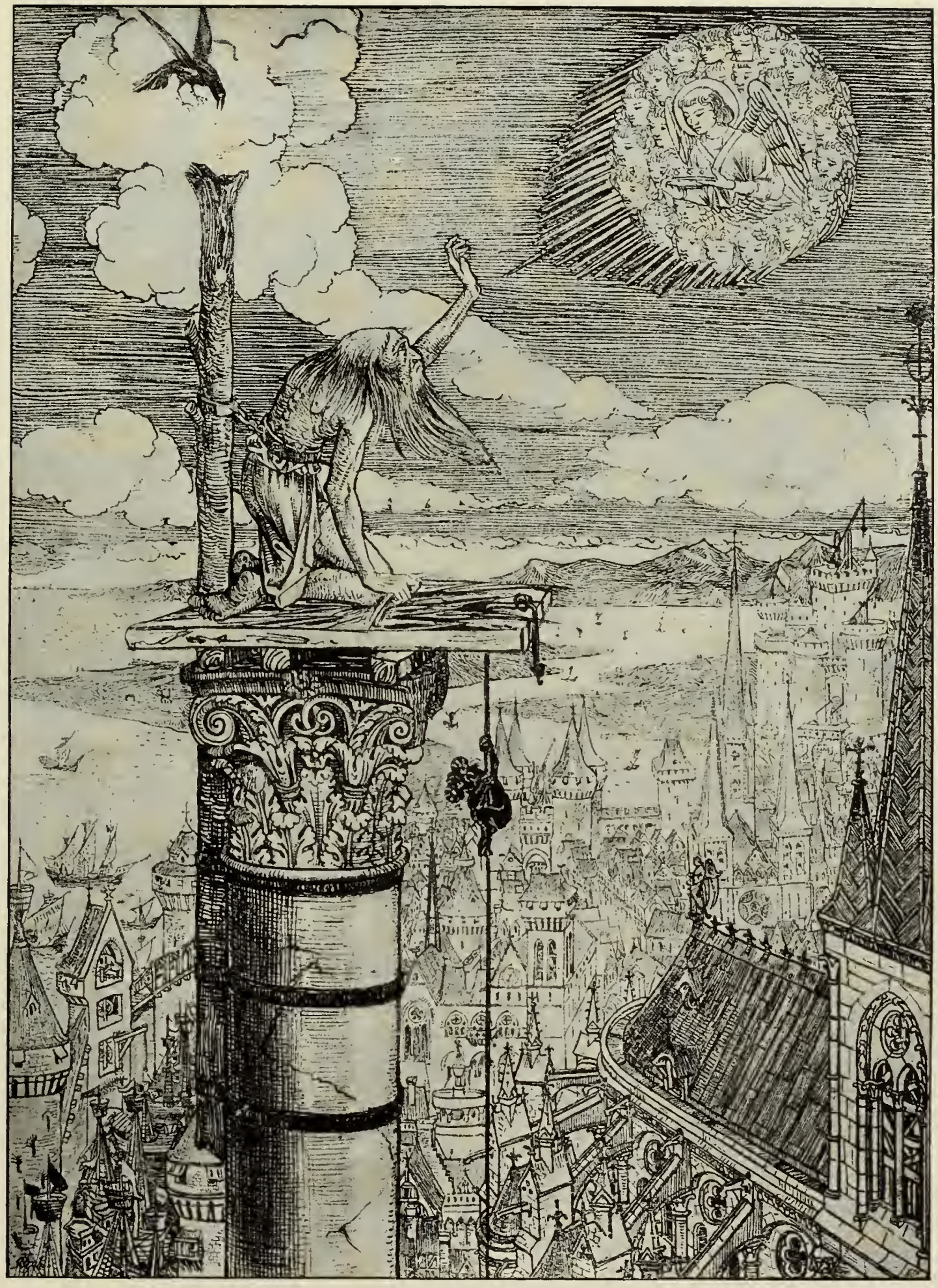
Though the idea, the composition, and the lines in the drawings of the men of Fred Walker's day are most charming, and though the artists considered the engravings on the wood admirable, any one who will take the trouble to compare these engravings with the facsimile engravings after Menzel, or with the work of some of the American engravers like Whitney and Cole, or Frenchmen like Baude and Florian, or Englishmen like Paterson, will see they are not admirable at all,

but give, instead of the actual quality of the artist's line, that which it was easiest to reproduce. The engravers may deny this, but the comparison I suggest will prove at once the truth of what I say. Though no one can think more highly than I do of the endless number of varied effects which Fred Walker obtained, I cannot help feeling today that many of these are utterly unsuited to pen work, that they could have been gotten with far more ease with a brush, and that the reason Fred Walker drew with a pen was not from any particular love of line but to make for the engraver lines he could follow. One method some of his fellow-draughtsmen very frequently used was to make the foreground, or the part they wished accentuated, with a pen or brush in line which the engraver followed, while the background, in which of course they only wanted flat tints, was done with wash which the engraver could cut as he chose, often turning washes into line, or changing the direction of lines. The advantage of working in this way was that, if the artist made a mistake on the wood, he simply went over it with wash on which he worked with Chinese white, and the engraver made what he wished out of it. A good example of this manner of working can be seen by looking over the early years of the *Graphic*.

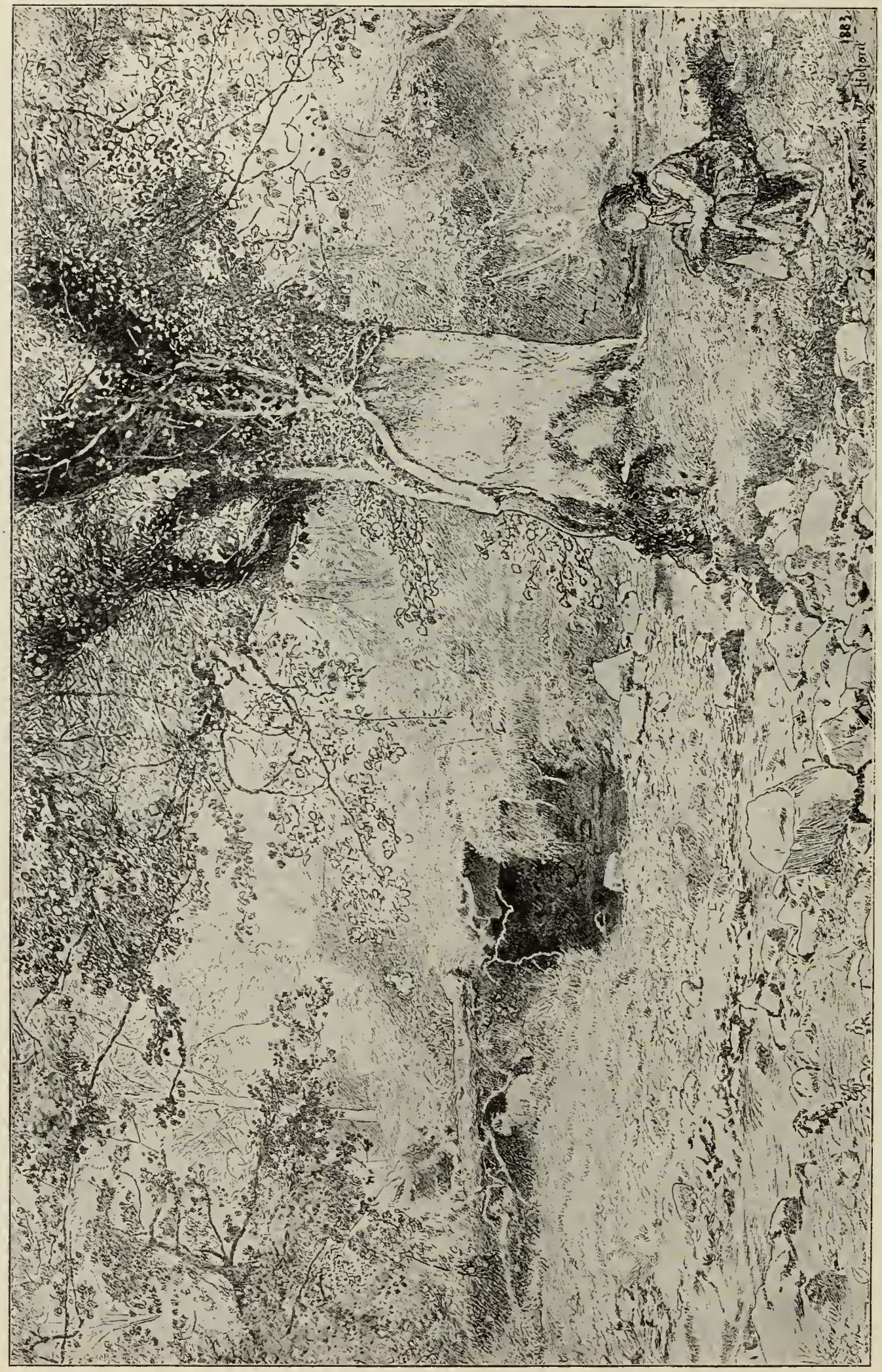
Drawing on wood. Fred Walker

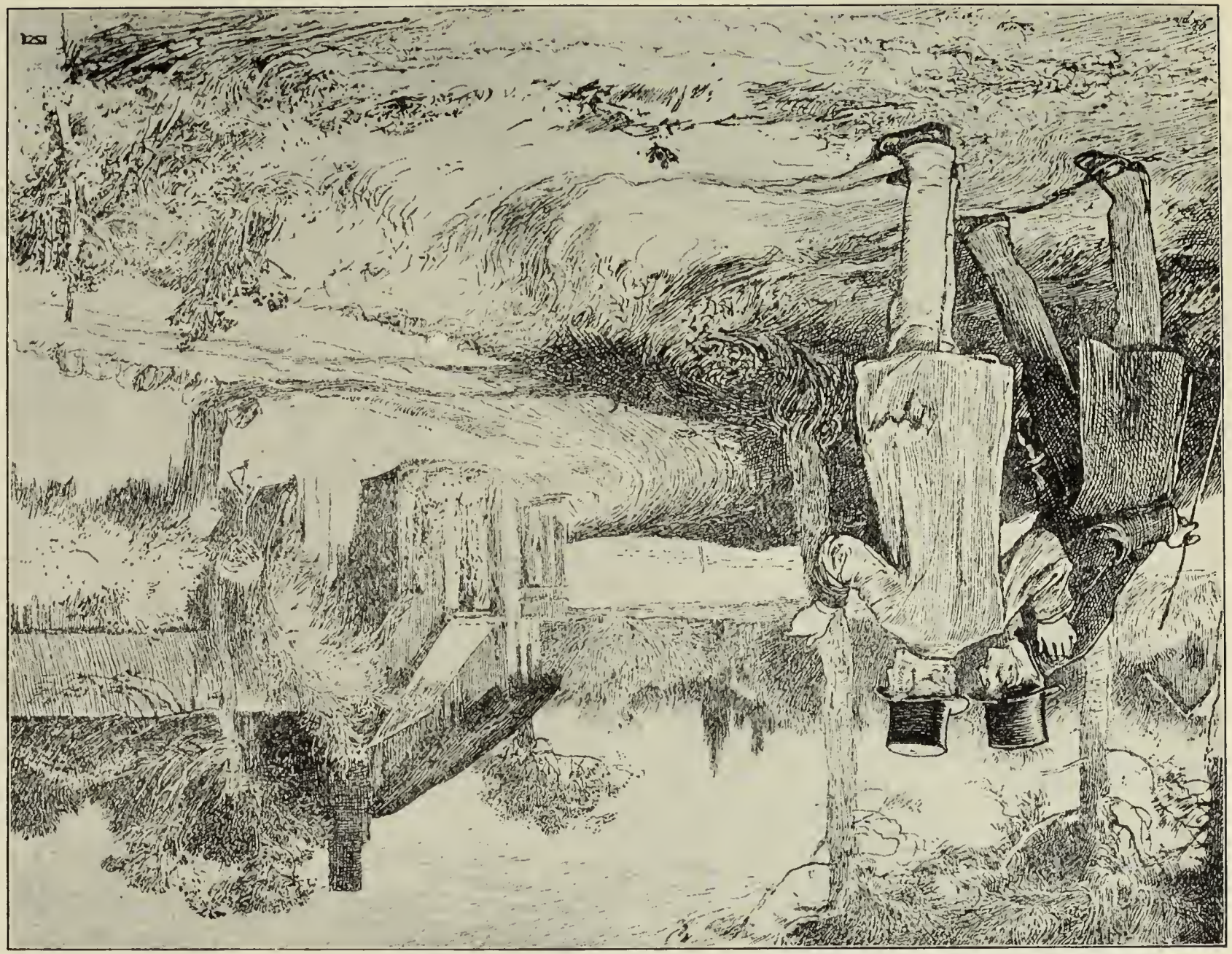
Drawing on paper. G. J. Pinwell

Drawings by A. B. Houghton and Charles Green



"St. Simeon Stylites." W. Burges





There is another matter to which attention can be most easily called here. In studying the handling in the clothes of the figures in almost all of these drawings you find that exactly the same line is used by all, and that this same line appears in Du Maurier's drawings today. Either these men became mannered in a short time, or the engravers compelled them to draw in this abominable, mechanical, cross-hatched manner. Birket Foster told me that frequently the lines were the engraver's and not the artist's at all: that many of his simple wash drawings came out as near like elaborate steel plates as the engraver could make them on the wood. This same touch can be found in Dürer's draperies and that of other of the old men, but Mr. W. H. Hooper gave me the real explanation: One man cut clothes, another grass, another figures, and another clouds—he did faces—the box wood blocks were taken to pieces and engraved by the different specialists; then they were screwed up again, and the boss joined up the engraved pieces. That method explains many things. But it is not a fine quality in the engraving. It is the expression of a mechanical difficulty which they could not surmount and which it is foolish to follow, imitate, or commend today. And so also the growth of cross-hatch work, twenty or thirty years ago, which has been mistaken to be a good style, was not the fault of the draughtsmen but of the wood-engravers. And the reason for the position which Fred Walker holds among these men is, not so much because his drawings were better than theirs, but because he was more independent and refused to draw in this mechanical manner, although even in his work you sometimes see it cropping up wherever the engraver could put it. It is really the independence of his work and not the excellence of the style which has given Fred Walker the place he holds—and this is the surest proof that if one wants to succeed in illustration, one has simply got to do something for one's self, though that is the surest way to come to grief today.

It may surprise some to find Lord Leighton among pen draughtsmen, and I shall be told that this is not a pen but a brush drawing. But when a man makes a drawing as notable—technically so remarkable—conveying such an idea of strength and power, and showing conclusively what may be done with a brush used as a pen, it ought to be known. His drawings for *Dalziel's Bible* and George Eliot's *Romola* are his best work.

Dickens was a magnificent field for Charles Green and others, while that original genius, A. B. Houghton, stands quite alone. In his rendering of the life about him, he is only equaled by his own illustrations to the *Arabian Nights*.

Sir E. J. Poynter's drawing of Daniel's Prayer was made for *Dalziel's Bible*. It differs from Leighton's and that by Ford Madox Brown in being carried out in the most complete manner all over, and it looks like a clean wiped print from an etched plate. Had I made a photogravure from it and printed that with retroussage no one could have told it from an etching. The drawing of Daniel and the figure

in the background are excellent, and the way in which the detail has been all worked out is remarkable. The result is good; it is indeed by far better than any pen drawing made before Gigoux's time. To Menzel this method of drawing is largely due, and Dalziel has told me he bought copies of Menzel's drawings and gave them to the artists who were at work on his Bible. But, though this drawing of Poynter's is an example of careful and honest work, I cannot conscientiously say that its style is a good one for a student to follow. The same effect could have been produced in wash with one-tenth the time and labor and more effect got by a wash drawing. I imagine, however, Poynter wanted his lines followed by the engraver.

This was the commencement of the reaction against translative wood-engraving. These lines by the artists had to be followed by the engraver, and when it is remembered that the engraver had to cut the whites out between each line, some idea of the difficulty of the task can be formed. And when it is considered that the process block of the original drawing from which this impression is printed was made automatically, I think it shows most conclusively what strides mechanical reproduction has made. As to the reproduction the lines nearly all over have thickened appreciably, and in some places have filled up, because the drawing was made on yellowish-toned paper and in parts in a very grey ink, and having been made forty-nine years ago, it has also probably faded. The grey lines in a few places have been entirely omitted, and in other places have thickened perceptibly or become rotten. But I want to show that it is possible to reproduce a drawing like this simply and easily by process, giving the character and feeling of the work, which this block does; while the engraving of it on wood, line for line, would be an almost impossible task with really no better results. For, as I have shown, in the wood-engraving you do not have the lines but the effect produced by cutting round them; in the process block you have the lines themselves reproduced just as they were drawn.

Of the rest, there are Holman Hunt, J. D. Watson, J. W. M. Ralston, while the work of G. J. Pinwell, Sir James D. Linton, and the later men is to be found in the early volumes of *The Graphic*, *The Illustrated London News* and *The British Workman*.

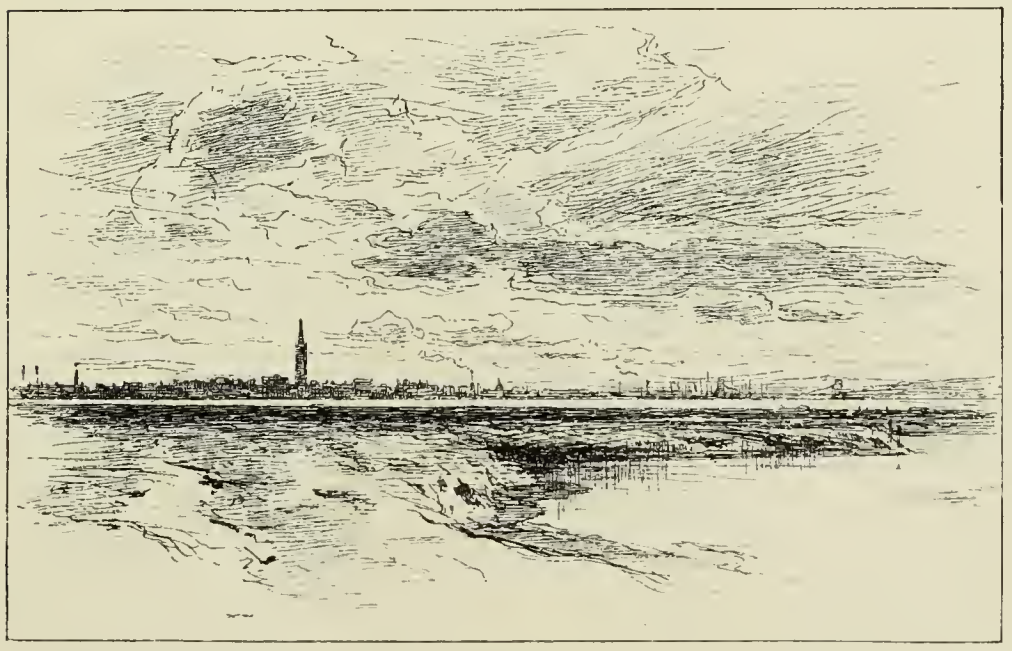
It would be most interesting to publish examples of all this work, though it was not done for process, if the original drawings could have been obtained; but in many cases they could not have been rendered satisfactorily by photo-engraving, not through any fault of process engraving but because the artists worked without knowledge of it, while the reproductions of the engravings would only prove the possibilities of process for reproducing wood-engravings, and nothing about the drawings. Therefore, interesting as it would be, and difficult as it is for me to resist showing them, to do so is not within the limits of this book. Those which have been included in this edition are mainly from original drawings, mostly in private collections, which the owners or artists have kindly allowed me to use.

Frederick Shields lent me a photograph from one of his designs for Defoe's *Plague*, which is almost Rembrandtesque in its feeling of light and shade. That little six-penny book was better done sixty years ago than anything we are doing today.

From Defoe's "Plague." F. Shields

PEN DRAWING IN ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT SIR GEORGE REID

SIR GEORGE REID'S pen work contained all the subtleties and refinements of a most delicate etching, drawn on a piece of paper no larger than this reproduction—for his drawings are mostly done the same size as their reproductions. Sir George told me that he made a pencil drawing from nature, then from this worked out an elaborate study in pen and ink of the proposed size of its reproduction. The photo-engraver tells you your work must be reduced to get fineness; here is the most positive refutation of such statements. Yet see how well this design prints.



MUIRHEAD BONE AND D. Y. CAMERON

THESE very skillful and prodigiously successful artists have made many pen drawings and still make them, breaking away from Reid and the traditions of their contemporaries that went back to the early British water colorists, working a combination of wash and line really as Claude had done. There is a strength and directness about their work, a valuable lesson and a valuable contrast to most of the modern drawings imitating the old men we can see around us. There is

no reason why work should not be done in this manner if the artist does not get too mannered. Both Bone and Cameron have illustrated books with pen drawings. Note the difference between Bone and Reid's styles.

ALFRED PARSONS

ALFRED PARSONS transgressed almost every law of pen drawing. There is no shorthand about his work, there is no suggestion in line; but he has with a pen succeeded where everyone else has failed. His pen work has the richness and fullness of color and the delicacy of handling of an etching, combined with the utmost elaboration that could be obtained with color. When a man can carry pen drawing to this perfection of completeness, there is no reason why he should not, provided the result is, as with Parsons, artistic. With other men, however, it is usually labored and artless.

The manner in which he arrived at this mastery of pen drawing was by regarding it as no less serious a medium than any other, by studying the light and shade of his subject as in the drawing at Long Marston, by seeking for tone and color where other men strive for line. Note the drawing of the distant trees, the curves of each leaf in the foreground plants of the drawings, and the character which he puts into the stem and leaf and blossom of every plant he renders. His drawings of plant forms are full of decorative feeling. He was a perfect combina-

tion of decorator and illustrator just like the old men. If he gives you an eighteenth-century initial, you may be sure it has come from the best authority, just as you know, if you are a botanist, that his flowers are right. But work like Parsons' can only be produced by the most careful study from nature. As a general rule, Rico's methods are much better, and they are more difficult to follow, because Rico is a great analyst, and the analytical faculty is probably rarer than that of complete rendering. But Parsons possesses this latter quality, as well as that of decoration, to a greater degree than any modern pen draughtsman. The drawings are made on smooth Whatman paper with inks more or less diluted with water. Their great feature is not the skill with which they are done, but the truth with which everything is drawn, and the marvellous manner in which difficulties hitherto considered insurmountable by pen draughtsmen have been overcome. The plate from *She Stoops to Conquer* is the best example of decorative realism that I could possibly show. The shield and the lettering might be the work of a decorator of Goldsmith's or Gibbons' day. But no one has ever made such studies of roses as those which surround and build up this most original title. The flowers grow across the design with all that feeling for curve and line which the old men knew and felt, which poor moderns know nothing about, and could not draw if they did know. But ignorance is bliss to the ignorant and incom-

From Harper's Magazine.

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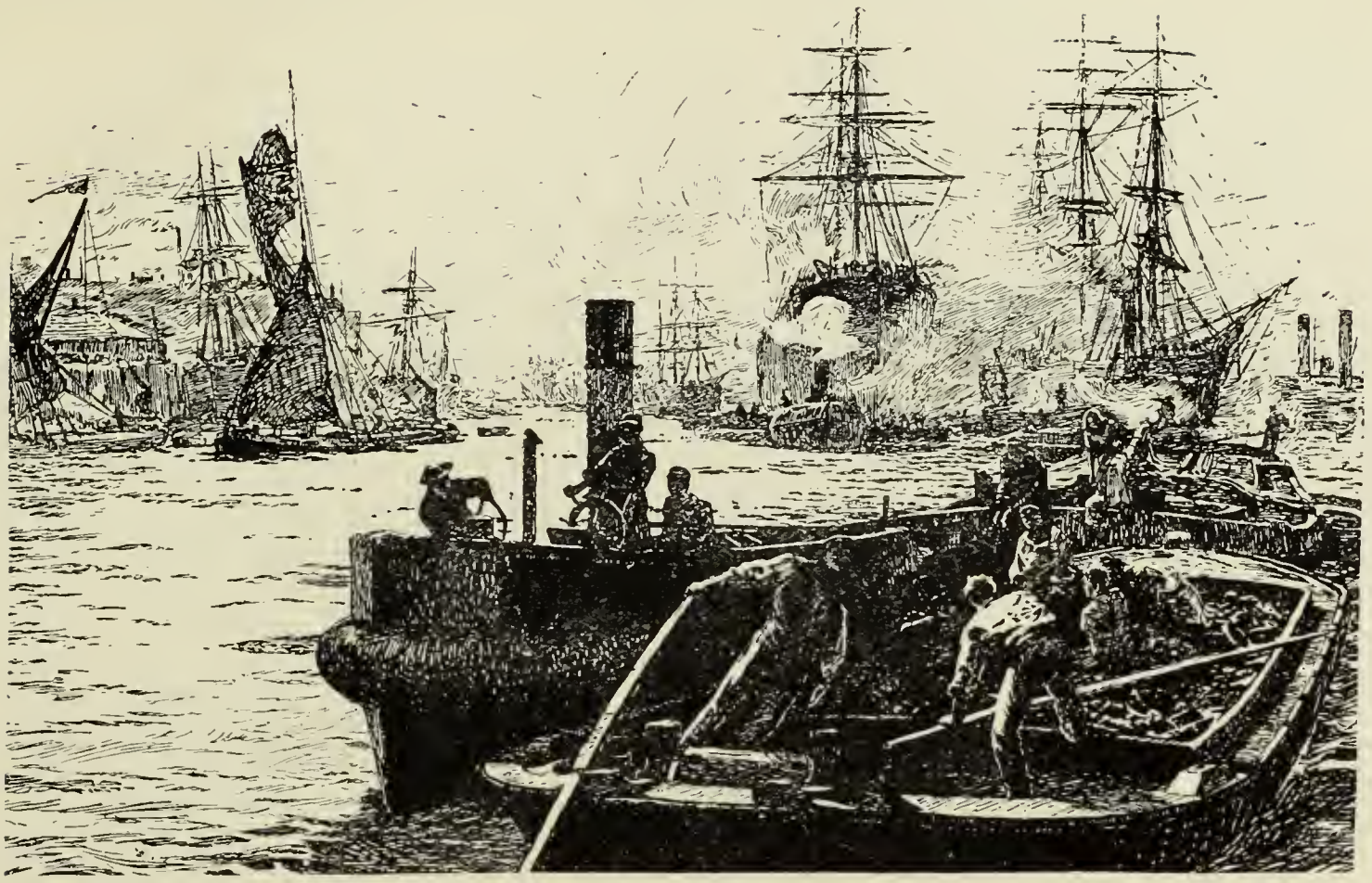
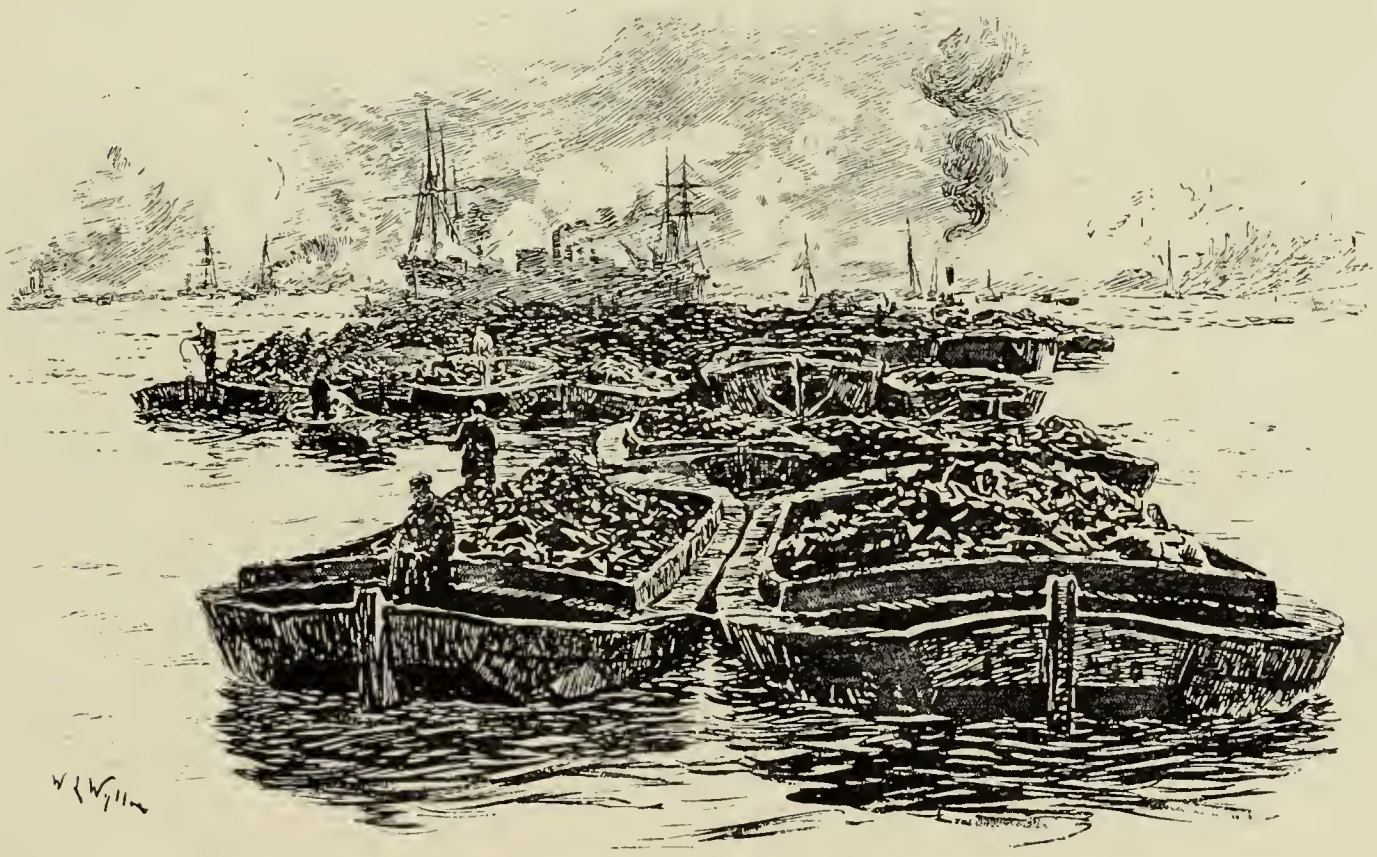
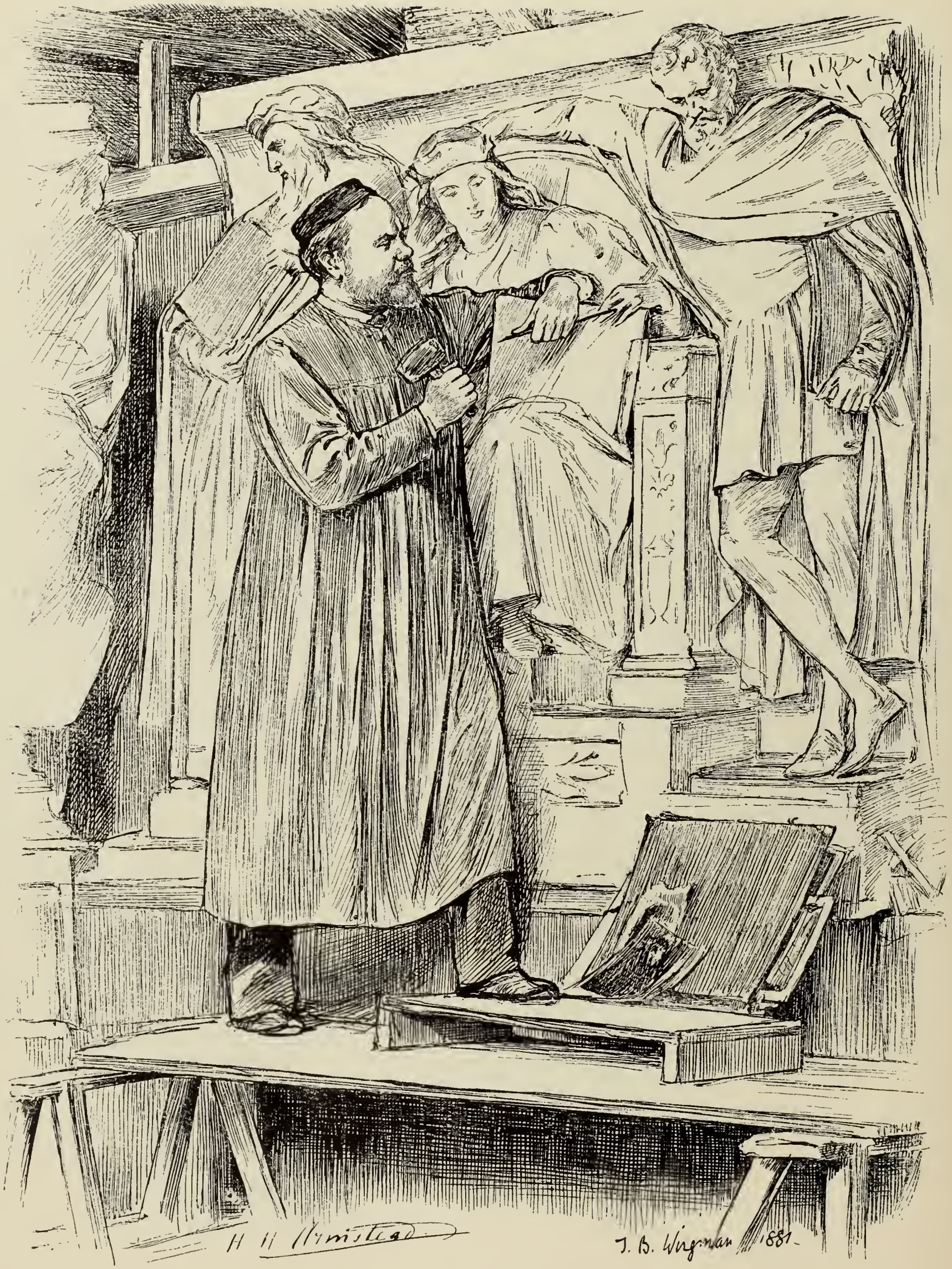
petent. Parsons' work contains vital lines, but they are hidden among the flowers, and each spray and each flower and each leaf is worked out in a manner unknown before our time.

The Stoops
to Conquer
or
The Mistakes
of a Night
A Comedy.



WYLLIE has made the Thames his own. These drawings done largely, freely, and boldly, mainly with a quill pen, show not only his command of the pen, but his knowledge of the construction of boats, the movement and swing of the water and the effect of sunlight shining through the bright but misty and smoky atmosphere of the river. The quill and brush have both been used. Where the roulette work is seen, it indicates his greyish brush marks.




H H Armistead
J. B. Wigman 1881

THESE drawings by Blake Wirgman differ as much in style as in subject, but are alike in their mastery of method. The portrait of Mrs. Smeaton, after Reynolds, though apparently knocked off, is full of knowing suggestion of the modelling and color of the original. In the other, of Armstead, the sculptor, he has expressed himself by line. Dantan in his drawing of a similar subject shows color; Wirgman uses pure line, by which he gets suggestion of color and indicates the surfaces. He makes the fewest lines tell with the greatest effect. This drawing and others of English sculptors, engraved on wood and much reduced, appeared in *The Century* years ago. They don't print such drawings now. Is there any one in this country who could make them? That I do not know, but I do know that Wirgman is still alive, but you see his drawings as rarely as those of other good men.

WALTER CRANE furnished me with this design as a characteristic example of his illustrative work. His manner of working he also told me was to make with lead-pencil or chalk a more or less elaborate study of his subject, with a great and proper idea of its decorative value, on a piece of paper of the proposed size of the final drawing. He then made a tracing from this and worked it out in pen and ink. The drawing was scarcely larger than the reproduction. There is nothing gained by reducing his work; in fact, I think the nearer the original size it is reproduced the better it comes. Curiously, too, the more it is enlarged the better it tells and prints to the space it fills.

The feeling of long sweeping lines and the suggestion of modelling in the drawing are very fine. But when we look at the lines of which the drawing is composed, and compare them with the work of men whom Crane considers to be the ideal draughtsmen, we find that, in his reverence for them, he seeks to perpetuate even the defects and imperfections which, had they been able, they would have been the first to overcome. These defects were really due to the undeveloped stage of engraving and printing, when there were endless mechanical difficulties which the woodcutter and the printer could not surmount. But in the preservation of the defects of these early draughtsmen Crane seems to be quite as faithful as in his admiration of their perfections. Again, when we compare his cross-hatching and shadow lines with the work either of the early Italians or of Dürer, for example, we find that he does not work with the care for each individual line which characterized their autographic drawing, that is, their etched work or the work they engraved on metal, which, and not the woodcutting done by pupils or assistants, is equivalent to the pen drawing of today. This can be most clearly seen in the woman's face or the shadow of the man's back where Crane has got in a mess and scribbled over it instead of carefully drawing it. The effect is quite right, but the student who followed the lines would most certainly come to grief. But Crane's decorative feeling is fine and he gets good color effect. Crane's best work was done for the Kelmscott Press and engraved on wood by W. H. Hooper.

He repeatedly told me and seemed to think that process cannot reproduce his work, though he found this reproduction satisfactory. Nothing could really be easier to reproduce by process than his drawings, were it not that he used a very poor ink, getting in the result, notably in the shadows on the armor which express the modelling of the man's back, instead of the grey he wanted, a black line, the true quality of which can only be obtained by the most minute, laborious, and careful hand-work, either in process or woodcutting, though this could be avoided by adopting either the line of Dürer or the style of the pen draughtsmen of today. For example, Howard Pyle's work shows admirably what I mean. As it is, Crane's drawings cannot be reproduced without this elaborate and useless expenditure of time on the part of the wood-engraver or the photo-engraver. Other work by Walter Crane is reproduced in the Chapter on Decoration. Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon,too, have made remarkable drawings, but on wood.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE
TELLETH ARTHVR OF THE
SWORD EXCALIBVR

AVB

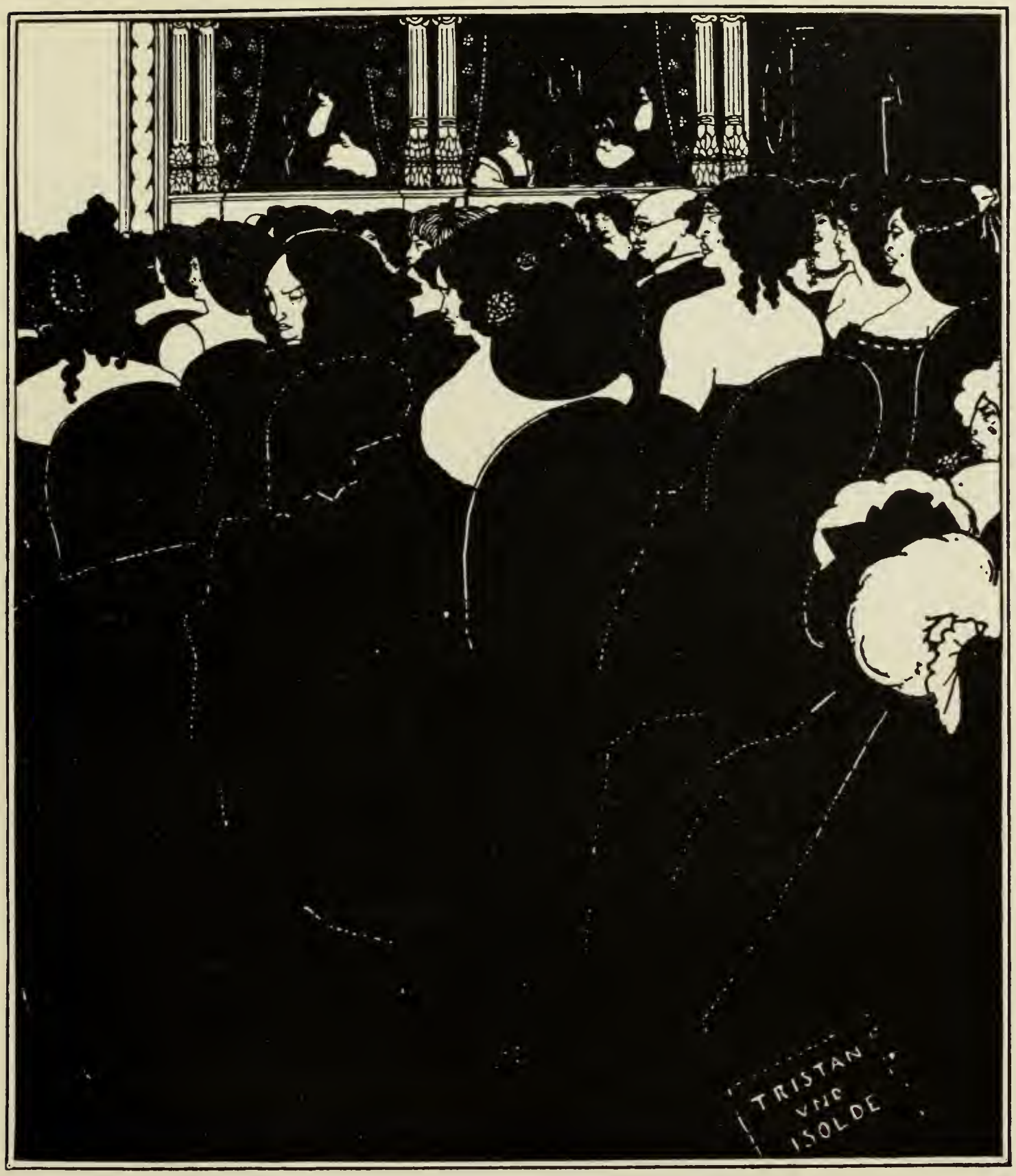
AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE very great number of drawings which Beardsley is said to have done makes their perfection of execution all the more remarkable. Though artists may be struck with a man's earliest work, and though the creator of it may, and frequently does, never produce anything better, one usually waits until he is dead, or discouraged, before any visible sign of appreciation is granted him.

But whether Aubrey Beardsley's work was appreciated or despised—and my only fear was that he would suffer from over-appreciation and enthusiasm—his work shows decisively the presence of an artist, whose illustration is quite as remarkable in its execution as in its invention—a very rare combination. It is most interesting to note, too, that though Beardsley took his motives from every age, and founded his styles on all schools, he has not been carried back into the fifteenth century, or succumbed to the limitations of Japan; he recognized that he lived in the last decade of

the nineteenth century, and he availed himself of mechanical reproduction for the publication of his drawings, which the Japs and the Germans would have accepted with delight had they but known of it. Beardsley recognized that decoration means, not the production of three or four fine stock designs, and the printing of these in books, to which they have no relation, on a hand-press; but that decoration should be the individual and separate production of designs which really illustrate or decorate the page for which they were made, and that the artistic value of such designs is not lessened by the fact that they are quite as well, if not better, printed by steam than they have ever been by hand.

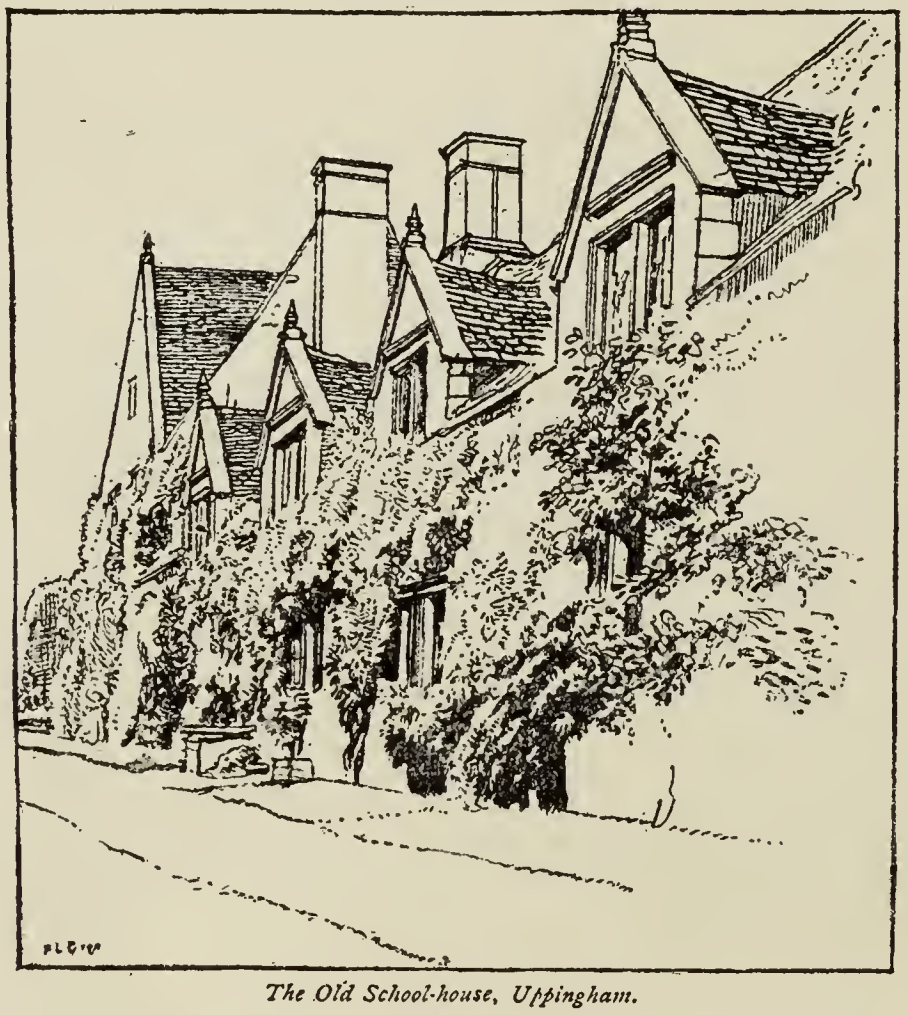
Although in all of Beardsley's drawings which I have seen there are signs of other men's influence, I know no reason why this influence should not be apparent if the inventor of what we may consider the type is worthy to imitate. Some of his head and tail pieces, notably one of men in armor, seem to me, in execution as well as design, quite equal to the best fifteenth-century work. Then, too, his little landscapes are altogether delightful; though they are conventional in the right sense, they are not imitations. But most interesting of all is his use of the single line, with which he weaves his drawings into a harmonious whole, joining extremes and reconciling what might be oppositions



leading, but not forcing, you properly to regard the concentration of his motive. In his blacks, too, he has obtained a singularly interesting quality, and always disposes them so as to make a very perfect arabesque.

I wrote the foregoing on the faith of the drawings and prints that I was shown when Beardsley first appeared, because I knew they were the work of a man—a boy—who had done something to carry on tradition—but I did not know if he would do anything more. And I did know that often an article is a refuge, a safe harbor for one who can only repeat what he has done, and never tries after to go on. So I hedged. But Beardsley was not of that sort—he went on.

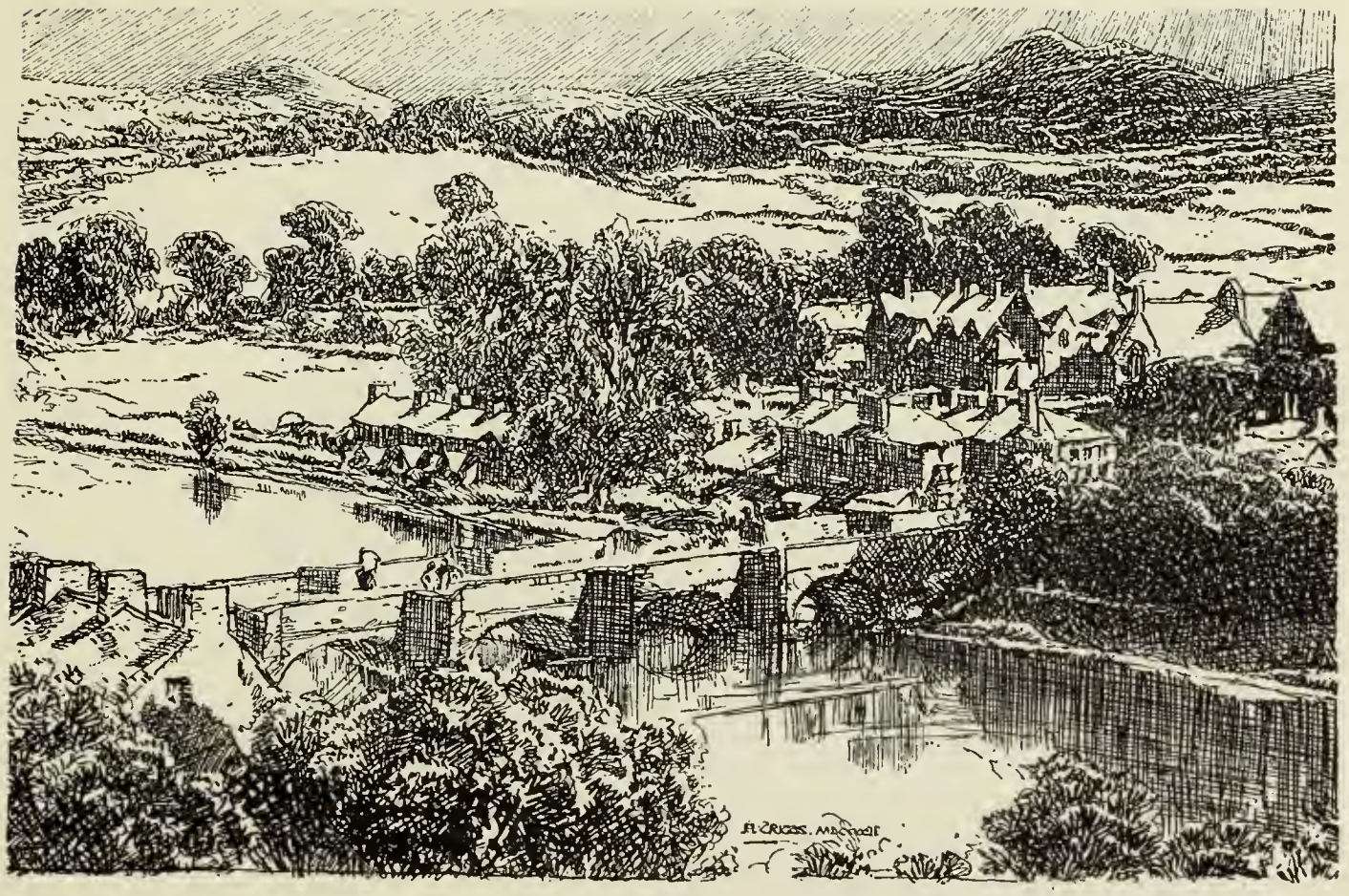
He and Henry Harland started *The Yellow Book*. I did not believe it would succeed, but it did, and in it Beardsley came into his own. Then, or maybe it was before, he illustrated *Salome*—and then came the *Rape of the Lock*, which proved him, as Whistler said, and the world acknowledged, "a great artist," and won him fame. Then came the *Volpone*, and before it was finished came death; but he has builded himself an enduring monument in his work. And two English boys whom the gods loved died young—John Keats and Aubrey Beardsley. They died, and from the same cause, the hatred and spite of their contemptible contemporaries, but their names and their works live; they are amongst the glorified in English art and English letters. Beardsley built better than he knew, but he knew better than I, and it is good to know now that one had a part in those wonderful days in that wonderful world—which is gone but never will be forgotten, though it is never to return. The world of art and letters is dead.



The Old School-house, Uppingham.

F. L. GRIGGS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN for many years have been issuing a glorified series of guide books, *Highways and Byways*, and Mr. Griggs has illustrated many of them with good, strong work—from simple direct line to complicated arrangements, in which he has used pencil and chalk; the results are very interesting. The artist began by working rather in the manner of Mr. New, but has long ago developed a style of his own, which has distinction and character.



Brecon Bridge.

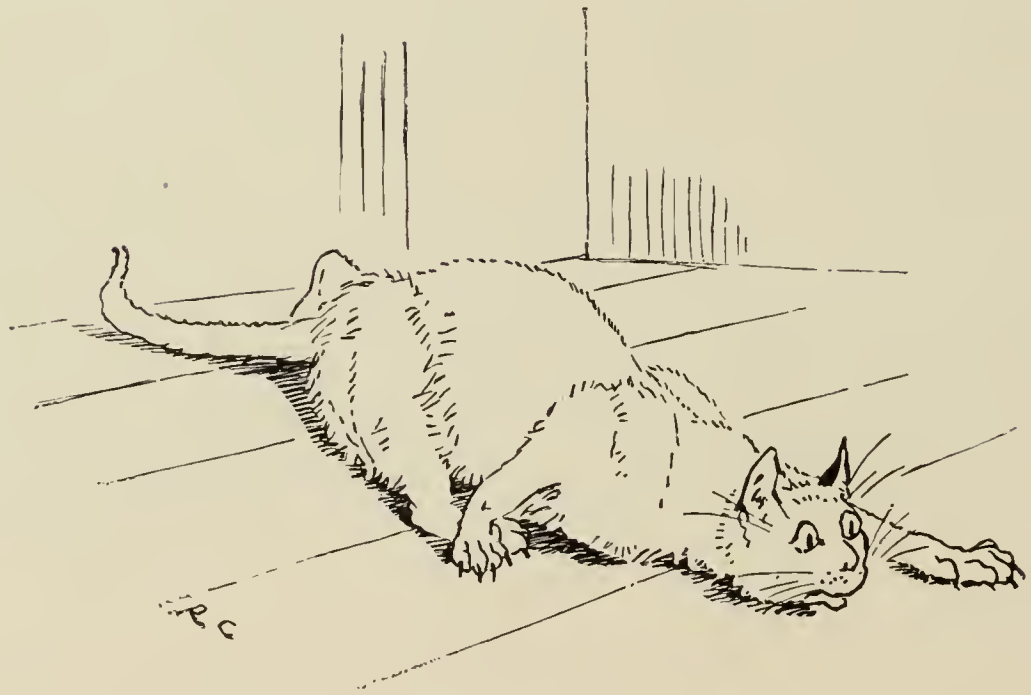
Newport Castle.

A. LEGROS

LEGROS, like an old master—and he was called "a belated old master"—tried all sorts of mediums and methods, and though he has kept the feeling of the early Italian engravers and added to the head a bit of Holbein, he has drawn it so that it engraves very well by process. This is the right way to work. The design is simple and dignified and not overloaded with mediævalism, as is much of his work. Note the relief of the white on black.

WALTER SICKERT

MR. SICKERT'S study of George Moore is not only an excellent portrait of George Moore in full bloom, but a very careful study of lighting. The shadow on the left cheek has come too dark, otherwise the reproduction is admirable. The light on the hair was obtained by scratching away the ink with an eraser. This is one of the few decent drawings he ever did. The drawings he does today I have no use for, but critics worship them. This one has character.



THERE is a side to Caldecott's drawing which, though it has been almost altogether ignored, is really the only side to be considered by the student. This is his power of showing expression and action by a few lines, often by a single line of his brush used as a pen. There is no one in England who has ever equalled him in this, and I very much doubt if any one anywhere ever surpassed him. I do not see how it would be possible to give with fewer lines the intense expression of the cat stealthily approaching the mouse. But curiously enough, although there are several other cats in *The House That Jack Built*, there is not one which comes near it, unless, perhaps, I except the cat worried by the dog in which, however, the dog is characterless, while the intense expression which characterizes the cat I give is wanting in all the others.

Again, has anybody ever given such a delightful absurdity as this of the dog, who to gain some private ends, went mad and bit the man? It is the concentration of action and expression. Could anything be finer than the two dots for eyes which glitter with madness, or the aimless expression of the fore paws and the undecided pose of the whole body? You have not an idea in which direction the dog will spring, but you are very sure you ought to get out of the way. The big dog, too, sitting among broken pots and plates, is fine, but Caldecott simply could not work out a foreground. When a man draws plants and flowers and grass, I at once compare him with Alfred Parsons; if he cannot give them so well as Parsons, it is useless for the student to turn to his work. Parsons worked from nature; Caldecott out of his head.

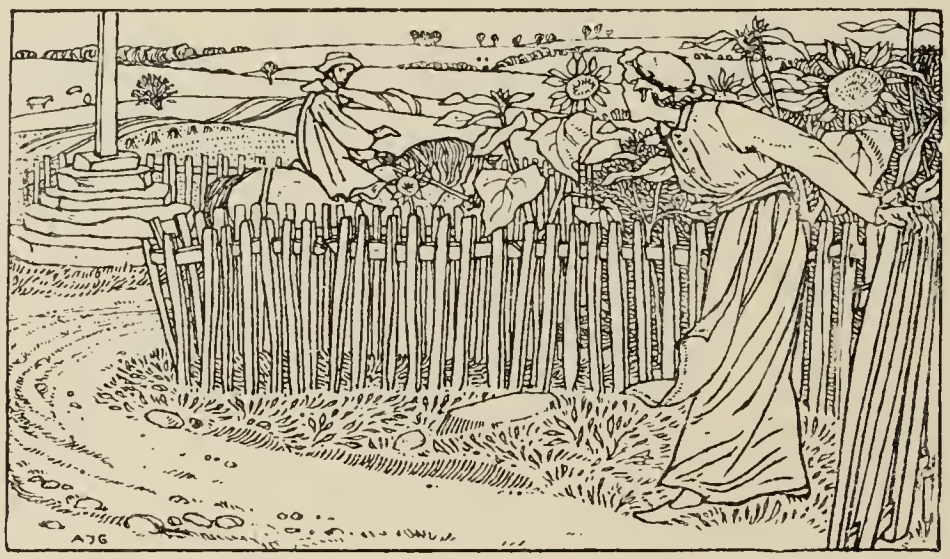
Caldecott's drawings were done with a brush used as a pen, in sepia or some other liquid color. But unless the printing is in brown, as in the Picture Books and *Æsop's Fables*, it is impossible to give any idea of his work. It cannot be reproduced in its proper value, and absolutely the only object in using this brown ink is to make work for engravers and color-printers. Edmund Evans engraved, as far as I know, all the color-work of Caldecott, with whom his name has come to be very closely associated. The work of Caran D'Ache is done with a pen in black ink, and the flat color washes, which he, like Caldecott, uses are lithographed or processed. This method is far simpler and the colors seem to keep in their places better.

It would be almost impossible to give a better idea of bounding free motion than in this stag from the *Æsop*, with the whole of Scotland stretching away behind him, though probably the lines in the shadow were better in the original drawing. Then look at the happy fox after he has fooled the stork, and the innocent young lamb, probably just before he entered on his discussion with the wolf. Take this lamb technically, I cannot conceive of anything more innocent and childlike; it would be simply absurd to attempt to copy such a drawing and yet everything you want is in it. It shows Caldecott's marvellous power in expressing a whole story in a few lines, technically worthless for any one else; in his hands perfect. But the minute he went beyond this expression in pure

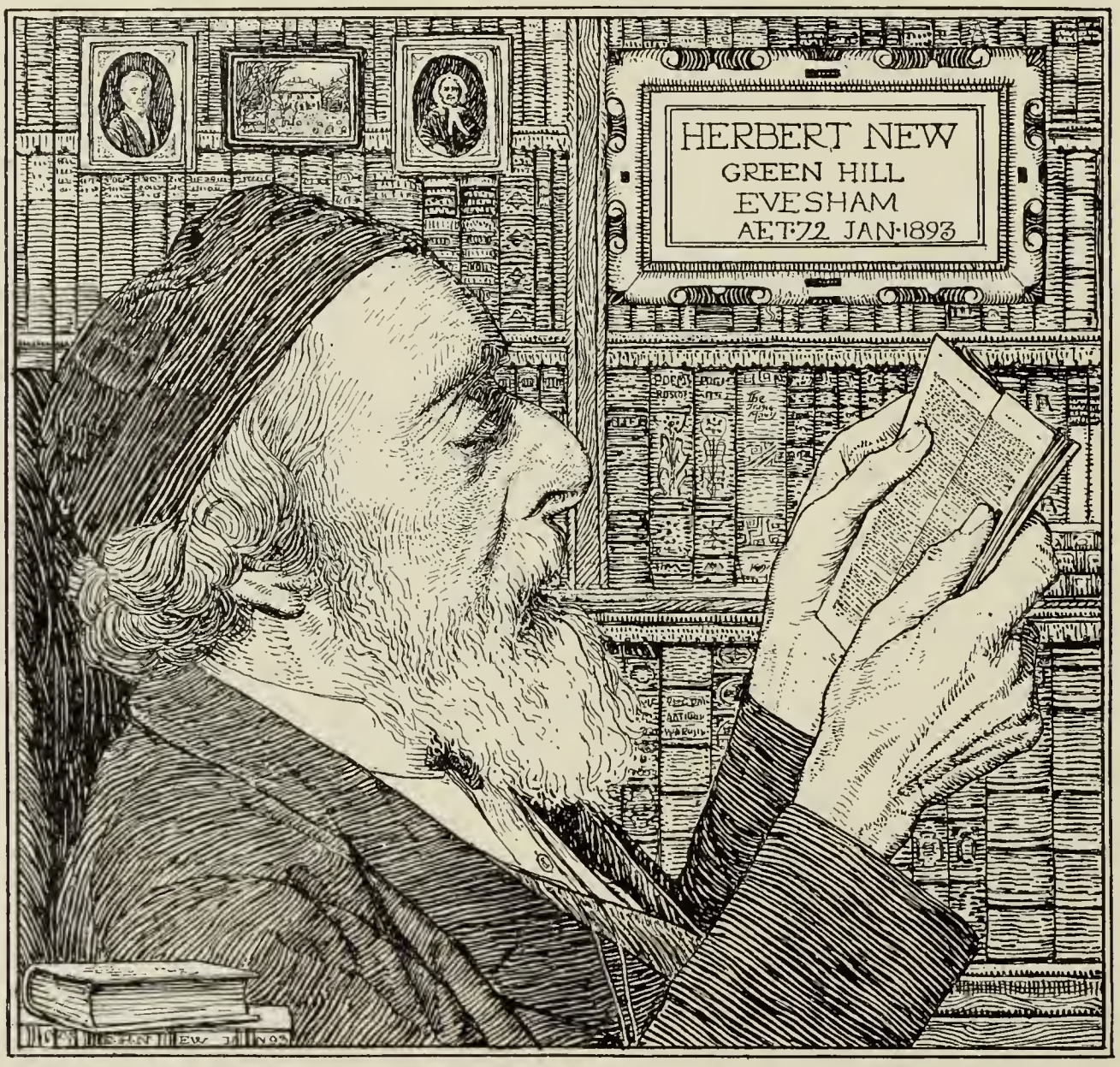
outline, only to be surpassed by the cleverness of handling of Caran D'Ache and the Japanese, he began to fall off. Caldecott was not able to express with many lines what he could indicate with one. If a man can express so much in one line as he did, he is really great; no one can follow him. If you have the same ability, you can do the same thing in your way; if you have not, your imitation of his way is sure to be artless and valueless. I know it will be said that there are cases in which Caldecott drew figures and elaborated landscape well; perhaps there are, but they are very rare exceptions, and even in these exceptions his work cannot be compared with Charles Keene. What I want to show is every man's best work, and what I have shown is, I think, Caldecott's.

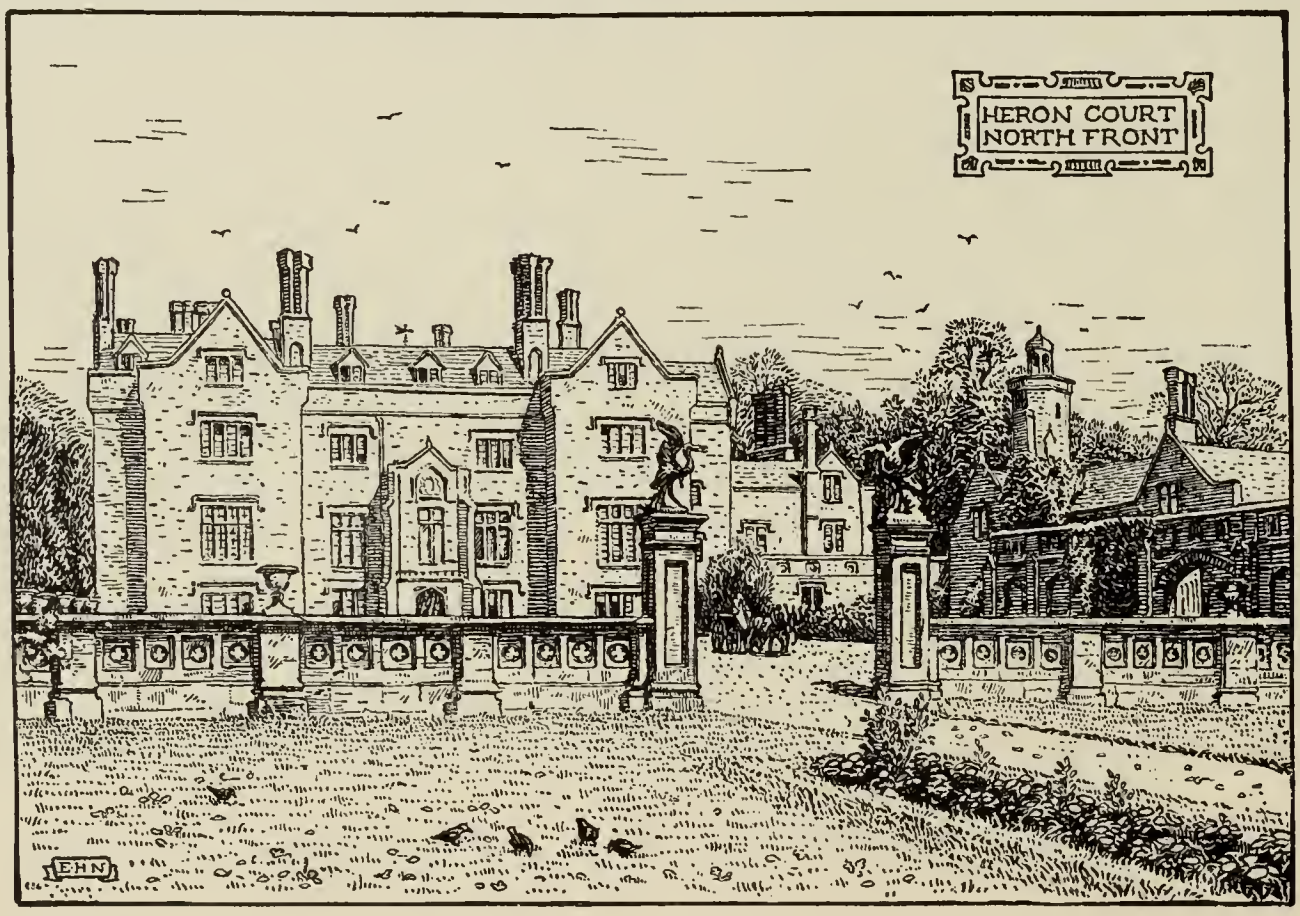
THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL

I AM very glad to have the opportunity of including the work of several members of what was called the Birmingham School. These artists set up a standard for themselves, and endeavored to follow out their beliefs. Their theory is (though after all it is but the scheme of Morris and Crane), that all illustration must be decorative—conventional. That it must harmonize in color and in line with the type, and that it must be printed simply and naturally with it. That all realism, all mechanical improvements are excluded as out of place in a book. That pictures, which they hold are not decorative, that is conventional, in black and white, are to be kept in portfolios or hung on walls. That all work should be so



THE MODEST ROSE PUTS FORTH A THORN
THE HUMBLE SHEEP A THREATNING HORN
WHILE THE LILY WHITE SHALL IN LOVE DELIGHT
NOR A THORN NOR A THREAT STAIN HER BEAUTY BRIGHT


HERBERT NEW
GREEN HILL
EVESHAM
AET·72 JAN·1893


HERON COURT
NORTH FRONT
EHN

drawn that it can be printed on hand-made paper, without overlays or other aids. And finally, that the decoration is but a part of the page of no more importance than the type, and that to the spacing of the type and placing of the blocks the greatest care should be given. Having placed these limitations on themselves, they have gone to work in their own way, and here are the results. I respect their self-restraint in so limiting themselves, but what is gained I fail to see, or how a work of art can be anything but decorative—if it is a work of art—whether conventional or not. In this work there is great danger of mannerism and monotony.

The Birmingham School, like the Glasgow School, broke down. New alone survived, and after illustrating work for Morris and a fine edition of *Walton's Angler*, went to Oxford and devoted himself for years to drawing the colleges, making a series of Loggan Views, a worthy and well-done work.

THERE are very few men in this world about whose work every one has now a good word to say. But Charles Keene was and deserved to be one of the few. Whistler is another. Yet during his life he was scarce known. His style was always excellent; his subjects interesting or amusing, and he always strove to improve on his own methods. No draughtsman in England reached such a high standard; maintained it, and continually tried to improve it. I am not even certain whether the first drawing was made with a pen, for the pen quality has been entirely cut out of it. But I have seen so many exactly like it done with a pen, that I think it probably was. At any rate, it is an example of very good line-work; in the study of character in the two figures, in the modelling of the ground, and in the suggestion of distant landscape. There is absolutely no reason why I should have selected this particular drawing, as in the case of Du Maurier's early work all are good, but unlike Du Maurier, Keene went on and on—did not play down to the artless—but up to the artists, and even they till after his death had little idea what a great man he was—the greatest English artist since Hogarth, said Whistler. Yet Keene, the greatest British artist since Hogarth, was unrecognized by his contemporaries. Those drawings which appeared in *Punch* during the last few weeks of his life are equally good, if not better; and, indeed, thirty years of *Punch* are a record of Keene's efforts to produce the best

character sketching in the best possible manner. His methods were those of extreme simplicity and directness of work, thought in composition, attention to modelling, and care in arrangement. There are living, moving, modelled figures in the clothes they wear. Owing to the fact that he used grey ink when drawing for the engraver, washes here and there, and introduced pencil work, no line process save photogravure will give a better result than the wood-engraving by Swain.

The other example has never been published before, and shows the man's work done some sixty years ago—the real Keene—which never could have been properly cut on wood, though it now comes perfectly by process. It is one of the most interesting drawings in the book. It shows exactly what Keene would have done had process been able to reproduce him when he made the drawing. Many other examples will be found in my study of *Charles Keene and His Work*.

L. RAVEN HILL

MR. HILL is a man of many moods. He has studied all methods and all styles. The baby certainly owes its inspiration to the Japanese, but the observation is as true and intelligent as the handling is direct and simple. In the other there are reminiscences of Keene and of Forain, as well as of Deal. But the composition is his own. The characters of the dealer and his "client" are well rendered; the architectural features are well put together; and the glimpse up the street adds interest, but does not detract from the story. Color is indicated, and form, as in the fish, is carefully attended to. Mr. Hill, I believe, does not work to a great extent from nature, or even models, but depends on his memory and his observation, and in his work they do not often fail him. He is now compelled, however, to make dreary cartoons for that dreary paper *Punch*—which owns him.

APARTMENTS TO LET
MAIN MINE
FISHMONGER

J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE

MR. PARTRIDGE has won for himself a place in English illustration, both by his *Punch* work and his book illustration. The drawing of the Italian is very good in expression, especially the face and hands; but I think it a pity he added the meaningless lines in the background. The other drawing, from Austin Dobson's *Proverbs in Porcelain*, is very graceful. One thing to be specially noted about Mr. Partridge's work is the clean, sharp manner in which it reproduces. It is almost improved by reproduction. He has become the leading cartoonist for *Punch*—but *Punch* is not the leading art weekly any longer, though still the admiration of the artless, especially in artless America.

EDGAR WILSON

WILSON proved conclusively, with these two drawings, that decorative work need not be conventional, although the summing up of the conventions of all time is to be found in all good work. The arrangement of big sweeping lines is very fine. Although Wilson was learned in Japanese art, there is no undue obtrusion of it here. He was only known to artists till his death. His best work is in the *Butterfly*, a little known journal of the nineties.

PHIL MAY

NO man in England had so great an influence on modern illustration as Phil May. It is very easy to account for this—no man is easier to imitate superficially, no man more difficult to follow really, so keen is his appreciation of character, so subtle his delineation of it. But his style of handling has been universally borrowed. The contrast of white and black, the backing up of thin lines by masses of thick ones, and his knowing simplification of drapery and use of big black spaces—these methods have been almost universally appropriated. But his power of drawing and his sense of humor are unrivalled. Nothing more amusing could be imagined than the legend to What's the Row? However, in this it seems to me he has carried his simplification too far. But the Old Parson is almost perfect, while the Reminiscence of the Pelican adds faithful protraiture to its many other merits. Yet the portraits are not insisted upon, they are in their

right places, while the use of line and solid color is most knowing. May's simplicity of style was got by endless work. A sheet of tracing paper laid on the apparently finished drawing and some lines omitted or added—it was by this slow method that he gave the impression of rapid work. Methods are often deceptive.

"Wot's the row up the court, Bill?"
"Bob Smith was kissing my wife and 'is old woman caught him."

SAMBOURNE at one time was very popular in *Punch*, but his best work was done for *Kingsley's Water Babies*. Tenniel was a great cartoonist for the artless and so was Leech, yet artistically they are forgotten—Leech altogether, while Tenniel is remembered, like Sambourne, for his children's books, his delightful *Alice in Wonderland*. All of these men's work, however, is hard and liny, but they got character into their conceptions and will live—or the people in the books live by the artists. But save for extreme care I do not commend them as pen draughtsmen.

Process Block by Dawson

Wood Engraving by Swain

Of Sambourne's composition, which is always good, his drawing of the lobster and the small boy looking at it, from the *Water Babies*, is characteristic; that is, his combination of human figures and animal forms, often very grotesque. This large lobster drawing was done in such poor ink it would not have come by process. The pages of *Punch* are filled with such drawings. It would be almost useless for the student to copy his work, because, owing to this conventional treatment, he would only obtain an exceedingly weak Sambourne.

His drawings, to use an illustrator's phrase, are sure to make a hole in the page. His effects are almost always novel and catch your eye and interest you, even though the subject is very

local. This is as it should be, for if a drawing is done in an interesting manner the subject is of minor importance. But it is for the pleasing fantastic medley which he produces in an impossible book like the *Water Babies*, that Sambourne's work interests the world, whether the subject is understood or not.

W. DEWAR

I HAVE only seen two of Mr. Dewar's drawings, but this one is good enough to make any man's reputation, and I am glad to have the chance of including it. The design is ably rendered, full of character and go, and is worth study.

PUBLISHED in 1865. I only chose this drawing because it was one of the first which appealed to me when studying Du Maurier's work in *Punch*. I might have shown a hundred others of that period as delightful but different. And yet with these drawings, at times printed in the same number or even on the opposite page, we find the Du Maurier of modernity whom I am utterly unable to understand. In saying this, I refer to his use of a mechanical cross-hatch to express almost all sorts of surfaces and of one type of face, and to his conventional and mannered drawing of landscape. But it seems to me that in the beginning his mannerisms must have been imposed upon him by the engravers, and they ruined all his drawings. Du Maurier did not commence as a comic draughtsman. There is no comic element or humor in his early drawings, nor, for that matter, in many of his later ones. But every artist would wonder at his early technique, his expression, and the grace he got out of the so-called inartistic dresses of the sixties. No effect seems to have been impossible to him. He tried in his early drawings to render daylight and nightlight; he worked in all sorts of styles. There is one set of drawings in *Punch* in which you find Du Maurier burlesquing the Pre-Raphaelite movement so seriously as to be almost Pre-Raphaelite himself. In this series he is as good as any of the German comic symbolists; but he is quite as English as they are German. In the early days of

Punch he was a technician. He cared hardly at all for the story he was telling, but he cared infinitely for the way in which he drew it. Du Maurier possessed the power of showing beauty in the most commonplace and uninteresting subjects. It is almost impossible to analyze this. One has simply got to feel it for one's self in the delightful way in which the uninteresting folds of the woman's gown are worked out; in the suggestion of modelling in the man's trousers, and in the study of light and shade on the polished leather of the lounge.

His last work reproduced perfectly by process, and I should imagine, from the look of the wood-engravings in *Punch*, that the old work—a drawing like this, for example—would have come equally well, in fact much more truly than by wood-engraving. Toward the close of his life his drawings were reproduced almost entirely by process, not only in the pages of *Punch*, but in the illustrations to his stories printed in *Harper's Magazine;* but his later stories, like his later drawings, only appealed to people unable to see a good thing when they saw it.

WILLIAM SMALL

TWO studies, one for a drawing and the other made at the Langham Sketching Club. There are few save Mr. Small and other of the older men who could carry out designs with such exquisite feeling, to say nothing of making such studies; or, if any could make such studies he would at once consider them finished work and exhibit them and be praised. But in the sixties illustration was a more

serious profession, which artists were encouraged by intelligent editors to follow; not discouraged by unintelligent proprietors. Whether a brilliant study like this can be bettered by repeating and elaborating it, in another medium, is doubtful; but it proves at any rate the interest in their work and the desire to make that work as good as they could which animated the men who preceded us. The other example, the costume model, is a study at the Langham Sketch Club. The style of both resembles the early Keene's, Whistler's, and Du Maurier's. Who was the inventor of this style I do not know. But I do know that no more individual and interesting method of expression has ever been employed in England; it might almost be called a British style.

The drawings have not come very well, for the ink is faded and the paper has greyed with time; and, besides, process was unknown, wood-engravers were unable to follow these lines, and the drawings were made purely for the love of the thing.

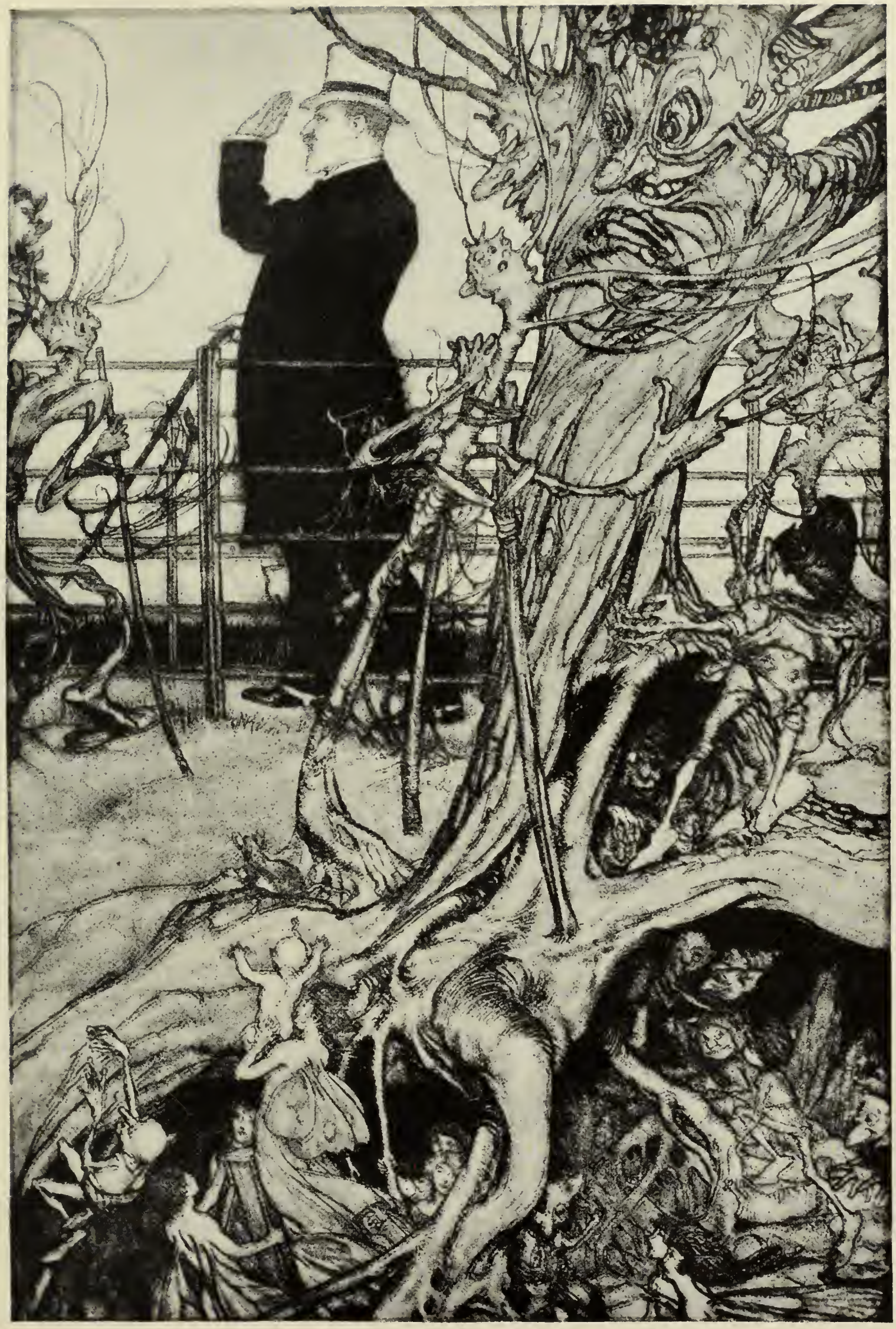
A. S. HARTRICK AND E. J. SULLIVAN

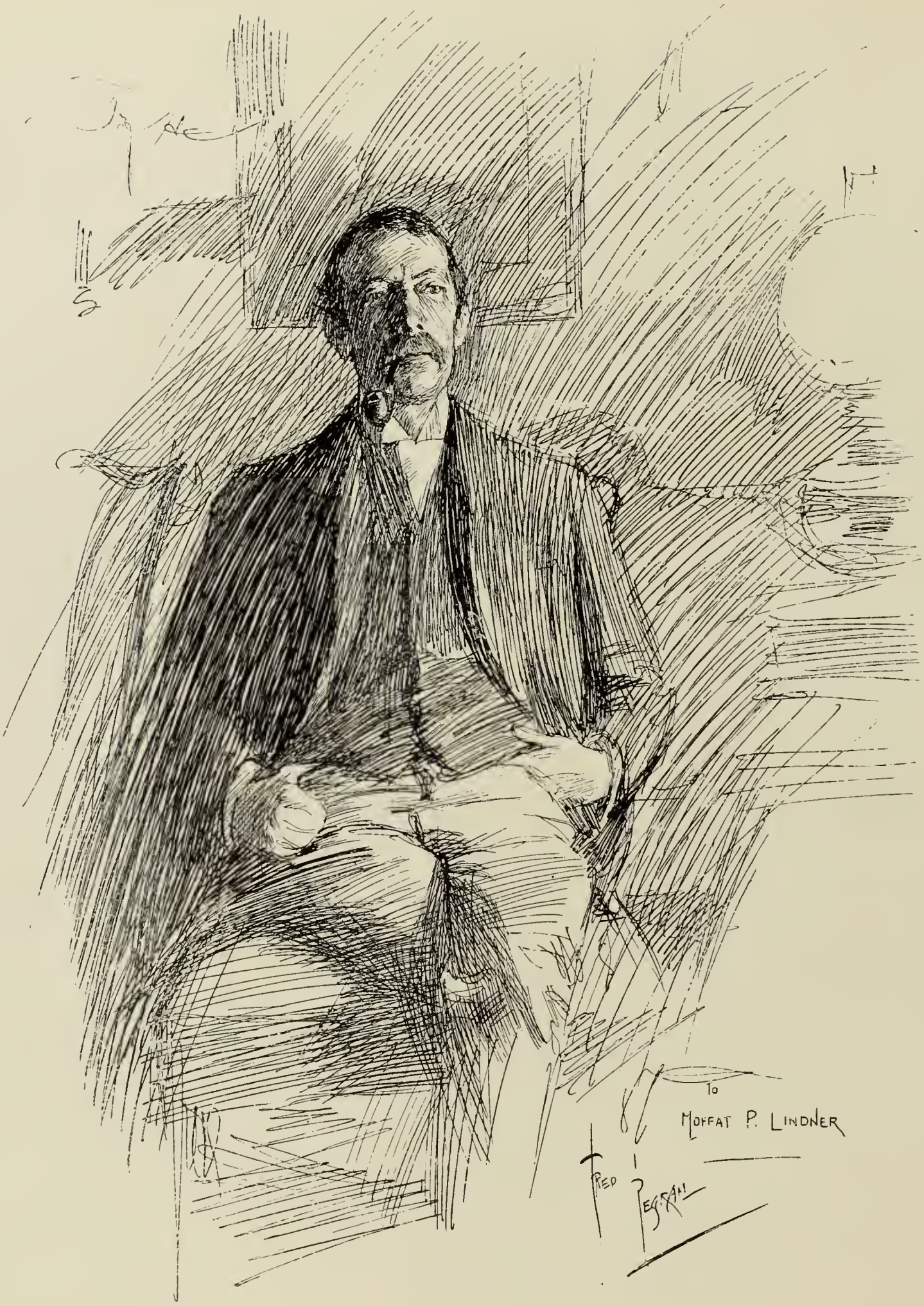
THESE two men started on the *Daily Graphic*. Both are notable for their understanding of what will print well. Mr. Sullivan has possibly more love for the medium and more sense of line, while Mr. Hartrick possibly expresses himself better in wash. But the reproductions are specially noteworthy as showing what admirable results can be obtained from line drawings by the half-tone process. They are the work of the Swan Engraving Company. Sullivan has, however, as a pen draughtsman far surpassed not only Hartrick, but any one in Great Britain; here we have no one to compare with him. His illustrations to Carlyle, Omar, Tennyson have won him international fame. Sullivan, May, Beardsley, and Bell have carried on the best tradition of British art. We have done little but cackle.

Sullivan has done more to carry on tradition than any man in England. He knows more of the history and practice of his craft than any other illustrator. He teaches, too, as well as works; he is the sort of teacher who is wanted and there are others like him in England—Anning Bell, Hartrick and Fletcher, who can practice what they preach. Sullivan has done a number of books in the last twenty years—a surprising number, but I think his *Sartor Resartus* is the finest, as he has combined in the drawing the methods of the old men with great modern skill. He has not that feeling for single line that

Beardsley had—he did not spring to fame like that boy. The book contains more variety of subjects than any other he has illustrated. No one has drawn the nude in pen and ink so well; no one has rendered armor and trappings and costume better; no one knows the value of blacks better; and above all no one understands better after his lifetime of training how to make a line or a series of lines that will print with type and become a part of it. Sullivan today in his way—which is not my way—is the most distinguished pen draughtsman living and every bit of his work is worth study. It is a model of good technical craft work.

RACKHAM is a follower of Sullivan, and I think he always will be a follower, though a much more prolific artist. Yet with him as with Sullivan there is one book, which for me, stands out above all his work—*Peter Pan*. I have never read the story, and don't know if Rackham has really illustrated it, but I do know that his Kensington Gardens and the other illustrations are masterpieces. Rackham begins his drawings in pen and ink and then puts slight washes of color on them, but fundamentally they are pen drawings. He is also absolutely sure what colors he should use, so that they will reproduce, and works with the photo-engraver and printer the right way, and the only way in which good work can be done or ever will be done. He experiments himself and experiments with the engravers and printers till he gets what he wants, the right way an artist should work.




To
MOFFAT P. LINDNER
FRED PEGRAM

FRED PEGRAM AND MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

IT is extremely interesting to have a chance of comparing the handling of virtually the same sort of subject by such accomplished technicians as Pegram and Greiffenhagen.

Both have chosen a single figure. Both these figures are lit up by artificial light—here the similarity ends. The methods used are absolutely different, and the results obtained totally unlike each other. This expression of individuality is just what makes pen drawing, and, in fact, all art, interesting, fascinating, true.

ENGLAND is just now in the throes of sham mediævalism, and but little good has come of it. This St. Cuthbert by R. Spence is the best thing which I have seen. There is better drawing in it and more intelligent study and careful research than in any design I have found since the 1860 period, still there is at present an army of almost brilliant men and women illustrating. Much of their work I should like to include, but there is no space.

MISS R. M. M. PITMAN

MISS PITMAN'S sense of color and line is excellent, her drawing of detail is remarkable, the study of hands is careful. Then, too, she arranges her subjects well. This theme of Apollo is as old as the world, and yet her rendering of it is quite new; and while she can draw with great care and elaboration when necessary, she can also suggest with style, directness, and simplicity, as in the horses, while there is much movement and lightness in the clouds. Her feeling for big lines, big masses is good, and it is not too much like the Japanese; the way in which the subject has been placed in the great field of black produces a most pleasing sensation of delicacy. Altogether Miss Pitman, who is one of the youngest of English illustrators, is one of the most interesting; she has something to say.

R. ANNING BELL

OF all the younger men who have been more or less influenced by the so-called decorative revival, no one is more interesting than Mr. Bell. He designs simply, straightforwardly, and well, suiting his style to his subject. His treatment of the landscape in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is, I think, as good as it can be, and his spacing and arrangement of blacks in his drawing and in the title most masterly. Mr. Bell has designed many book plates which are altogether charming, while he has made one series of toy books so well it is a pity he does not do more. His drawings are also in Chapter XI.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung: as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep or hearing, die.

KING HENRY VIII.

ENGLAND, a few years ago, possessed a great comic draughtsman without ever knowing it. If one heard Baxter's name mentioned, it was only with the prefix vulgar; for the commonplaceness, the vulgarity, or the triviality of a paper covers all its contributors, no matter what the merit of their contributions.

Baxter was allowed to die unknown and unrecognized by artists, though I imagine he was the delight of millions.

Baxter succeeded in accomplishing a wonderful performance. What share he had in the creation of *Ally Sloper*, whose parentage and early life are shrouded in mystery, I shall not pretend to decide. He saw *Sloper* grow and develop under his hands; he attracted an audience of admirers, and he kept them—a most difficult feat. Now that *Sloper* has become an established institution the retention of his followers is easy enough. The great mass of them, however, I fear, know nothing of Baxter.

Had Baxter simply been a caricaturist, I am afraid I could not have felt much interest in him; for I must admit that, as a general thing, I do not care much for this form of expression, unless technically it has something outside the subject to commend it. The American so-called comics are pitiful and pathetic, therefore they appeal to the dregs of the world dumped on this country.

Baxter's work, however, is strongly composed and excellently carried out. Nothing could be more difficult than to bring in, week after week, the same characters, put them in new situations, and make them appeal to the people—for Baxter was the people's artist more than any one else has ever been. And yet the handling of the design must appeal to a painter.

In this drawing there are but two details which seem to me out of harmony with the whole. Towzer is a little amazing from his prominence, and so is the striped bathing shirt in the other corner. But it must be remembered that every detail in, not only this drawing, but all Baxter's *Sloper* work—and all renderings of *Sloper*—has a mystic and symbolic meaning which it would tax a symbolist or uplift person to fathom, and is only to be comprehended by his constant followers.

This block was printed in *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, and it printed well—a paper which, probably, is not exactly considered by its publishers to be a model of the typographic art.

What a pity he died too soon to drive Pussy-Foot Johnson out of England; he could have stifled the squalls of that prophet. England was English then.

A Group on horseback.

MR. THOMSON in many ways improved before his death, especially in lightness of handling, and in understanding of the requirements of process. There is a mannerism about his work, a souvenir of Caldecott, whose work of the same sort Thomson long ago surpassed; Caldecott was no doubt the original man, Thomson the clever student; a student of a tradition which he improved on. Only when it came to Caldecott's great work, well, Thomson was not in it.

Railton retained his popularity and remained where he was. He had the same merits that I praised, and the same defects. He had enormous influence on contemporary illustration at one time, but alas, he and Thomson are scarcely known now to artists.

The most interesting of Railton's imitators is Holland Tringham, who is now working in a style for himself, but he, too, has been followed by endless imitators. His drawing of Cologne Cathedral is excellent, and though it is doubtful if Mr. Tringham ever saw Cologne, he has made good use of his material, probably a photograph. The Cathedral is intelligently drawn, and the town is well put in. See Chapter X.

MISS GREENAWAY did but little work in black and white; even these drawings, published in *Mavor's Spelling Books*, were printed in brown; and, though possessing all the characteristics of this most deservedly popular

artist, seem to call for a wash of color. I feel them to be more like key blocks, though good ones, for every line has a meaning and is rightly put down. They are engraved on wood by Edmund Evans, who has reproduced almost all her work. Kate Greenaway is interesting, is pretty, is popular, but she is not to be compared to Caldecott and Crane. Ruskin naturally preferred her to Keene.

PERCY KEMP

MR. KEMP has proved conclusively that sport is no enemy of art, and he has treated modern sport in a most masterly and yet most amusing fashion. In many ways the work is quite equal to that of Caran D'Ache. To find other examples one must mainly hunt for them in *Cycling*, an English paper.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

MR. HOUSMAN cares for the books he illustrates, and cares for the illustrations with which he decorates them. The arrangement of his pages in *The Goblin Market* proves this; and though at times one may find him too archaic, possibly striving too much after the primitive woodcut, still the result is interesting. His little text designs, head and tail pieces, are very charming, and one feels that he has studied Calvert and Blake intelligently, and not blindly.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER

A MAN who tried as many or more forms of art than nationalities, but he also made some interesting drawings, though mainly in wash, in the early numbers of the *Graphic*. He also attempted to pass off a number of pen drawings reproduced by photogravure, as some in this book are made, as etchings—a fraud which was exposed in his case—though in that of some others it was concealed. But etchings have a value and so have pen drawings; they are two different forms of the Graphic Arts and should not be confused.

IF Spain and France were the homes of pen drawing, America was its adopted country. Here the art was developed within the last thirty-five years. Previously American artists followed the English pen drawing of the sixties done for the wood-engraver, and it was only known to them in engravings. But they ceased to do so as soon as they saw the work of Continental artists which appeared in process reproductions. The American illustrators of that day owed much to their knowledge and appreciation of good work to Europe—and admitted it. Whom they took as models depended much on where they studied. Many adopted, as have Americans following any branch of art, what seemed best to them in different schools. Though, like Englishmen, we have no national art school, no *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, nor the standard of such a school, we had on the other hand, what Englishmen have not, and, whether rightly or wrongly, rarely seek to cultivate, a wide appreciation of good art whenever we saw it. That is over, pen drawing is dormant, ignorance of it rampant. I hope this book may do something to revive the old love of it.

Pen drawings for years have been little used; the newspapers are bringing them back, but unsalable oil paintings and unexhibitable water colors are the art editor's ideals today. Most painters, however, are without knowledge of any of the principles of pen drawing or of art either. The principal credit for the development of illustration must be given to A. W. Drake, the art editor of *The Century* (then *Scribner's Monthly*), who was the first to encourage the group of young men who, about 1876, returned from several years' study in Munich with the idea of revolutionizing art in America—then a not very difficult thing to do—by converting it from the Hudson River School to the school of Munich. Among the Munich men were William M. Chase, Walter Shirlaw, Frederick Dielman, and Henry Muhrman. A little later Reginald Birch returned, and though he was heralded by less blowing of trumpets, he has sustained and improved the reputation he made with his first drawings. One of the early books he illustrated, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, is probably the best thing he has done. Every early number of *St. Nicholas* was made more interesting by his work. There is little art interest in it now. The infection quickly spread to what was then Harper's brilliant shop, working in or for which were Edwin A. Abbey, Charles S. Reinhart, Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, W. T. Smedley, and W. A. Rogers. The revolution was not altogether due to the Munich students. But they, together with the Centennial Exhibition, showed Americans, and above all those artists who had not been abroad, what foreign standards of technique were. But long before this the Harpers issued Thackeray, George Eliot, and Black's novels and other stories with their English illustrations, and this English tradition was carried out by Alfred Fredericks and W. L. Shepherd in that magazine.

A little later, between 1877 and 1879, Alfred Brennan and Robert Blum began to be known. They commenced to study in Cincinnati under Duveneck and Farny. The latter was in many ways one of the most interesting of American illustrators. He had done some good pen drawings for the *American Art Review*,

and he added to his reputation by his studies of Indians in *The Century* and *Harper's*, and by his illustrations for school-books, of which he made something artistic. From Cincinnati, Blum and Brennan went to Philadelphia where, like many another student, they received everything but encouragement from the Academy professors to continue in the way they had marked out for themselves. But they found a friend in Stephen J. Ferris, who, though he did not own originals, had reproductions of the drawings of Fortuny, Rico, and Boldini; and through these he introduced them and his son, Gerome Ferris, as he later did me—and for this I can never be thankful enough to him—to an entirely new world. Ferris, Peter and Thomas Moran, J. D. Smillie, Frank Kirkpatrick and several others copied by pen drawings and etchings the pictures of the Continent for books issued by Gebbie and Barrie, and thus did much to make known the work of European artists to Americans. However, even in the present rotten state of international artistic copyright, it is not likely that any of these books will be seen in Europe.

Ferris was one of the first artists to practice etching on glass. Brennan made discoveries in process work in which he was aided by *The Century's* Art Department, so did Ben Day. But without the assistance of De Vinne, the printer of *The Century*—a man who devoted his life to artistic printing and succeeded in it—comparatively little advance would have been made. A glance at the magazines of 1876 will prove this.

In New York, Blum and Brennan found recognition for their work both in a sort of memorial to Fortuny and in *The Century* (then *Scribner's*). Here they were joined by F. H. Lungren and Kenyon Cox. From that day their work helped to maintain the high position which *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* held among illustrated magazines. How have the mighty fallen. Much has been said about the originality of these artists. Their real originality consisted in their intelligent adaptation of the methods of Fortuny, Rico, and Vierge, of the artists of *Fliegende Blätter*, and of the draughtsmen of Japan, and in their production, under all these many and opposing influences, of vigorous and charming pictures of their own. Now we are told by commercial school normal art ad. teachers we must preserve our originality by never looking at foreign work—may the Lord preserve the country from such as these—but they have it by the throat or in their pockets. Brennan was the master of this school of American pen draughtsmen. Alas, his work is no longer seen; it can be found in *The Century* and *Our Continent.*

In 1878, Abbey, who was then illustrating *Herrick's Poems*, went to England, and a knowledge of the country and things he had long cared for started him on a brilliant career and carried him forward until he became the greatest American illustrator. In England of the eighteenth century he is as much at home as Austin Dobson. One cannot but wish that Abbey had given us a little more of what happened about him instead of occupying himself almost altogether with the people and things of other days. His editions of *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Herrick's Poems* and *Old Songs* have never been approached in modern times. The *Comedies*

of Shakespeare are good but rather less successful technically and are overladen; some of the drawings, with architectural and archæological facts. All of his work was in a style that delighted the purist, simple and straightforward. Good also was the drawing of Reinhart, who, about the same time as Abbey, went abroad again—having studied in Germany—and, finding his chance in illustrating a trip to Spain, began an equally brilliant career. His work was devoted to modern life. He put the novelist's characters on paper with just that last touch of realism which an illustrator can give to the author's work. Reinhart has shown the world what he thinks about American seashore resorts and the people who go to them. His drawings of France and England, done boldly, directly, and vigorously, are life itself. Nothing better than the work of these two could be found to study.

Howard Pyle has drawn American life in the colonial period, and in *Robin Hood* given some beautiful ideas of a country he did not know. His *Pepper and Salt*, *Otto of the Silver Hand*, and other children's books are beautiful in their simplicity. He reconstructed the life of the Middle Ages better than any one else who stuck in America, yet he was at home in a modern ballroom or a pirate's lair. But after all, as he admitted at the end, on going to Europe, one should only draw what one has seen and known. Most of his pupils can see nothing and draw less, but they get over those difficulties by using paint and snap shots.

Harry Fenn worked with equal facility in all sorts of mediums. If he had concentrated his power on something that he made distinctly his own, as he did with wash in *Picturesque America*, he would hold a very high place as a pen draughtsman. But he never really did a great work for himself. There is no one probably who had such perfect command of his materials, and who, though often doing work which could not have been interesting to him, often got striking and novel results. His drawings of interiors are models of arrangement and knowledge of detail, and very clever as a whole; that is the trouble. His work, as well as its reproduction, vastly improved after he drew the illustrations for *Picturesque America*. If an illustrator wishes to leave a name he must illustrate a book or do a series of drawings and publish them as a volume. The illustration of short stories or separate articles will never make the reputation of an illustrator. He must create an important work.

A. B. Frost and W. A. Rogers, who can be either funny or serious, have drawn some of the funniest comics and telling cartoons which do not rival those of *Fliegende Blätter* in their technique but do in their humor, though very different; and, like them, are good because they are understandable in all languages and need no label to explain them. Of caricatures, pure and simple, are to be mentioned those of Thomas Nast and M. A. Wolf, which, however, have no technical pretensions—and every paper now has its cartoonist all full of pomposity and pretension, but mostly devoid of any idea of art—we have no men of fame. There were before we fell Mat Morgan, F. Keppler and a host of other caricaturists. The cartoonists and comic artists are a disgrace to the country. Among the painters

was Mr. Wyatt Eaton, who drew the noble head of Lincoln, engraved by Cole, in *The Century*, and the drawings after Olin Warner, also published in this magazine.

The only men of any note who still linger are E. W. Kemble, whose delineations of old darkies and the wild west are very lifelike, but often very careless; and there was Frederick Remington, whose horses in action were wonderfully spirited and woefully photographic; and F. Childe Hassam, whose work has certainly a character of its own, but he has taken to paint and prosperity; while C. D. Gibson has made a name for himself in the United States equal to Du Maurier's in England, and like Du Maurier was overpowered by popularity. His society designs certainly won him an international reputation, but his political cartoons have greatly detracted from it. Gibson could do his girl but he cannot do a politician, at any rate don't have an effect on him which a cartoonist should. Gibson was the inventor of the He and She style, the design without a background.

Those whose names I have mentioned will live long after the present generation, but for the last twenty years, save Will Bradley, Franklin Booth, and Rockwell Kent, scarce a pen draughtsman has appeared in American art. We have done nothing but imitate Forain, Beardsley, and May. American illustration today is the greatest in the world, according to the cock-sure American; the most pitiful display of commercial artlessness to any one who knows. Harry McCarter, J. C. Coll, C. B. Falls, and H. Devitt Welsh have tried to carry on tradition.

George Wharton Edwards, H. L. Bridwell, and Bertram Goodhue have given a decorative character to many of the books and magazines of America. Will H. Bradley was on the high road to fame when he stopped decorating books and magazines. W. H. Drake and Otto Bacher rendered arms and armor and decorative subjects in an excellent manner; while Hughson Hawley, F. DuMond, and Camille Piton devoted themselves to architecture. So did H. L. Grigg and other architectural draughtsmen. But there is no more reason why one should be classed as an "architectural pen draughtsman" than as a "commercial artist." One is an artist or nothing.

In looking at pen drawing, or rather all illustrative work in America, it seems as if the art editors of the illustrated papers were trying to see which one could fill his magazine or weekly with the worst and cheapest or most expensive and flamboyant work. One cannot but fear that unless there is another reaction like that which followed the Centennial Exhibition, art in America will fall to a lower level than it has ever held before, and it has fallen flat. Commercialism and advertisement, in the hands of business men, are throttling it, to fill their pockets.

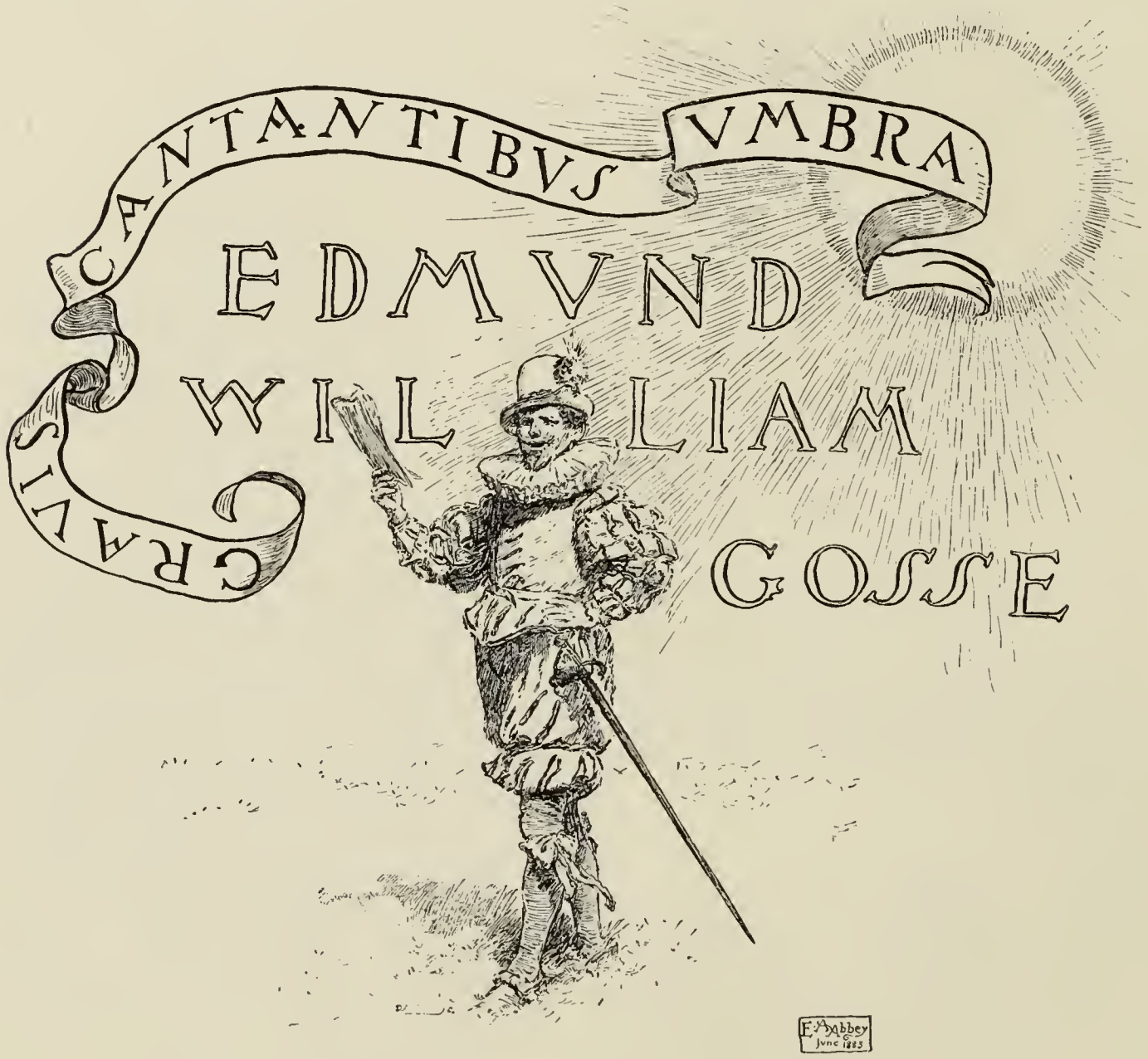
I have mentioned the artists who exist despite the attempts to cheapen literature and art which are only too successfully evident on all sides. America set up the standard of good work; may she preserve it! She is in a bad way now. Here and there good work is being done, but most is rot and rubbish.

It is interesting to have seen, among the many interesting things I have seen, and to have had the chance to study as I have had, the great International Exhibitions of the world from 1889 in Paris to 1915 in San Francisco, and to have been officially connected with all of them after 1900. And to note the decline in Pen Drawing from the magnificent showing in 1889 when Abbey, Vierge, Menzel, and Keene won international fame with their drawings in pen and ink. At Chicago there was a fine show. There was also good work, English especially, at St. Louis, but most of these men were missing. There was little in Rome in 1912 but very many drawings by Greiner and Klinger in the great Graphic Arts Exhibition at Leipzig in 1914. And in San Francisco in 1915 there was nothing at all but a memorial exhibit of Howard Pyle and not of his best work. It is the same, too, in books and magazines; no longer do you see, except in the few decent magazines left in this country, decent pen drawings. The reason is simple: pen drawing is a difficult art and the modern draughtsman avoids, shirks difficulties. There are a few men able to do good work still about, but the art editors of America are mostly too ignorant to know this, and too mean to commission them. Yet the art will come into its own again. I have seen and had something to do with the revival of Lithography, and Pen Drawing is by no means dead; this book is not its monument but a herald of its new birth.

WHISTLER only illustrated one book, Sir Henry Thompson's *Catalogue of Blue and White China*, and of this only two hundred copies were printed. But the drawings in that volume place him above all American—all modern illustrators—and in equal rank with the greatest Japanese. These pots, vases and cups are perfectly drawn—drawn in outline only, in sepia or blue, with a brush used as a pen. Yet the modelling is all there and the light and shade too, but there are fools who have said he could not draw. It is they who could not see. There are also a few illustrations to the English magazines of the sixties by him. This one proves how he carried out the line of his etchings in his pen work for illustration. And all his life he made sketches of his paintings for exhibition catalogues and to show his friends. Besides, there are studies of models, his drawings for the Butterflies, and head and tail pieces to his brown paper-covered books, book covers, and finally on

his trip to Corsica, just before his death, he made a series of little pen drawings which are very charming; and one of his last elaborate drawings was a portrait of himself in pen and ink, another proof that he tried every medium and mastered all.

THE fact that I have devoted more space to certain Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans, and less to some of the equally well-known and important Englishmen and Americans deserves a word of explanation. Too many of Menzel's drawings could not be shown, nor could I give too many of Abbey's. But while it



is the duty of every illustrator and every one who cares for illustration to see all the work which Abbey produced—and it can be seen in the pages of *Harper's Monthly*—and while every pen draughtsman should own the charming Herrick, the monumental *She Stoops to Conquer*, the lovely *Old Songs*, and the dainty *Quiet Life*, which have been reproduced by the best modern mechanical and wood-engravers and printed in the most careful manner, it is scarcely possible for any one to obtain the original editions of Menzel's work, and in many cases reproductions from these original editions or new editions have never been published. Of the *Uniforms of the Army of Frederick the Great* I know of no copy in America, and only one in the British Museum in London, but very likely there may be a few more. The case of Rico and Vierge is almost parallel; it is even more difficult to find the drawings of many of the principal Spaniards than those of Menzel. And

The Bracelet to Julia
When I tye about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't
But to shew thee how in part,
Thou my prettie captyue art?
But thy bondslaue is my heart:
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound. and fast bound so
That from thee I cannot goe,
If I cõd, I wõd not so.
R. Herrick.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

OLD SONGS

Copyright by HARPER & BROTHERS

E. A. Abbey. Ent.

THE QUIET LIFE

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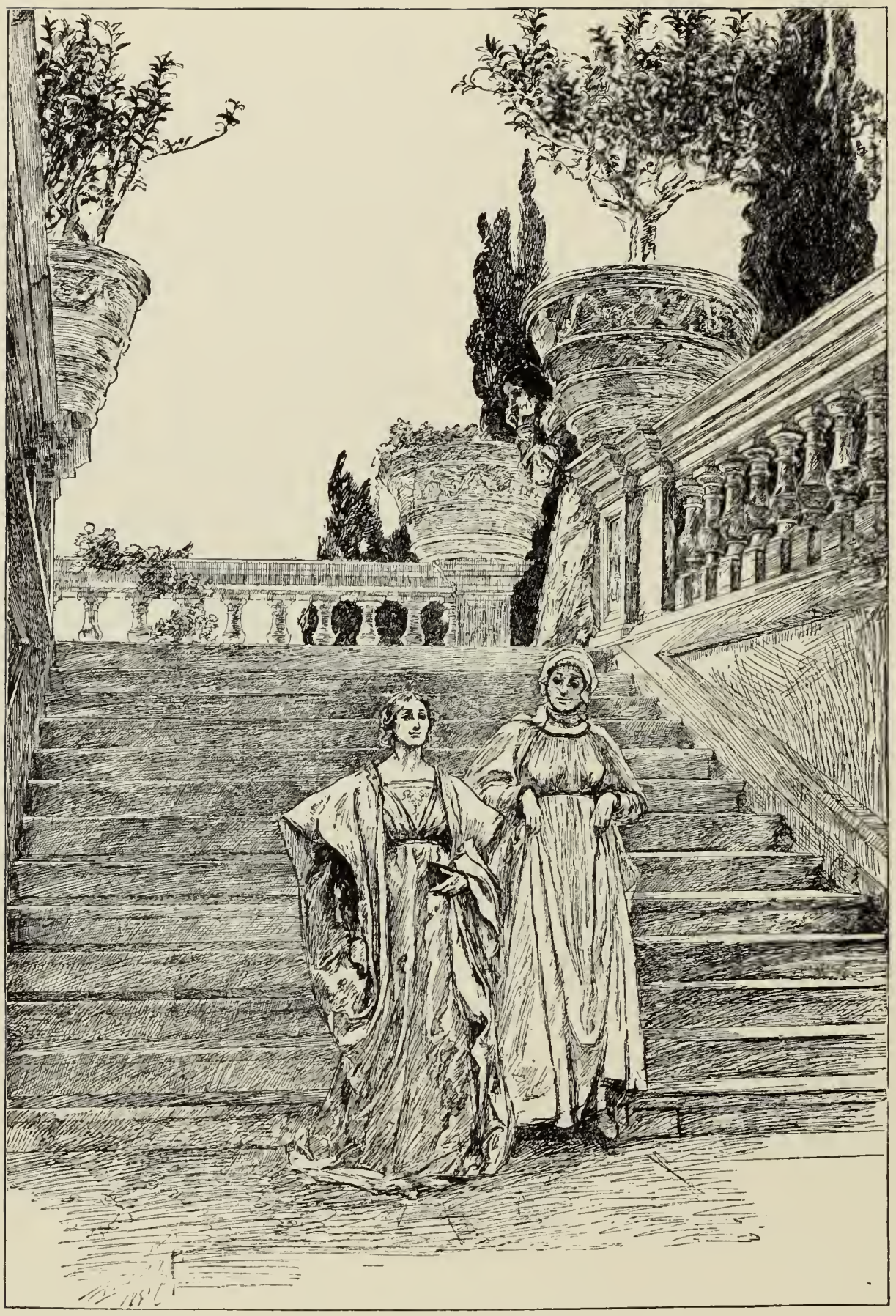

"SHE'S LIM'D I WARRANT YOU"

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the most difficult thing of all is to make the conceited prig of a student realize that many things have been done far better than he ever will do them.

Abbey began in the wood-engraving office of Van Ingen and Snyder in Philadelphia, and, like so many other illustrators, he learned the technical part of his work in the daytime and studied art at night under Isaac L. Williams and in the Academy of Fine Arts. But he soon went to New York and to Harper Brothers, where he continued for several years doing much work in many different mediums for their periodicals. Though his early work was wanting in the grace and refinement which later placed him in a position without a rival among American draughtsmen, it was always remarkable for quiet humor and dainty charm, while his marvelous mastery of technique was early apparent. Although he gained a knowledge of composition, a largeness of feeling, and a completeness of expression with his years of practice, some of the drawings in the Herrick are equal to his later work. As a whole, however, his *Old Songs* is finer than anything he did. His drawings became so refined that no process line-engraving can reproduce every line in them. He selected for me the Two Girls on the sofa from *She Stoops to Conquer*, and it is interesting to compare this reproduction, which is better than any made from his work, with the blocks and the photogravure plate in this book. I think it will at once be seen that it contains more of the feeling of his drawing than any of the others.

While the superficial qualities of Abbey's work can be imitated by any one, his renderings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which he has reconstructed so wonderfully, will never be approached on the lines he followed. His position as an illustrator was attained and maintained simply by treating illustration, as it should be treated, as seriously as any other branch of art. He is remarkable not so much for academic correctness, as is Menzel, but rather for his truth, the sureness of his line and his power of expression. No illustrator has realized more beautiful women or finer swaggering gallants, and no one has placed them in more appropriate surroundings. He made the figures real for us because all the backgrounds and accessories are real—drawn from nature.

Any one can see how a drawing like this is done; he made a more or less rough pencil sketch on a sheet of very thin smooth paper mounted, and the completed subject, which he has in mind before he touches the drawing, gradually grows out of the models he has before him, and nature, to which he always refers; and this is the only way in which great illustration can be and should be created. A vital strong line, an etcher's line, meant little to him—but he was not etching; he felt about with a pen, coaxed his forms out of the paper with his pen, but did not put them directly down. The book plate is one of those designs Abbey was forever making for his friends. In this for Mr. Gosse the greys all over the drawing are utterly lost; no process or engraver could render them—that is in line. It has already been very well engraved on wood by J. D. Cooper.

REGINALD B. BIRCH

BIRCH is one of those men who studied abroad and brought back what they learned to America. Now we are told there is nothing to study abroad; maybe not now, but if we do not know what has been done, how are we to know what we are doing—this don't know and don't care is another of the causes of our decay. If we did know what we are we would kill ourselves: Not only does Birch know how to draw well, but he is familiar with the life of two continents. His drawings in the beginning were Americanized Schlittgens, but, while he is quite as clever as Schlittgen, he possesses, I think, more grace, combined with wider knowledge of character. In the concentration of blacks, the drawing of little Lord Fauntleroy carried off to bed might suggest Vierge, but the footman, the two housemaids, and the merest indication of the housekeeper's cap and one eye are thoroughly English, though the little lord himself is completely American. The handling in this, as in all his work, shows the greatest amount of expression obtained by the simplest and most direct means. He scarcely ever uses models in his final work, but makes his drawings from studies, tracing these onto Bristol board, which he thus keeps thoroughly clean; consequently, his work reproduces perfectly well.

H. F. FARNY

FARNY'S drawing is an example of what is known among illustrators as splatter work, which I have described in the chapter on Technical Suggestions. But it deserves a place far more because of its suggestion of color and the strong character of the face; there is a figure, too, wrapped up in the blanket. The decorative manner in which the shield and bow are put in and balance each other is good, and the whole drawing is very well put together. But I wish to call special attention to the way in which the splatter tint is managed. The figure was drawn and then covered with a piece of paper to protect it and the splattering done all over it. Everything outside the frame of the background was then painted with

Chinese white and the drawing continued on this ground when dry. The difference in the quality of the lines can easily be seen in the reproduction, in which the Messrs. Dawson have been very successful in keeping this difference. But in their process they do not seem able to get very fine single lines, such as those in the lower part of the blanket, which are rotten, though there is no rottenness in the drawing.

From Pyle's "Wonder Clock." Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

THE most superficial comparison of Pyle's composition and handling with Dürer's proves what a careful student the nineteenth-century American was of the sixteenth-century German—too careful sometimes. And intelligent study of old work is absolutely necessary. That Pyle should do this in telling and illustrating a mediæval tale merely proves his desire to saturate himself with the spirit of the age in which the scenes are laid, and to give his work the color and character of the biggest man of that age. The figure of Time, in the drawing from the *Wonder Clock*, is Düreresque. But the figure of the small boy piping, although the lines of

shadow are drawn in the manner of the old Germans, is not German at all but nineteenth-century American; and this is true of the tree in blossom and the stony

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

foreground, though it, too, is founded on Dürer. They are better than anything in Dürer for us to study from, for the simple reason that we know more about landscape than the Germans of Dürer's time—in a way. This fashion of adapting the methods of an earlier generation to our own requirements is exactly what the old men did, and it is only by so doing art advances. It is so easy to invent out of one's head—so difficult to draw from nature. Pyle has preserved much that was good in the old work, and yet kept pace with modern technical and mechanical developments.

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Among the books by Howard Pyle, which every student should know, are *Robin Hood*, *Pepper and Salt*, *Otto of the Silver Hand*, and the *Wonder Clock*. Many of the drawings are wanting to a certain extent in local color, a want due to the fact that Pyle never visited Europe till just before his death. But in technique they are better than anything that has been done in America. They are carried out with a thoroughness and completeness which give them originality, even though they preserve all the feeling of the old work. They are as good as decoration as Abbey and Parsons' realistic revivals, and would be better had Pyle known Europe as well. Near his death he made a pathetic confession that if he had only seen and drawn as Abbey did, some of the things he got from books, prints and photographs, without understanding, his work would have been far better. Some of his pupils have scarce his honesty, little of his ability, but have absorbed much of his tricks and faking and cribbing. He could disguise this in his work. The machinery and the ghosts loom large in that of his followers. Maxfield Parrish is one of his best-known pupils, one of the most popular in America. He uses splatter brushes and air brushes—or is said to—magnificently.

From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.

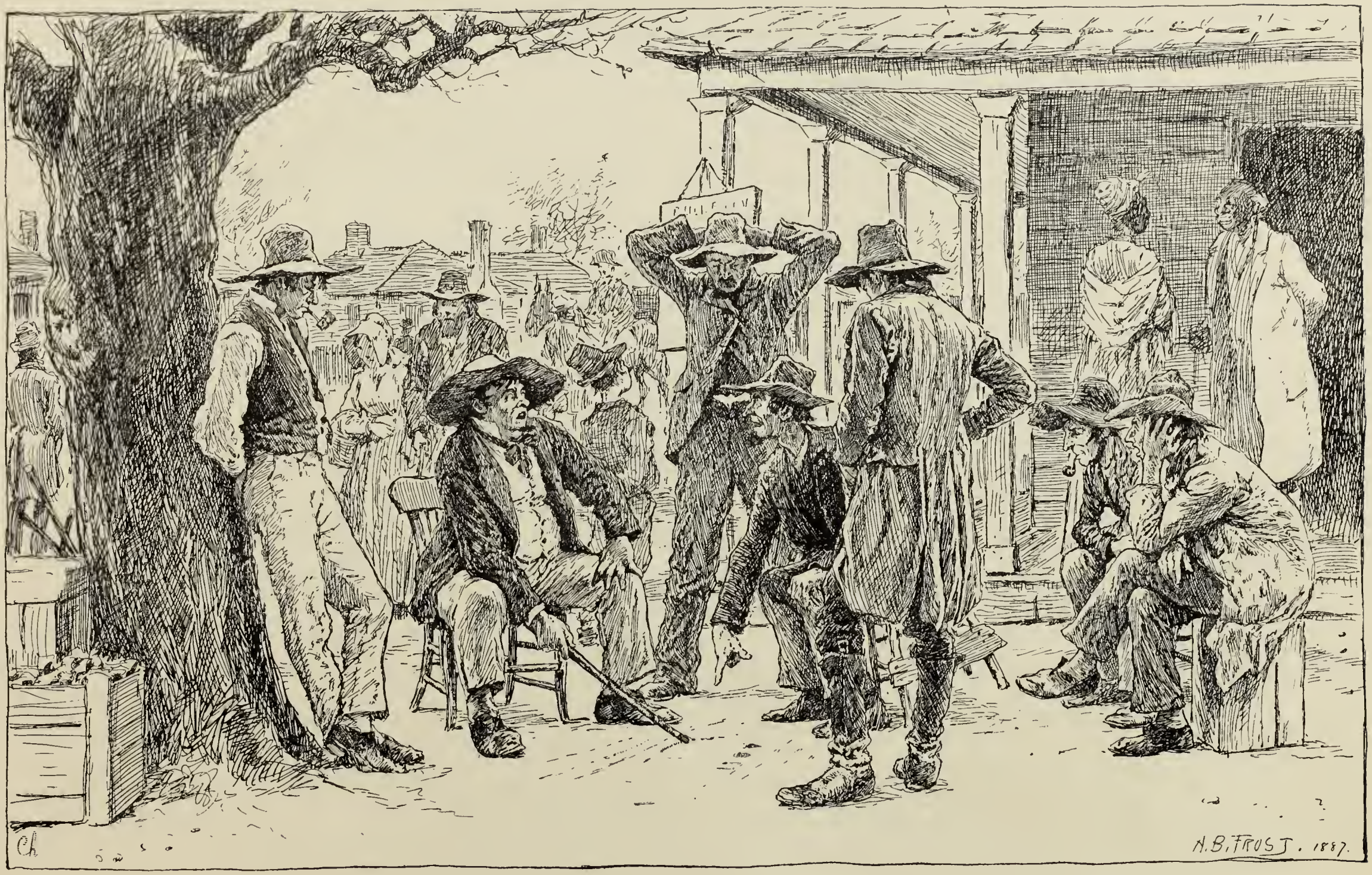
I GROUP these three men together, for not only is there great similarity in their methods, but they are most distinctly American illustrators. On the one hand, their work does not possess much of that supreme skill which is so characteristic of the Spaniards; nor, on the other hand, has it any of the slovenliness which disfigures so much modern work of exactly the same sort.

In the three drawings you see that models have been used for all the figures, though Remington's has the photographic look which mars all his work. It does not matter how an artist works, but he should conceal his machinery. But there is no reason why a man should not use photographs, if from them he can get good results. But photography killed Remington. Most American illustrators now depend on snap shots and so never become artists. Many are not even good photographers but nearly all are superb poseurs.

The style of Frost's work is, I fancy, that which the men of Fred Walker's time would have used, had they been transported to an American town and taken enough interest in it to make a drawing of a subject like that of Frost's. Of course there is an exaggeration in all the figures; they are not so real as Remington's, but then Frost's indication of the men's clothes is much more true and carefully studied than Remington's, while Kemble, to a great extent, has ignored all details and only attempts the large mass and long folds of the women's simple garments. But in none of them is there any of that everlasting machine-made cross-hatch, or slovenly scrawling of the clumsy imitators of Forain's inimitable lines. Why do little people always attempt the unattainable?

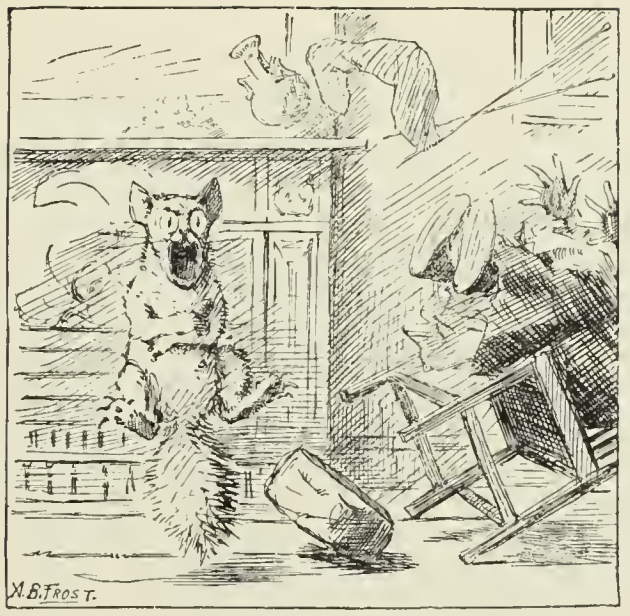
Each of these drawings gives to an American a characteristic rendering of country life; Frost's of the Middle States or the northern part of the Southern, Kemble's of the extreme South, and Remington's of the Far West. All will fall under the critic's ban because they are not pretty; but they are more than this, they are real, and realism is one quality lacking in most American illustrations. In Frost's drawings I do not think there is a line which could be omitted or anything that could be changed to its advantage. In all three, the reserving of blacks is well managed. In Remington's there is a scrawl of meaningless lines over the grass which is found in nearly all his work; the drawing is not so well thought out as Frost's, and it has a mechanical look which is much more evident in this reproduction than ordinarily, because his drawings are usually reduced to a much smaller size. The intelligent critic will, of course, ask what has become of the cow's other horn. My only answer is that I am sure I do not know. For a man with such knowledge of animal anatomy this omission is rather curious. His drawing of the men's hands is not as careful as Frost's or Kemble's.

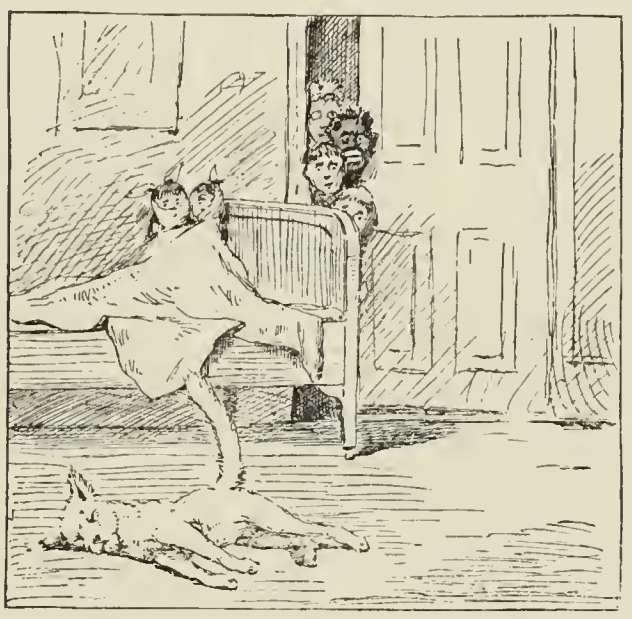
Kemble's design contains more of his good qualities and less of his faults than almost any which I have seen. There is a very striking difference in the rendering of the old Congo woman with her brilliant, shiny, jet-black face—though in the drawing of it, by the way, there is not a bit of black—and the tall, statuesque mulatto who stands in front of her; the action of this figure is remarkably fine.


N.B. FROST. 1887.

Frederic Remington
'87.

Kemble





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Rendering of types is Kemble's strong point, and his weak one is carelessness in detail; a carelessness which at its worst is positively aggressive. The mass of wire-work to the left of the figures is thoroughly bad. It is intended for bushes or grass, but, as line-work, is meaningless. The dress of the old woman is also careless when compared with the delightful drawing in the other woman's gown. The sugar-pans and the brick oven are also careless, and the smoke is really childish. I criticise Kemble because he is such a remarkably clever draughtsman, that is the American trouble, and yet there would be no use for students to copy imperfections which with him are but the result of carelessness. With far less work he could in these details get a far better effect. Compare the tree trunk in Frost's drawing with the bushes in Kemble's and what I mean will at once be seen—or should be.

These drawings have been reproduced by Louis Chefdeville, and, like all his reproductions, are better than the work of any other reproductive engraver today. He has not only reproduced the drawings excellently but he has kept the quality of the line which each man used. The reason of this is not difficult to find. Chefdeville was an artist and reproduced drawings in an artistic manner; that is, he sought to reproduce the character of the draughtsman's work. His rendering of separate lines is infinitely better than that of any other photo-engraver.

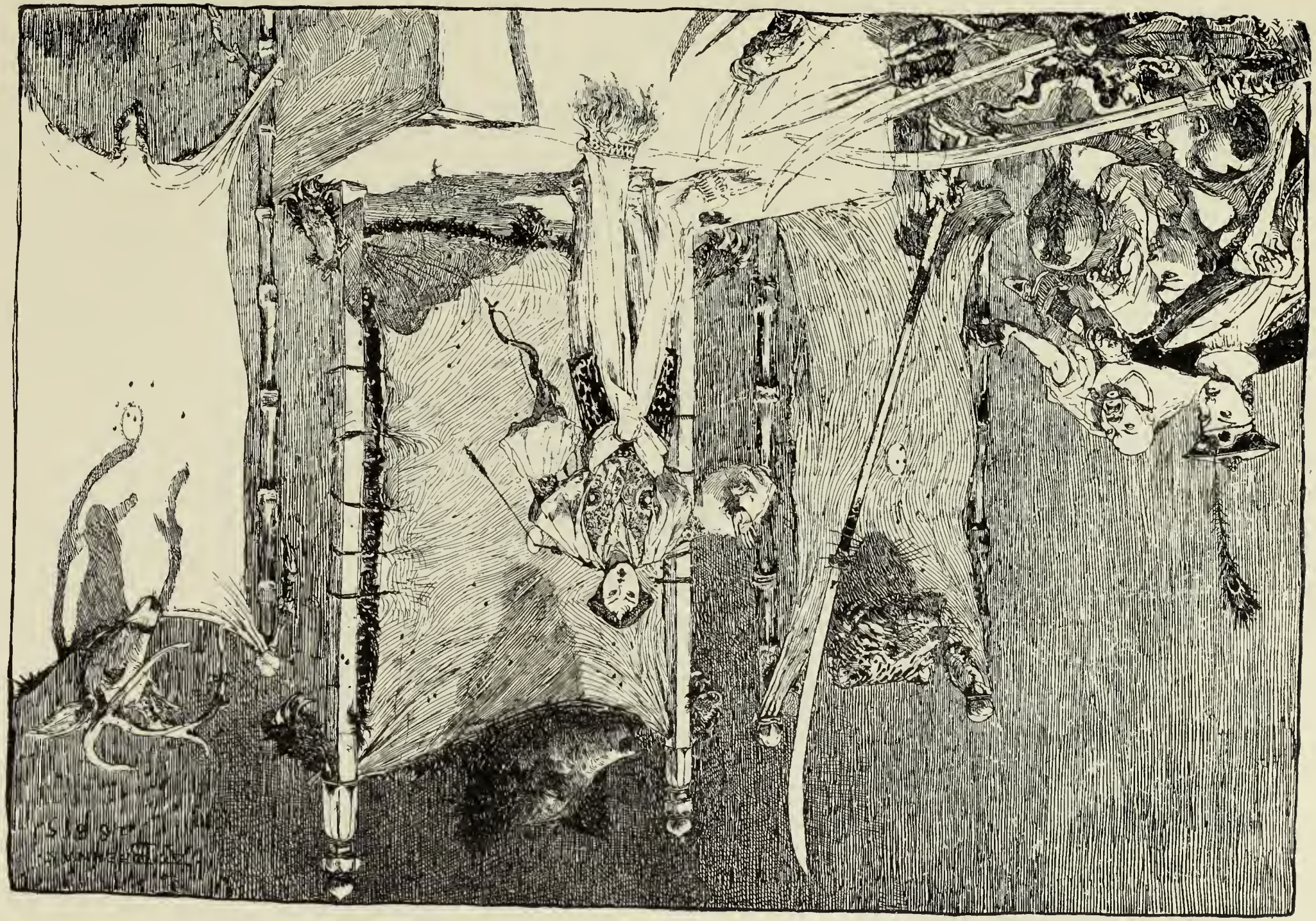
ARTHUR B. FROST—CARICATURES

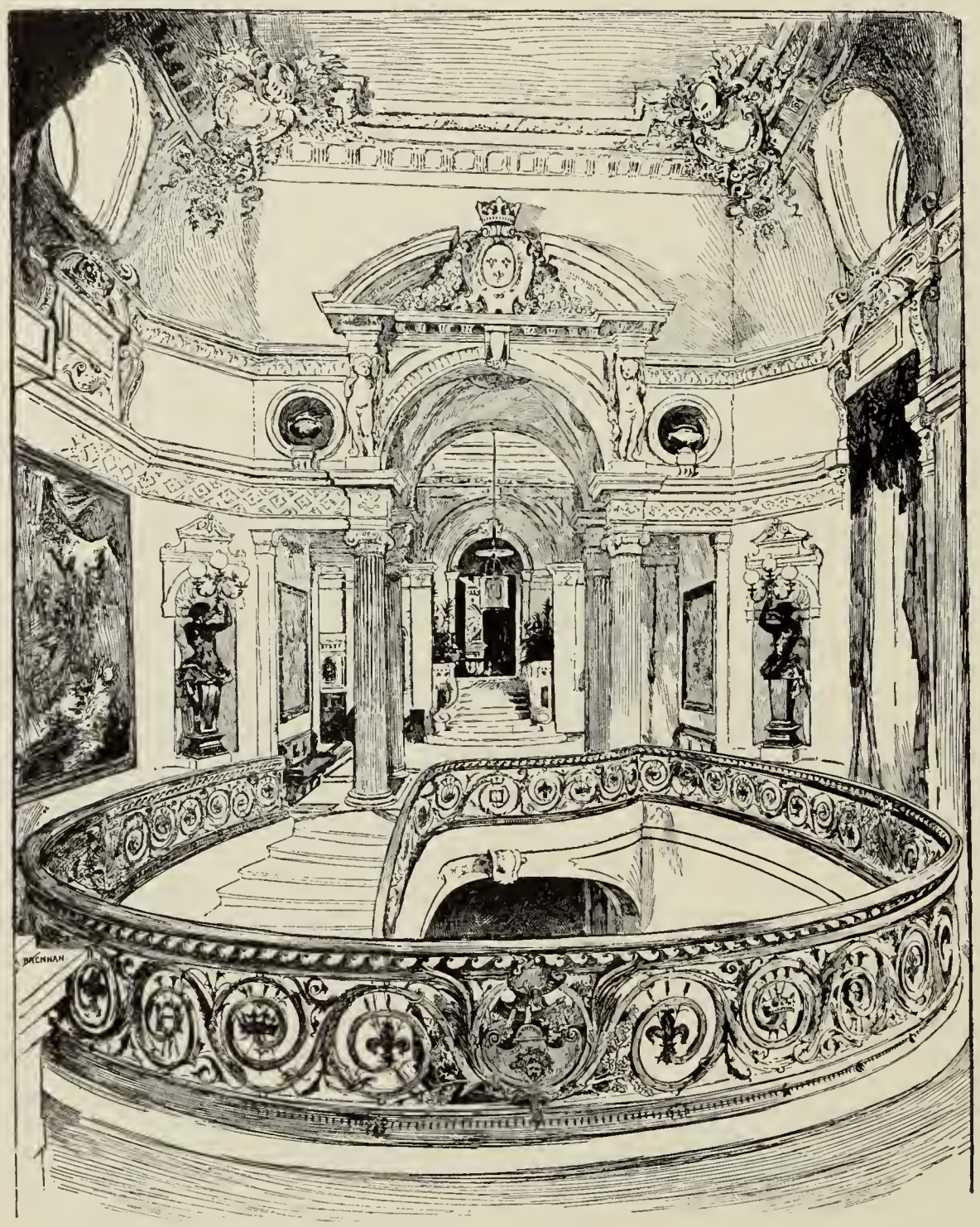
THESE are not models of technique—Caran D'Ache's outline is very much better. They are comic drawings which appeal to the whole world without any label to explain them. The only title tagged on to them was Our Cat Eats Rat Poison, which to any one with the slightest sense of humor or drawing is all-sufficient. To compare them with the drivel which has to be explained with vulgar lettering in every newspaper in the land is to note how this country has degenerated since it became uplifted and educated. Frost is the only comic artist we have or have had; the rest are mostly a disgrace even to this land of artless, childish vulgarians. Frost is still living, but art editors are dead.

ALFRED BRENNAN

BRENNAN'S work is brilliant. Much of it is in imitation of the Fortuny manner yet rightly carrying on tradition. His skill is shown in his concentration of blacks, and in this drawing in his rendering of the Chinese weapons, about which he probably knows nothing except what he has learned from museums; he here impresses us with the idea of a drawing in full tone, though it is not a toned drawing at all; he breaks up great spaces of light or dark by either pure black or pure white; in fact, every line and touch is a triumph of technical skill combined with a thorough command of his materials and resources.

The original was a huge drawing—a drawing which took as much thought and time in execution and as much knowledge of composition as would be required to make a water-color or oil of the same size, and there is scarcely a painter who





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has the technical ability to produce such a masterpiece. Because this man chooses to illustrate, his work, which the critic does not understand, is dismissed with a line. Had he made a painting of the same subject with the same amount of work in it he would have been known all over the world. As it is, he is only an illustrator, but for pure brilliancy there is no one who has ever surpassed him.

In the drawing of a stairway, which is a study in beautiful line, the lines have all the character, the meaning, and the value of the best etched line Whistler ever did. What could be better as a model for the architectural student than this? if, indeed, the student could ever learn to work like Brennan. The drawing is full of interest, vitality, and distinction. There is nothing stupid and nothing photographic, and yet it was made from a photograph.

Brennan's decorative work is also filled with individuality and character, and

though if much of it is incomprehensible, it is always striking and often beautiful; it is taken from any motive which he may happen to find around him, but instead of making a mere copy, he adapts his motive to his wishes and requirements. He has illustrated several children's books and nursery rhymes, and these, when at their best, are, like his other work, technically unapproachable. Of course, I know if it had not been for the influence of Fortuny, Casanova, and Vierge, and the Japanese, there might not have been a Brennan; but his power is that of filling his drawing with all sorts of opposing influences and producing a uniform whole of his own. There is probably no one living who has a greater knowledge of the requirements and limitations and possibilities of process. With the thoroughness of the Middle Age craftsman, he has studied the subject in a workshop. Brennan is still with us but his work is rarely seen. We have photos, so why should we have art? But it is a scandal that American art editors do not make this artist work, only some American art editors are a scandal today.

FERNAND H. LUNGREN

LUNGREN is the third of the quartette of Americans of whom I have spoken as followers of Fortuny—Blum, Brennan, and Cox were the others, but Cox quickly gave way to classicism. Lungren though with them was at first very much under the influence of Fortuny, Vierge, and Rico, and though his work now has many of their qualities, has added to it, not only by his study abroad in Paris, but by uniting to the brilliancy of these Spaniards and of Frenchmen like Jean Béraud some of the methods of Germans like Schlittgen. The consequence is that while his illustrations are in many ways suggestive of that of many men they are at the same time his own.

What is to be specially noted in Lungren's work is the great power of expression conveyed with very few and simple lines, as well as the striking use of solid blacks, and the beauty of every line he uses. For example, in the accompanying drawing he expresses a great field with no work at all, excepting in exactly the right place, that is in the foreground, where he shows the grass and the weeds just where they would be seen, and the modelling of the ground is given just in the right place to connect the two figures together in a good but not obtrusive manner. Notice, too, the use of pure blacks in the stockings and shoes of both children and in the sash and ribbons of one, and how carefully the folds of the drapery are rendered; the faces of the little girls, though perhaps not very interesting, are pretty and pleasing. The house among the trees is put in so that every line tells, while the distant wood has been drawn with chalk or crayon. The drawing itself was on smooth paper, but, as I have explained, lithographic chalk not only comes by process, but holds well on this paper, which, though almost smooth, has a slight grain in the surface.

This drawing was merely an illustration for a child's story in *St. Nicholas*, and yet it is worth more study and attention—and if anything but an

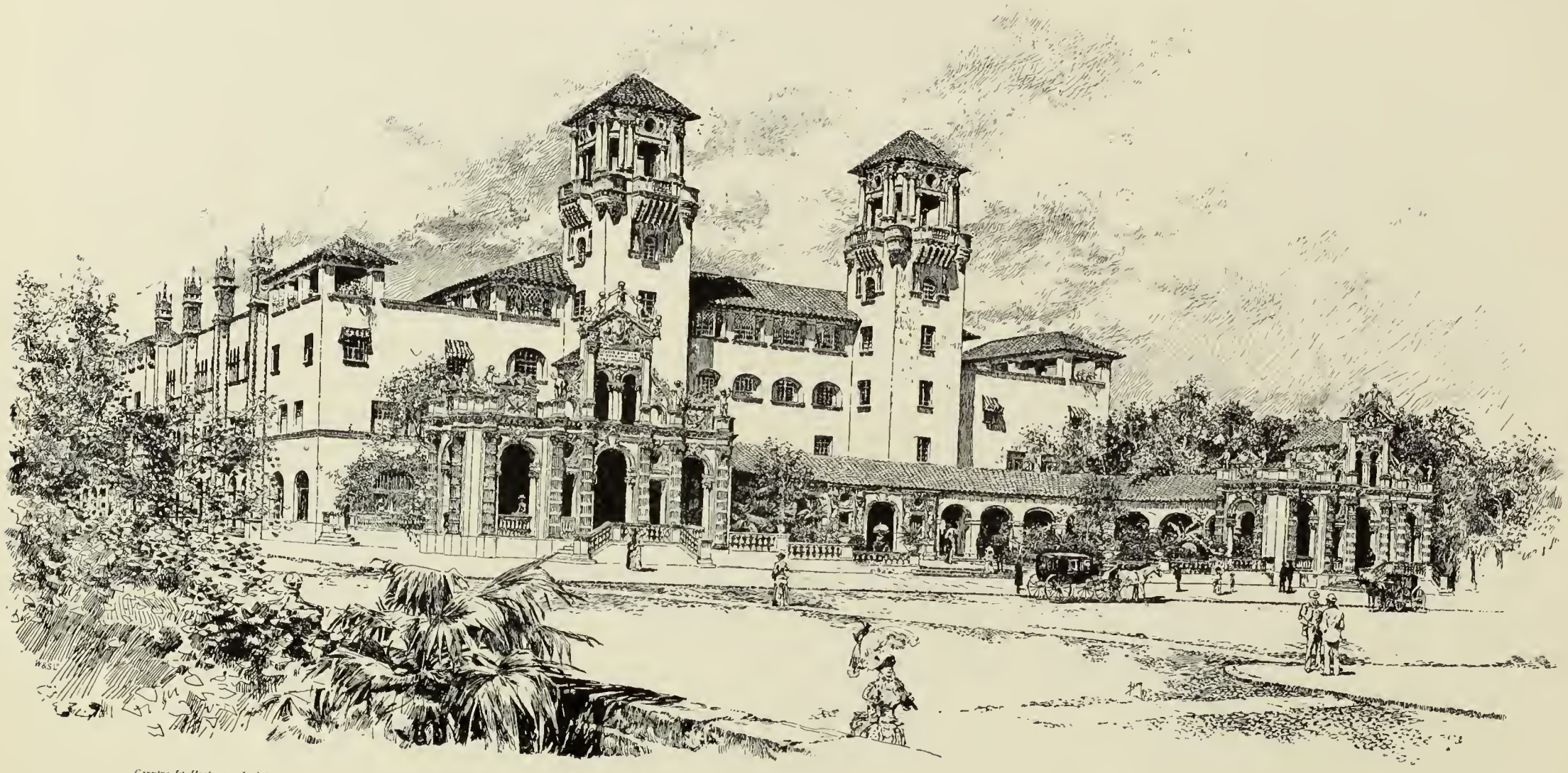
illustration would receive more—than a vast mass of the pictures painted every year.

ROBERT BLUM

FORTUNY lived a little too soon for the process work by which many of his followers have profited. Among them all, there has been no more careful and at the same time more brilliant student than Blum. This drawing was done for reproduction, while Fortuny's were not. It therefore possesses many qualities of value to the draughtsman which are absent from the work of his master. In almost all Fortuny's work there are smudges and blots, and though these are right, they cannot be depended upon in any process reproduction. The Fabres drawing, however, is a most successful exception. This pen drawing of Joe Jefferson will come as nearly right as photo-engraving and printing can make it. It would be impossible to render the face more delicately than Blum has. Notice how he gets the color of the hair darker than the face by means of the fine lines under the modelling of it, and how he gets the tone of the face lower than the cravat and shirt front; and how well the legs are expressed, and every line goes to show the form that is inside the breeches. I cannot help feeling that the boots are somewhat too black, but this black is used to emphasize and bring out the delicate lights all the way from his feet to the under side of his hat. This is a contradiction to my advice not to use too many blacks; but at the same time it is a proof of my assertion that a man who is a master of his art can do what he chooses. The lines which surround the drawing and which in most men's hands would be a meaningless affectation of Fortuny's searching for his forms and modelling, although they are with Blum to a certain extent an affectation—and I doubt if he would use them again—serve to bring the drawing out of the paper and to connect the black of the coat with the white of the paper without producing a hard, crude line around it. Take these apparently careless lines away and you will at once discover that the drawing becomes hard and loses much in

refinement. And just here I want to express another opinion. This drawing may have been made from Joe Jefferson on the stage, or studied in the studio, or done from a photograph. The fact that one cannot tell how it was done is a proof of

its excellence. If a man is compelled to work from a photograph—and there are very few who can without the fact being known at once, for it is much more difficult to make a picture out of a photograph than one from nature—it is nobody's business how the work is done, nor would the use of a photograph detract from the artistic value of the drawing if an artistic result is obtained. It is only when



Carrère & Hastings, Architects
New York

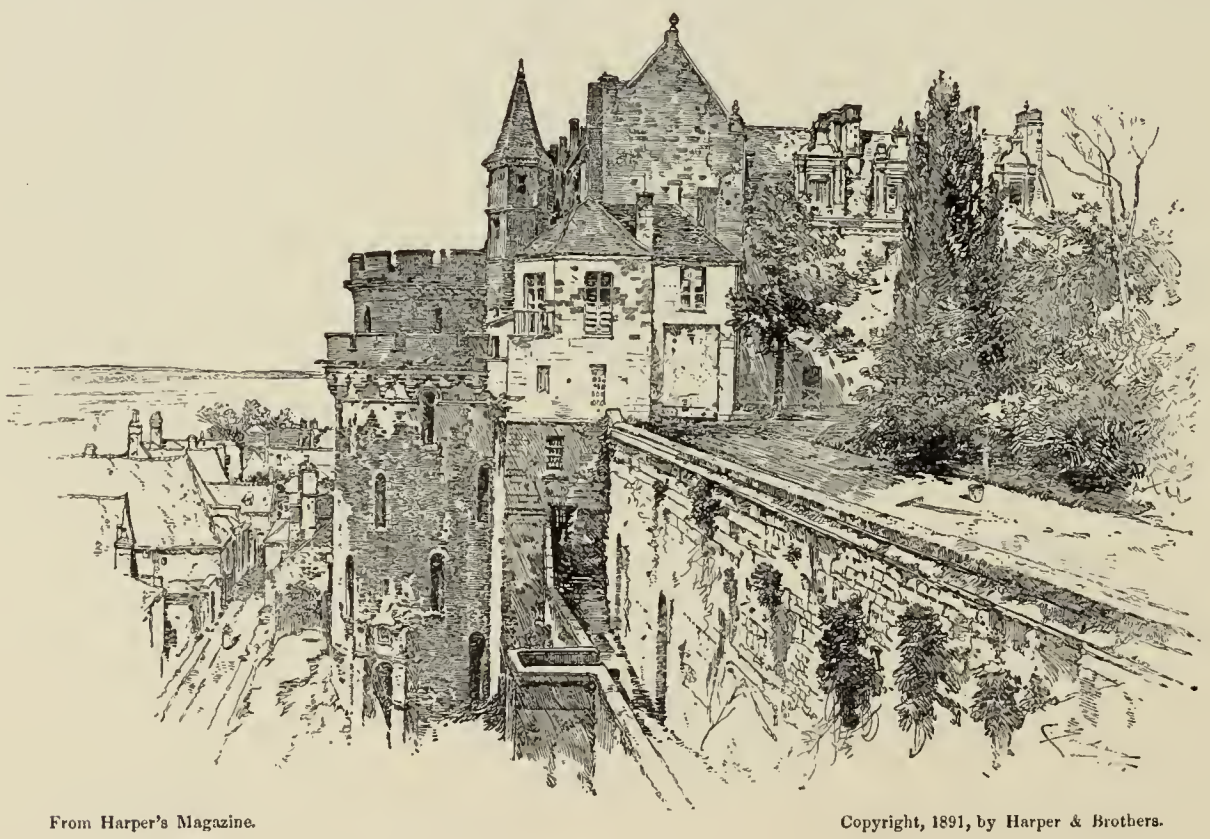
THE ALCAZAR—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

a duffer who cannot work except from or over a snap shot, or other photographic prop, calls himself an artist, and considers himself a most superior person, though the rest of the world may know he is a humbug.

Some of Blum's drawings for Carrere and Hastings' descriptive pamphlet on the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine, Florida, were notable artistic pieces of architectural drawing and hotel advertising combined. It is a book which should be in the hand of every architectural draughtsman. The drawings, having been made in the southern states of America, are rightly based on the work of Rico. There is not an architectural draughtsman in the world who could equal, or even come anywhere near them. Blum has given all the architectural details with the utmost fidelity, and to them he has added an artistic rendering while he has avoided all stupid results by means of his delicate play of light and shade. Interest has been added by carefully-drawn figures, and the trees and flowers are put in with a knowledge of their form in nature and not evolved from the imagination of the architectural T square brain. Blum's last pen drawings were made in Japan—a promise of further progress—then he died. They were printed in *Scribner's*. If one wishes to know how much we have degenerated, compare Blum's Japanese pen drawings with those by an imitator which have lately appeared in the same magazine. Maybe the latter never heard of Blum.

ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS

FOLLOWING that pioneer who might almost be said to have invented the artistic illustration of architecture in America, Harry Fenn, are a number of much younger men who have devoted themselves almost entirely to drawing architecture. Among them are C. Graham, Hughson Hawley, H. D. Nichols, and F. du Mond. But few of them are architects; all of them have studied art, however,



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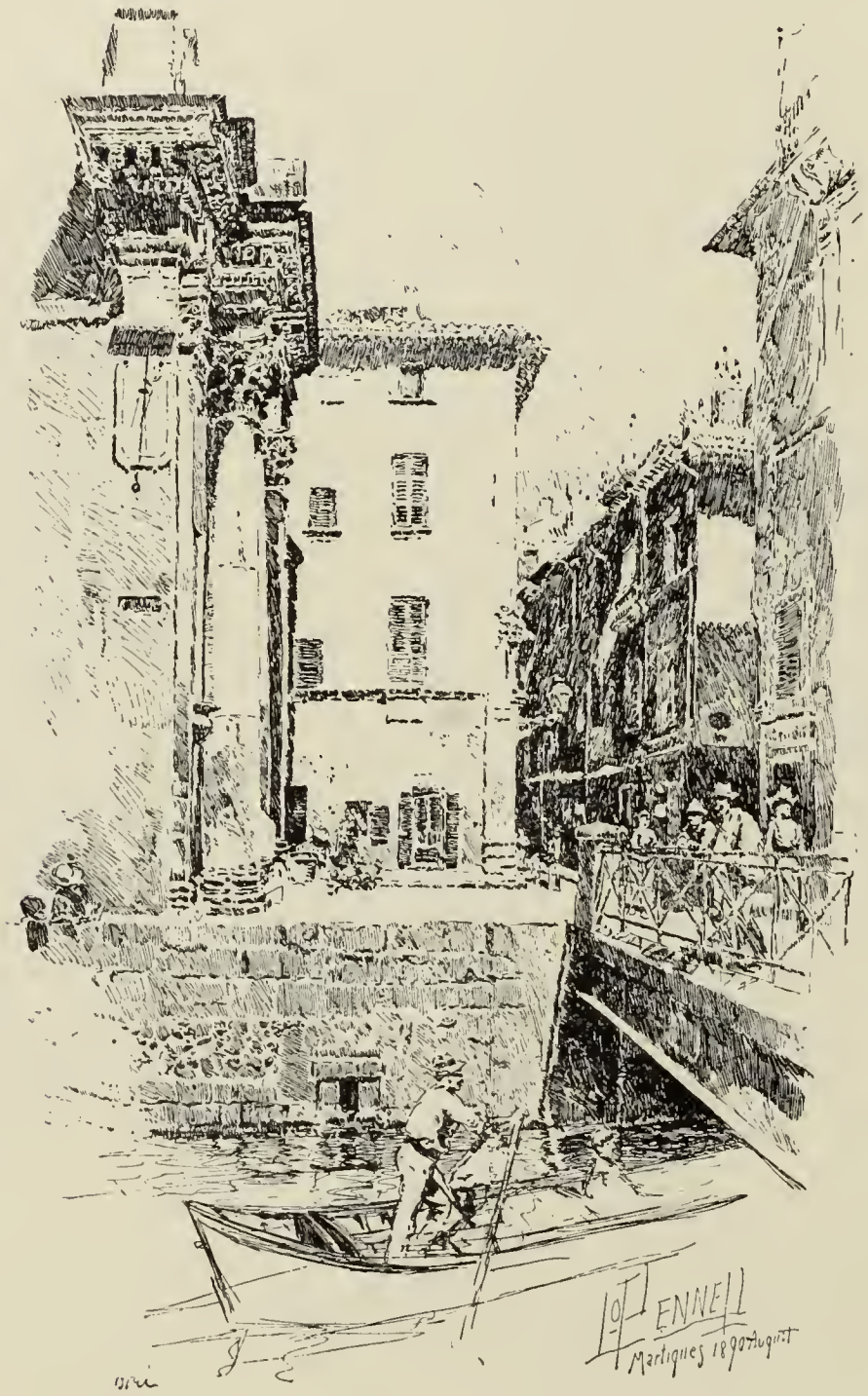
and recognize that to draw a building well, it is not absolutely necessary to be able to put it up. They seize just the point that most architectural draughtsmen fail to grasp—that one should give the most impressive view of a building, not the most



commonplace; that one should give the building its due relation to the others which surround it, or to the landscape in which it is placed. And this is the reason why most architectural draughtsmen's work is so uninteresting to the artist. Either the landscape is absurdly drawn, or else it is out of relation or scale, and cut about so as to show the house to what is supposed to be the best advantage. In few of these drawings buildings, landscape, and details really are shown in an interesting fashion, simply because they are rammed down our throats. C. E. Mallows, who worked with me, as Mr. Cooper worked with Abbey and Tadema on perspectives, was the best architectural draughtsman in England. But that was because he intelligently studied the men who are represented in this book, and nature, too.

I have tried to do something also in the drawing of architecture among other things, and some ten years spent among the greatest masterpieces of that art gave me some idea of it. I am not going to try to place myself as an artist, but it might

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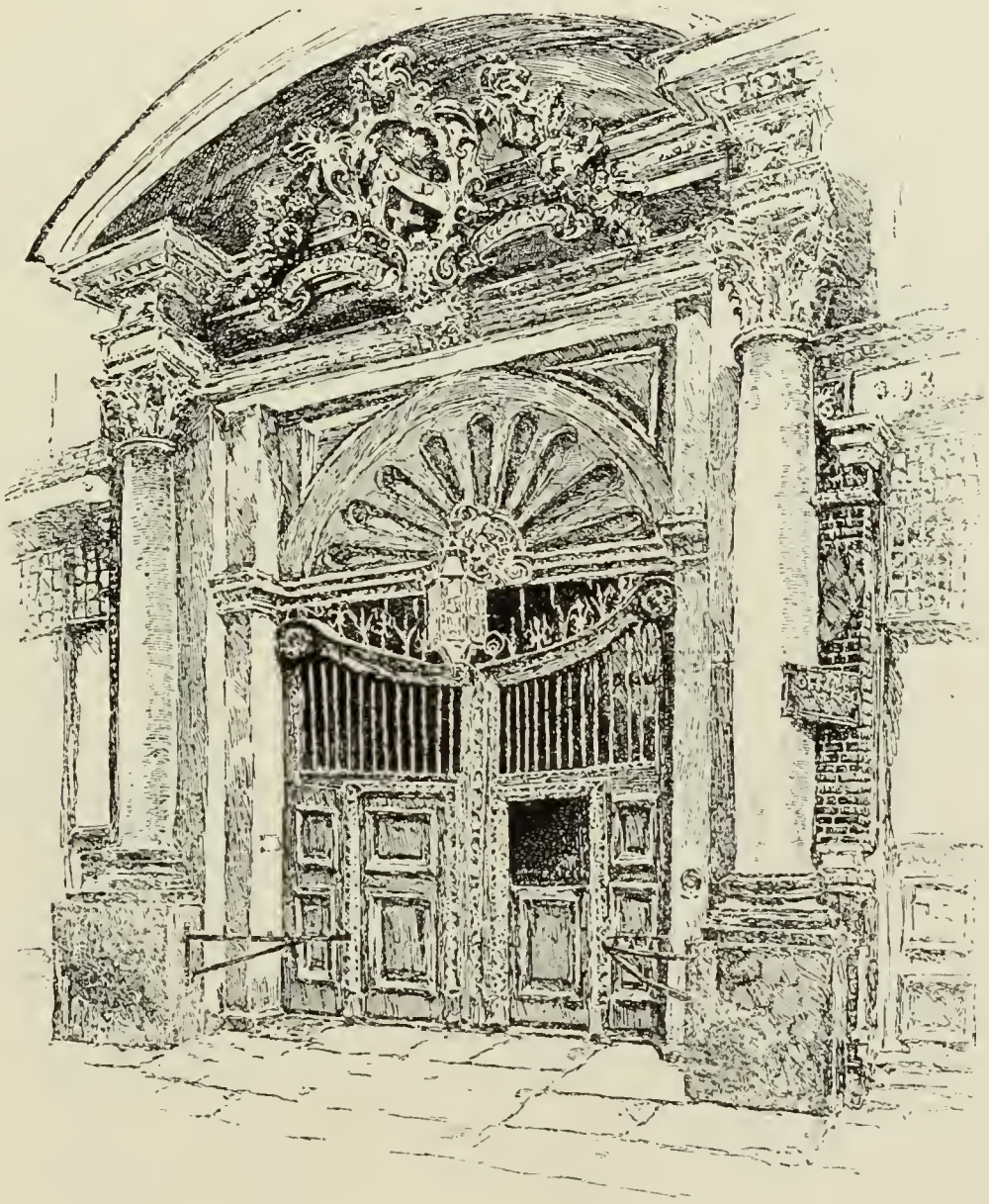
be of use to tell how this work was done; in every case, when possible, the drawings were made on the spot. I have tried assistants, and one, C. E. Mallows, won fame in England. I used photographs and the camera lucida; but it dawned on me soon that if I wanted to do good work I must do it all myself, and do it all from nature, and that is the way in which all my work for the last years of my many wanderings has been done. Now that my work in Europe I fear is finished—for there is nothing the reformer fears like an artist drawing from nature—that marks him for a spy. I look back upon long years of happy, hard work; not for cash but because I loved it. Yet the workman is worthy of his hire, and I

have not been unhired, though the world, my world, is dead. Yet I live on, but in the past, for there is no future worth looking forward to—at any rate in this land. But to tell how I made my drawings is better. I gave up all help and aids,



I forgot perspective, and like other discoverers, discovered that the perspective I invented was known to the Italian primitives and used by Dürer. It is simply this, they never used any side vanishing lines. We have become accurate, we think, but we do not give the bigness the feeling of things as the old men did. You cannot make a skyscraper dignified if you make it by the laws of modern perspective; you must forget them.

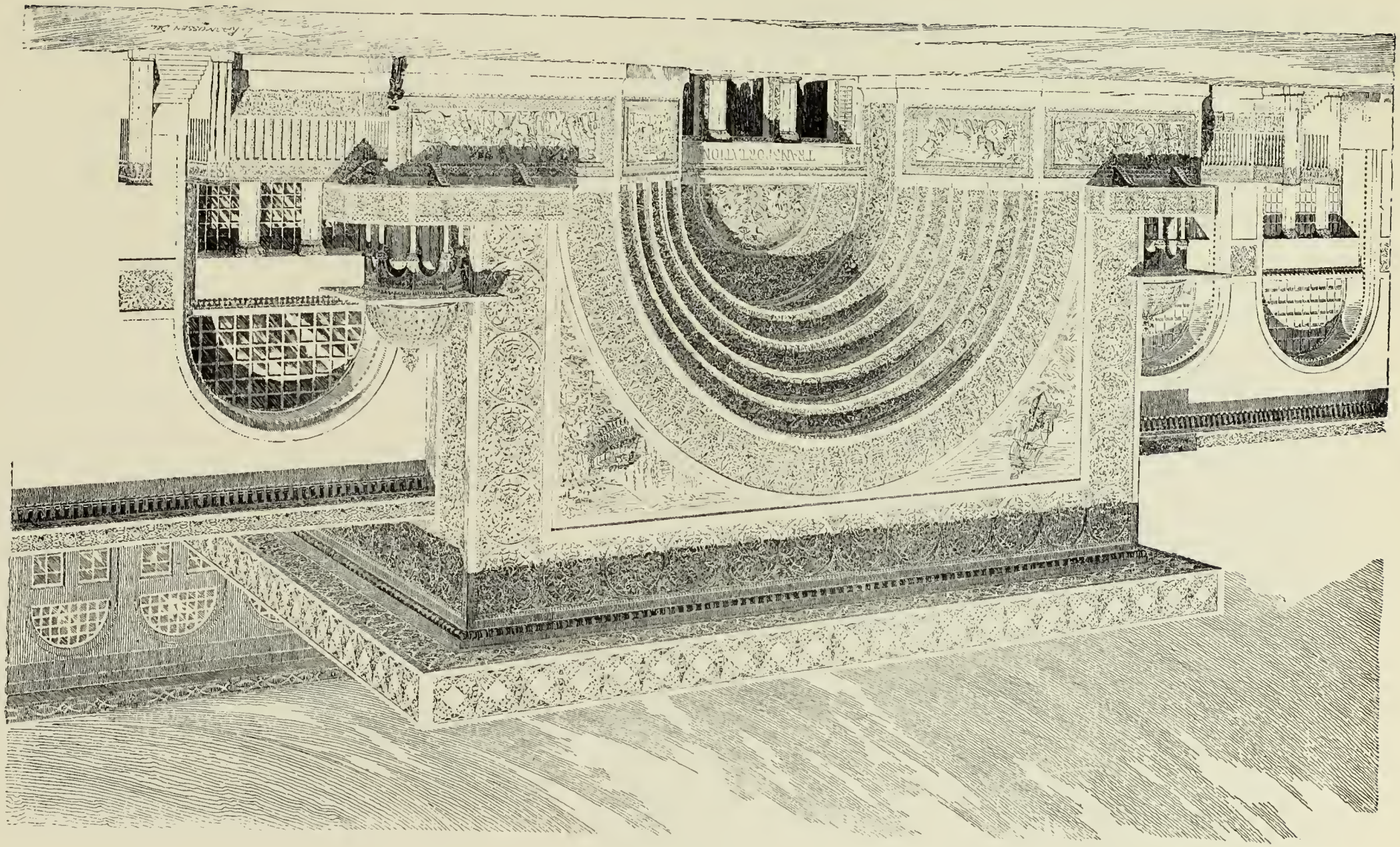
My drawings of the French Cathedrals, now the property of the French Government and hidden away in the Luxembourg cellars, were all done from nature on the spot; mostly they were inked in over pencil drawings, but now I am trying to work straight away with a pen, using wash at times trying to get freedom from the study of a lifetime. Who is there among the pen draughtsmen in this country today? Look at one sort; Gibson's mantle has not fallen on the shoulders of his imitators but been cut up and divided between them by a blatant gang whose cheek is as brazen as their drawing is bad.

Who else? Mr. Franklin Booth. Who else is there? Mr. H. D. Welsh did a series of Old Philadelphia Houses, with color added, that were good, but as for the rest—well, they are everywhere. But where is art? Welsh's work is in the Newspaper Chapter.

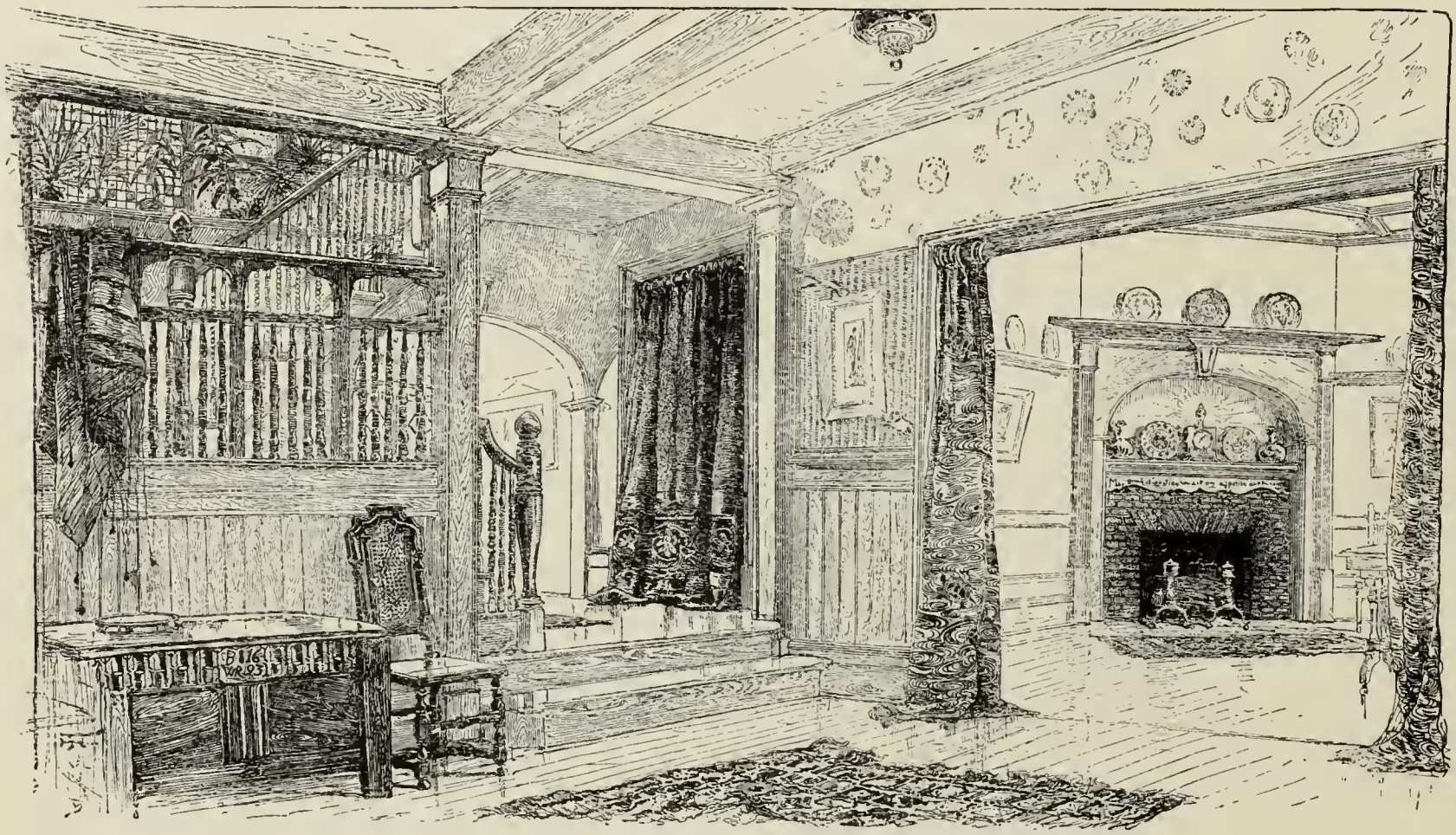
There is, however, one comment to be made: the fault is that of the man who invents a method which is so easy to steal and imitate that it can be done by the thieves and pilferers who litter the place and are encouraged by artless and conscienceless art editors. I, too, have had the sincere flattery of thieving imitators, many of them and in many lands.

L. RASMUSSEN

THE amazing care for the rendering of detail shown by some men, who have devoted themselves to the drawing of architecture, has never been more elaborately exhibited than in this drawing of Sullivan's Golden Doorway at Chicago, the great feature of the Exhibition. And though the whole effect comes near being spoiled by the absolutely uninteresting, unintelligent sky and foreground, the doorway is worth looking at, even if one is lost in astonishment at the



labor which goes to make it. The effect of light is well rendered; and the way in which the detail is expressed by shadows only is most interesting. It is a very stupid drawing but very wonderful.



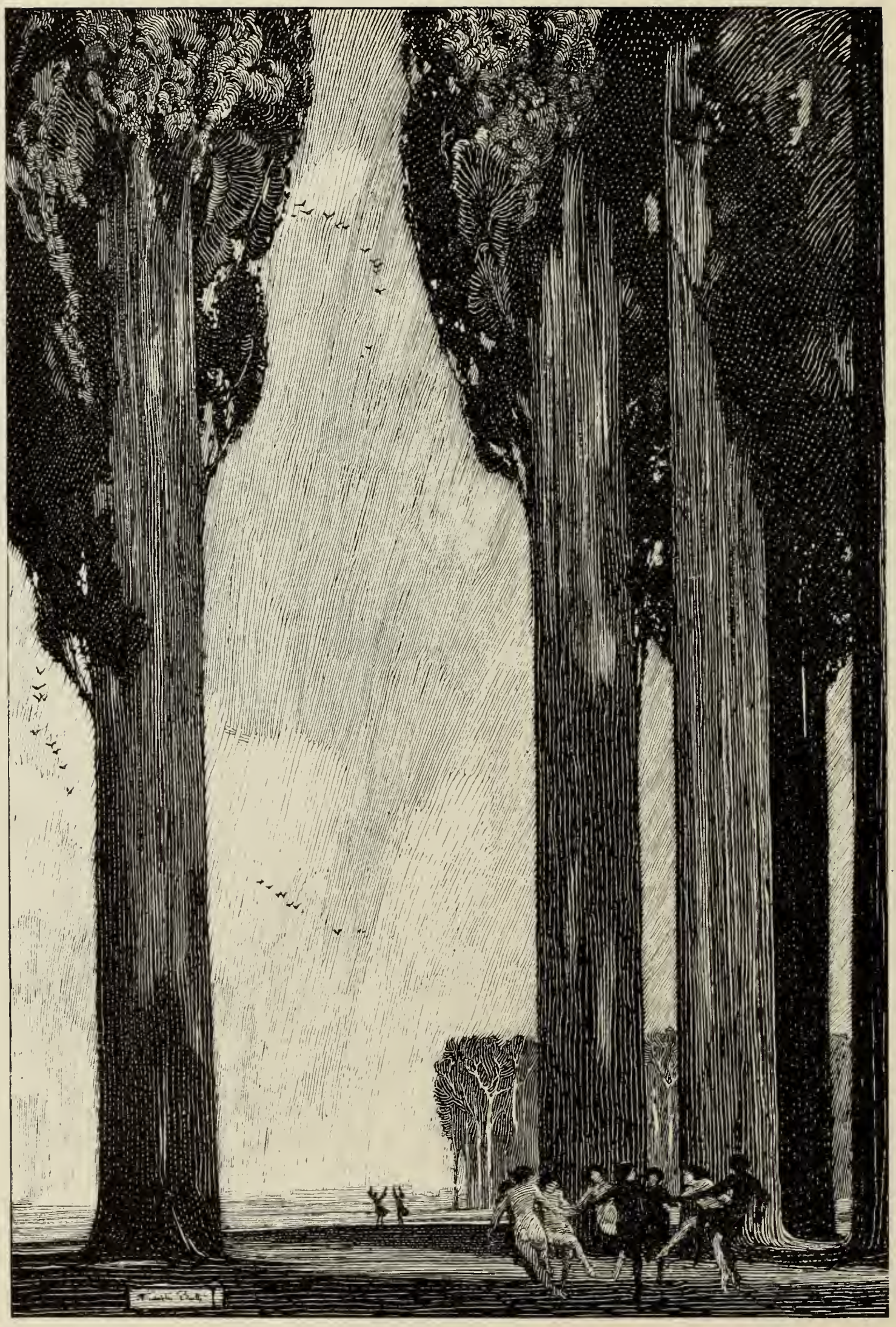
HARRY FENN

IT is always possible to render architecture picturesquely, even though it may be the latest American device in Queen Anne or Neo-Grec, if one only knows how; and Harry Fenn did. He not merely made every line tell something, but he uses a different line for each substance. Notice how he gets the effect of the stairway with one line, the light wood of the hall with another, and how well the old chair and chest, drawn with still another, tell against it. The rug and the hangings are quite differently handled, while the fireplace in the dining-room beyond is in line and splatter work, the rest of the room in outline, which again varies the treatment. There is not such brilliant and strong color in this drawing as in many of Fenn's, but it is an excellent example of picturesque working out of a new, and therefore somewhat stiff interior. The use of line to express, not only surfaces, but the construction of a building in the best and simplest manner. Any number of Fenn's drawings can be found in the American periodicals, especially in *The Century*. The print is from the *Magazine of Art*. Alas, this exists no longer. Fenn is dead, too, and so are the American and English magazines mostly, artistically.

MR. BOOTH has taken full advantage of the flexibility and variety of the pen line, especially in the large design of the big trees in which he has got the strength and bigness of the tree trunks contrasted with the delicacy and distance of the sky in a notable fashion; and in the study of floating figures he has got great richness of color without any blacks. These are certainly notable drawings and well worth study; so, too, are the ships.

He has more lately, I think, developed a style rather like wood-engraving in white line, though he tells me the drawings are made with a pen leaving the white lines. If this is so it seems to me a great waste of labor, since if he blackened scratch paper and drew white lines in he would get the same effect more easily; his is misplaced technique, even though extraordinary. And besides it is very easy to imitate, so a drove of prigs have fastened on his work of this sort, showing that it is but a trick, though very effective the first time you see it. But it would be far better to do this sort of thing by wood-engraving or lithography; but the other work by Booth is far more serious, far more difficult to follow, and the last thing the duffer wishes to encounter is difficulty.

His designs print stunningly; now that he has shown the way, they are stolen and imitated by an army of hacks, encouraged by art editors who should be discouraged, or rather discharged. See also Chapter X.



WAVE ,WOODS ,YOVR· BLOSSOMS ·ALL–
GRIM · DEATH · IS · DEAD !
YE ·WEEPING· FVNERAL · TREES,
LIFT · VP · YOVR · HEAD !
CHRIST · IS · RISEN!
HENRY McCARTER ·

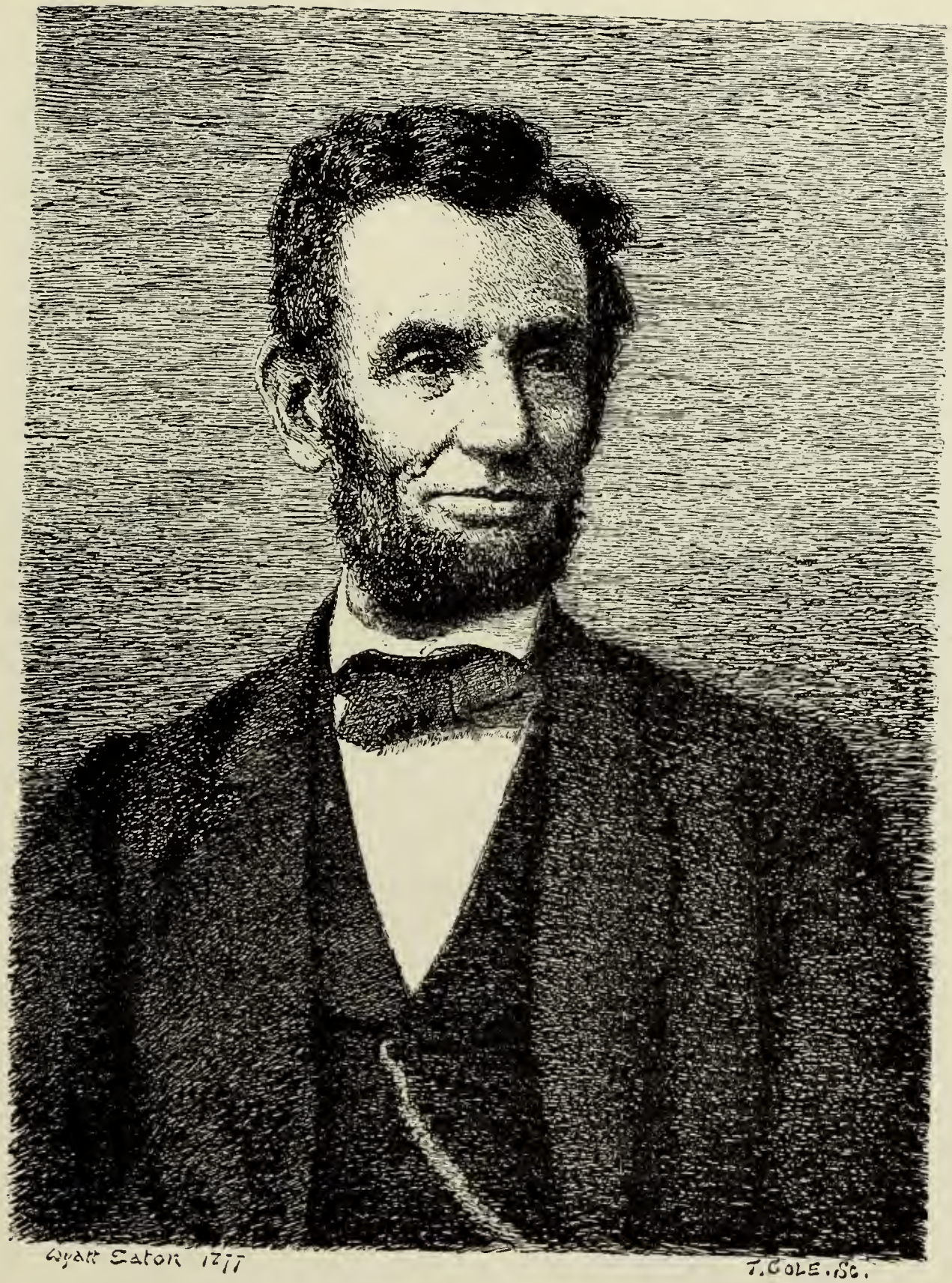
H. B. McCARTER and Will H. Bradley[1] evolved curiously interesting styles; but besides these two there seems to be scarcely any one with anything to say for himself, though there are hordes ready to crib and steal and imitate every original man's ideas instead of trying to look at nature or life for themselves. One of these artists has taken to the movies, the other to paint.

Everything is illustrated, yet one now looks to the advertisement pages of the

[1] For Mr. Bradley's work see Chapter XI.

daily papers and weekly journals for the best drawings, almost the only ones, for the photograph and oil painting has the country by the throat. Still there never was such a chance as there is at present for illustration; will the pen draughtsmen take true advantage of it? Rather will the ad men, the commercial men, the business men, allow them to do anything? They control the present; the future is black. It is, however, in the hope of showing what might be done that this book appears.

NOT only is the medallion a good example of directness and freedom of line, with scarcely any cross-hatching and certainly no mechanical work, of beauty of modelling and suggestion of various surfaces, and of a man's individuality in his drawing, but it is a marvelous example of mechanical reproduction, probably the best in the book. It was engraved by the C. L. Wright Gravure Company of New York. Their aim is not, as I have found with too many other mechanical engravers, to succumb before the slightest difficulty, but, to use their own words, "to reach the acme of perfection in reproducing drawings," and "to give an absolute facsimile of the artist's work." It is only by such endeavors that blocks like this can be produced, that photo-engraving can advance at all. Now photo-engraving in this country is the prey of the unions and is mostly perfectly rotten. The making of difficulties, not triumphing over them, are our present ideals. The Lincoln is a masterpiece engraved on wood in a marvelous manner by Cole and published here as a photo-engraving, remarkably rendered by the Weeks Photo-Engraving Company. It proves not only that process will reproduce pen drawings perfectly, but the reproductions of them. These were in *The Century*.



Wyatt Eaton 1877

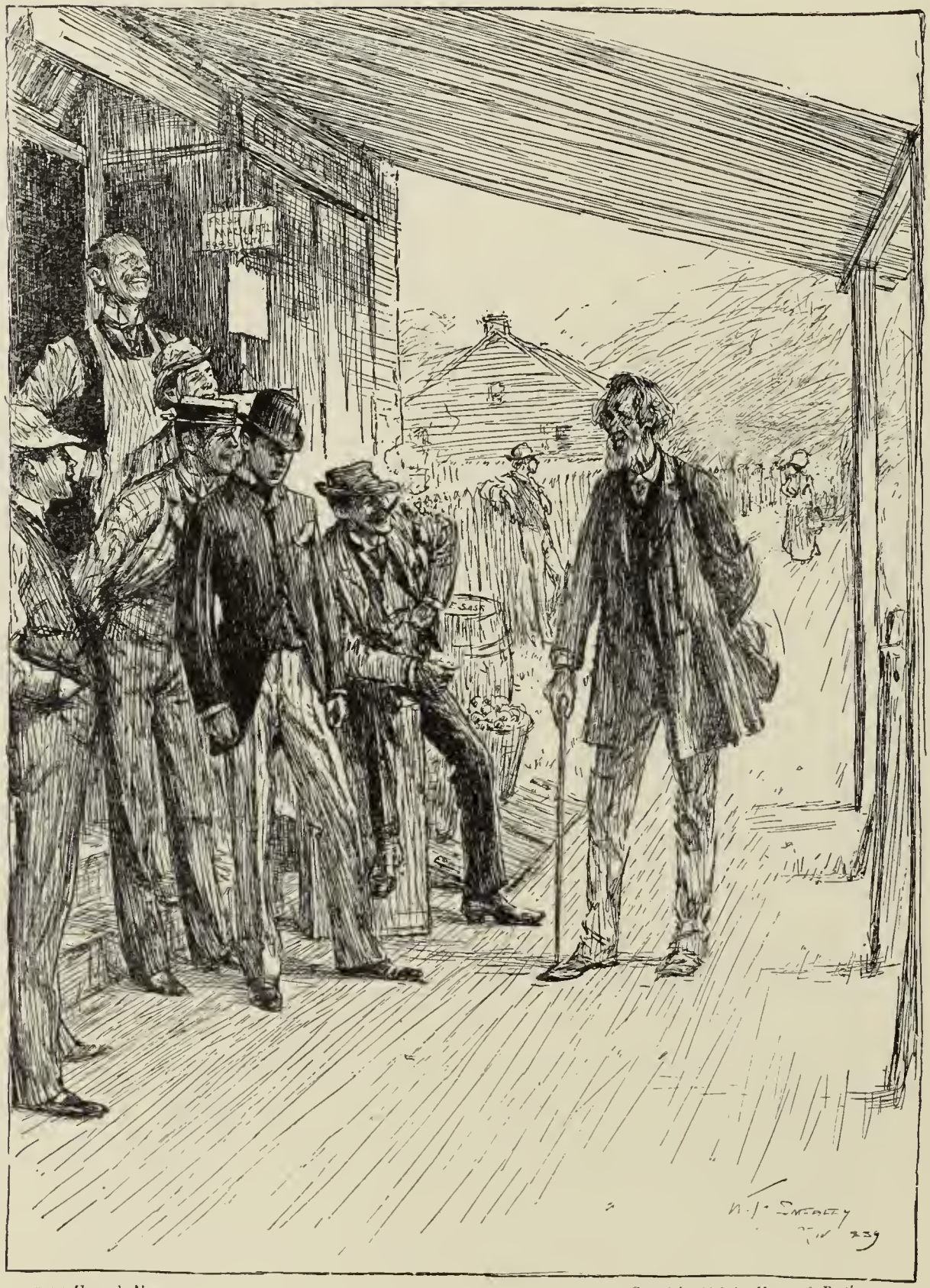
T. COLE. Sc.

September

FALLS, though he has distinguished himself more in his color work and by wood-cutting, is also notable. His masses of black and white are very well opposed and make a most interesting silhouette. The drawing on following page

has a very interesting aquatint ground on it, and this should be compared with the half-tone tints in the two others.

Falls is one of the few younger illustrators who has really studied his craft and understands how to work technically; and though he has succeeded in a notable fashion in his profession, this is but another proof that we should have a practical school of the graphic arts in the country where all graphic artists could learn their profession, and not as now have to unlearn most of the tips they have picked up.



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FOR years Smedley has been recognized as a most interesting illustrator, but he has never, like Abbey or Pyle, seemed to care to confine himself to one medium, unless it is that he prefers wash to line, his wash drawings coming remarkably well by process. His work is quite as American in character as Frost's, and, I think, more free and varied in handling. The types in both drawings are carefully studied, the backgrounds well suggested, and the work is all carried out with an apparent freedom which is the result of the hardest study. He, too, is gone.

From Harper's Magazine.

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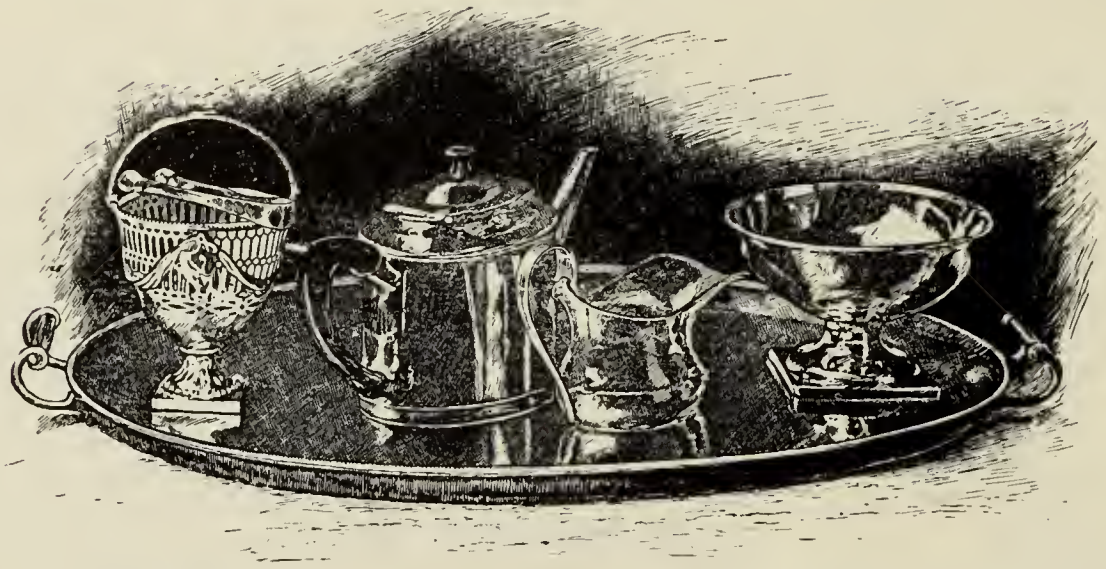
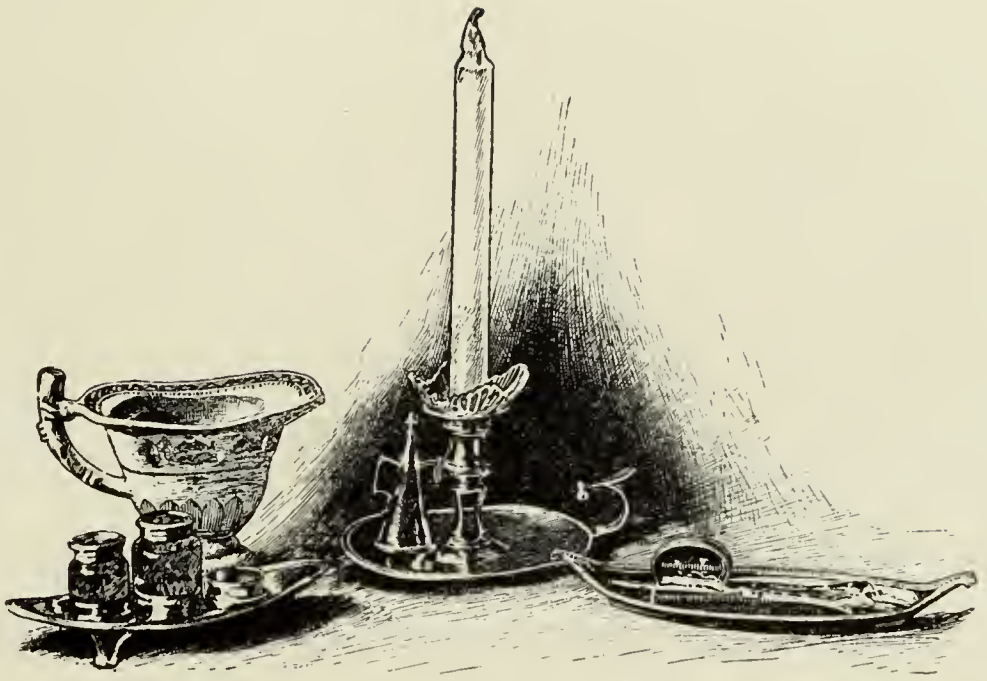
DURING the last twenty-five years only one American, C. D. Gibson, has won an international reputation in humorous or society drawing—several have tried to. The reason for this is not difficult to understand. Mr. Gibson has had something to say and he has said it. This expression of his own individuality has won him the right to illustrate serials and articles, and unless an illustrator can make an article or a story more interesting and attractive by his drawings, unless he can add a personal note to it, he stands a small chance of success. Individuality means art, though one may at times quarrel with Mr. Gibson for repetition. Not only has he countless artful and artless imitators on both sides of the Atlantic, but Fifth Avenue used to be like an endless procession of Gibsons. Whether Gibson is responsible for this, or whether Fifth Avenue is responsible for Gibson, I do not know. Gibson, however, though he may retain his place socially certainly does not artistically hold his former popular niche. He did his work well in his way, but like Du Maurier, and unlike Keene and May, did not carry on, and that is necessary to fame or even success. His Education of Mr. Pipp and other characters was extraordinary, so were some of his renderings of high life in London, but he is not a prophet or a satirist, and the sooner he returns to his girls the better it will be for his admirers, and politically I do not think he has made or unmade one politician. Society and not seriousness is his game. The first drawing has been partially reproduced by the half-tone process; most of the tone, however, has been cut away by wood-engravers or etched out.

Gibson has, as I have said, received more of the flattering testimony of imitation than any one, but he is the inspiration of all his flatterers, and he is the creator of the Gibson Girl.



BOTH Drake and Bacher have done good work in other than still life. Drake has made some charming illustrations to Kipling's Stories of Child Life, and Bacher gained his reputation thirty years ago by his etchings; and since, no American artists have done as good work as these two men in rendering the play



of light on old silver, on jeweled caskets, on bronzes and on ivories. Their drawing is as true as Jacquemart's, and the developments of process have given them a chance which the Frenchman was unable to take advantage of. These drawings are quite equal to Jacquemart's etchings, and one can say nothing better.

KENT has founded himself on Blake. He would, I imagine, be the first to admit this, but there were two things about Blake which Kent does not possess. In the first place the Englishman was a highly skilled technician, and in the second he was occasionally mad and saw, as he says, visions; but these visions were rendered by a highly skilled engraver. Kent has endeavored to render, as Blake would have done had he lived today, his designs by pen drawing and process, and Kent again, unlike Blake, is not sure of his style, and to me his realistic studies of landscape are better than his imaginative creations, for Kent is more of a realist than a dreamer. His work is powerful and direct, though clumsy; he suffers from the universal American lack of technical training and cannot properly express himself. And, unlike Rossetti, who also admired Blake, he has not yet evolved a style of his own; still his work is distinctly interesting, crude, clumsy, and powerful—not for a student to copy but to look at. He and Booth, however, are carrying on tradition and I hope they may continue and so succeed; and they have made their drawings for process, while Blake's had to be engraved or etched.

Olsen's Cabin
Goat House
Fox
Corral

IT would be impossible to write of pen drawing in Europe and America without acknowledging the debt which all artists, who have thought and worked and striven in their art, owe to the Chinese and Japanese. All should know and study reverently the sketchbooks, the drawings on silk, the prints,

plain and colored, all the decorative work of Oriental artists which is so freely and beautifully rendered by the pen, or rather by the brush, or has the brush as basis. They are the most beautiful, the most decorative, the most true studies ever made, and made with the finest, most expressive lines. I do not even pretend to know the history, nor would it be worth while to give a list of names of these artists. But I do know that one can learn more about art, decoration, and beauty

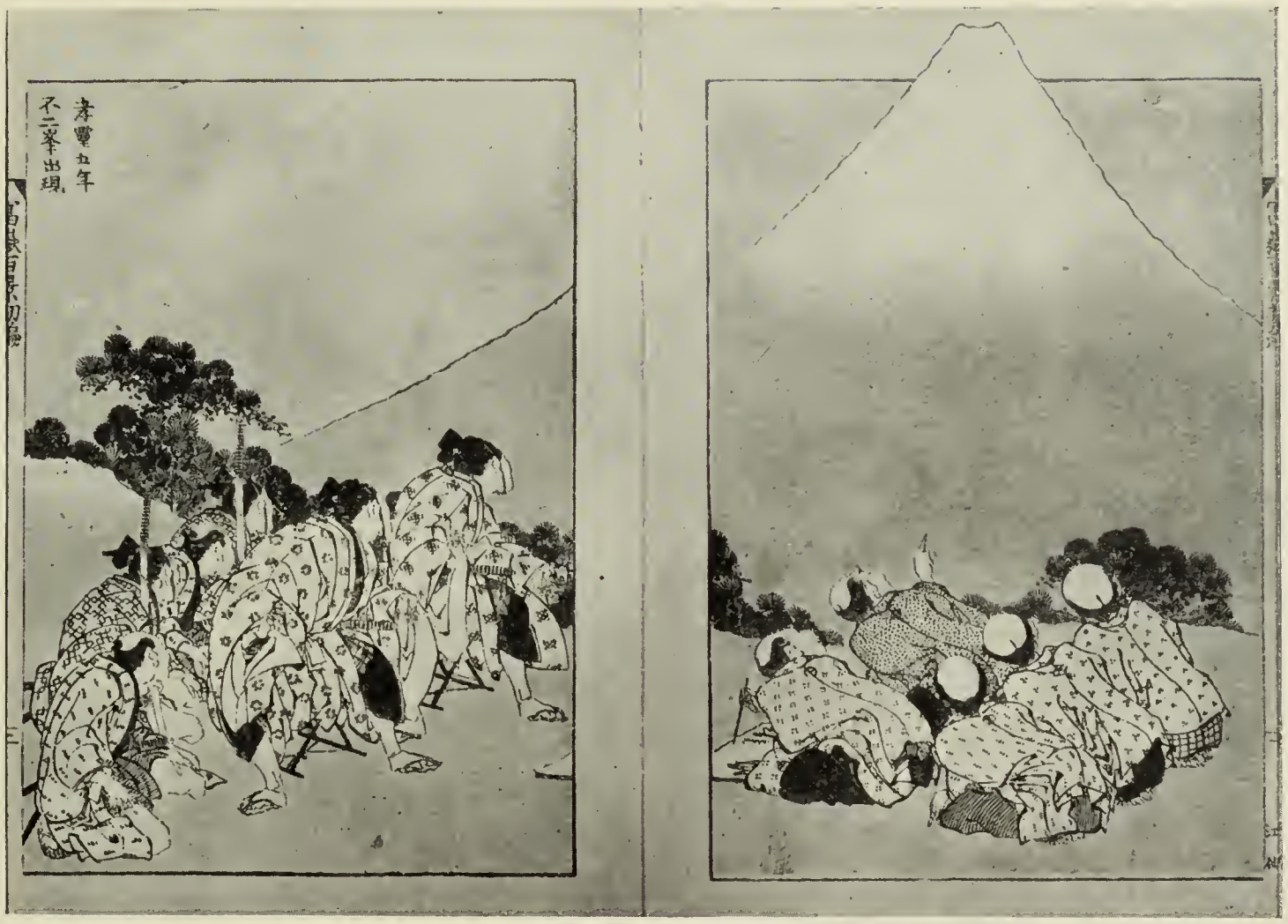
from a Japanese sketchbook, which could be bought for fifty cents, than is often to be learned from a whole season of Western picture shows. The influence of the Japanese is becoming daily more and more apparent. Whistler was the first man to appreciate them, and early also was Manet in his wonderful edition of Poe's

Raven. Bracquemond, too, understood; but today there is a whole tribe who follow originals they have never seen and methods they do not understand. A few are studying intelligently and working out results. Edgar Wilson was one of the most successful in wood-cutting and color printing. Morley Fletcher and Emil Orlik have ably carried on the tradition. But unless one can assimilate Japanese

methods in the right manner—that is, unless one can engraft Japanese methods on European subjects—it is better to study their drawings as an old master's pen work should be studied, otherwise the result is a medley, neither Japanese nor European, with about the value of a tea-chest made in Birmingham, or a Japanese oil painting done in Paris. I have no intention, however, of attempting a treatise on Japanese drawing; it would require a volume, and several very able books on Japanese art are to be had.

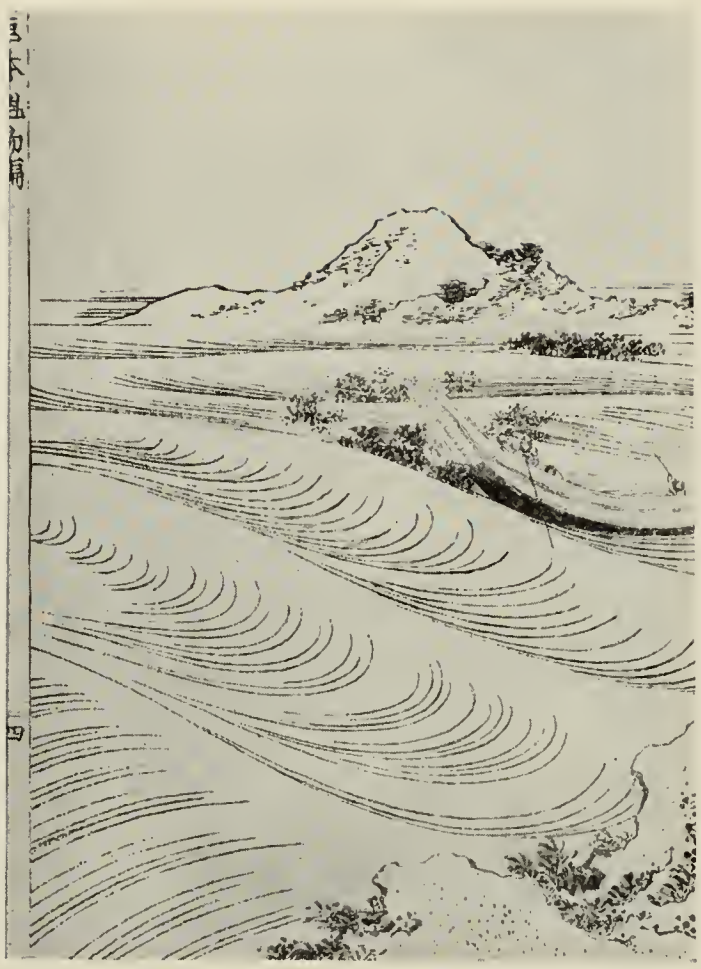
In the production and reproduction of brush and pen drawings the Chinese and Japanese are hundreds of years ahead of us. Their ink is better than any we have, their wood-cutters are far more sympathetic and skilled than even the facsimile men of America, and their printing is superb, and now they have taken up photo-engraving with great success. The Japs can imitate anything save the greatness of their own illustration, which till we showed it to them, they never appreciated, never cared for.

Of all these artists Hokusai is the greatest Japanese line draughtsman that I know, and did most work in black and white, and his greatest series is the *Hundred Views of Fujiyama*, which either in original editions or in reprints one could find anywhere a few years ago—now they can scarce be found at all. Hokusai was of the people and worked for the people, and was ignored, at least his drawings and his books, by all but the people. This series was a sort of illustrated guidebook to the holy mountain—a work of art. We make works in photography, but the West



has triumphed over the East, and they now have photo artists in Japan to be in the fashion. The infinite variety, or rather the hundred varieties, of effect in the three volumes, are amazing. No more thorough study of a subject has ever been done, or rather never attempted. I might have taken any two pages from the book, but I chose these because they not only give Japan to me, but are arrangements that have never been surpassed by any artists of any country or time. Technically they are perfect for study and print perfectly. The one of the mountain rising from the mist is out of line in the two parts; and, though the register in Japanese prints is always right and the color always right, often their prints when facing each other, as these do on two pages, are not in line either at the top or bottom. I object to this cutting of designs into two pieces as much by the Japs as the Yankees. It is vile and so, too, is their mannerism of letting the design run out of the paper on which it is drawn, as they have the fashion of doing.

Hiroshige also, and so did many other artists, make books of Views. This shower on Ohashi Bridge from the *Hundred Views of Yeddo* is world famous. It has been the inspiration of moderns, and though not original with Hiroshige, this conventional rendering of rain was known to the old Japanese and their masters, the Chinese artists, and I have in *Etchers and Etching* pointed out that it was known to Rembrandt or that he may have made it known to the Japanese, yet there is far more careful study of the falling rain in this wood-block than in Rem-



brandt's etched plate. One design by Hiroshige was the inspiration of Whistler's Falling Rocket and the Nocturnes, and he was big enough to admit it; and he surpassed the Japanese not only in his painting but in—as I have shown in the American Chapter—his rendering in their own manner of the illustrations in the *Catalogue of Blue and White China*.

What I want to refer to is the technical side of Japanese drawing. The brush undoubtedly is far more sympathetic and responsive than the pen, but one is the tool of the East and the other of the West; but the brush line gives far more variety than the pen stroke, from the utmost fineness to the greatest breadth, and it can be used for washes as well, while their facsimile wood-cutting is far beyond anything we have ever done. Though it is comparatively easy to imitate either on wood or by process there are other factors which give character to Japanese illustration. The use of the wood-block is one; the grain of the block, even the texture, the fabric of the wood is always taken advantage of by the artist and wood-cutter, and different woods give different qualities of tone. In this standardized West the aim is to sterilize everything, at any rate in the United States, and we succeed. There is none of this quality and variety of surface to be obtained from a copper or zinc plate, they are all uniform, and the idea of the Western engraver is to standardize. The Jap tries to characterize. The American never experiments any more; so long as there were artists in Japan they were always experimenting. Now they are imitating, and their best men have given up imitating us and are returning to their own masters and methods. From the very earliest times the

free use of the brush was the sign of Oriental work. Look at these horses. I do not know who did this early print, but it and endless others, especially those in Hokusai's sketchbooks, are the inspiration or rather the crib from which the Ists of the next chapter have stolen one side of their formula. Greek and Persian art they have made artless for the admiration of the ignorant. Look at the Marquet —but everything with them is stolen though they are either too low to admit it or too cowardly to do so. Their followers too ignorant to know anything about the past; too lazy to learn anything about the present.

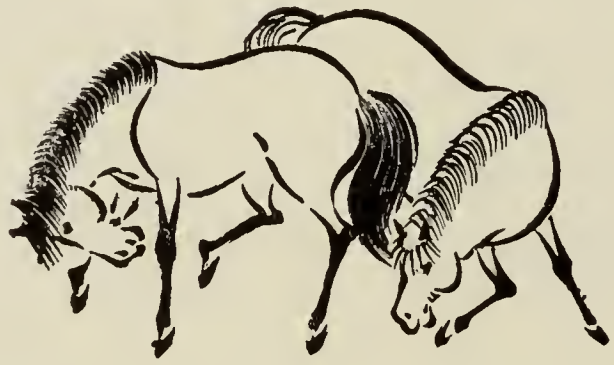
The rendering by wood-cutting of half-drawn brush work is astounding in Japanese engraving. So is their wash work. The reason for this amazing skill and craftsmanship is simple. They are taught two or three fundamental facts—to use first their memory and then their tools. And the tools are most difficult to use and require a lifetime of practice, and behind all the power to draw. Did not Hokusai say at ninety he was just learning? That is the whole matter; we are all geniuses and are taught nothing. There have been very few geniuses in Oriental art but many craftsmen. The great artist is developed from the craftsman—this is known everywhere but here. But the modern Japanese as a rule are as stodgy as we are, even if more imitative and quicker.

I remember seeing a Jap drawing a bird in a London exhibition, commencing with the eye and carrying out the design to the last tail feather; and when, after seeing this repeated several times on several days, I asked him why he did not begin with the tail, or the bill; he said he had not been taught that way of doing

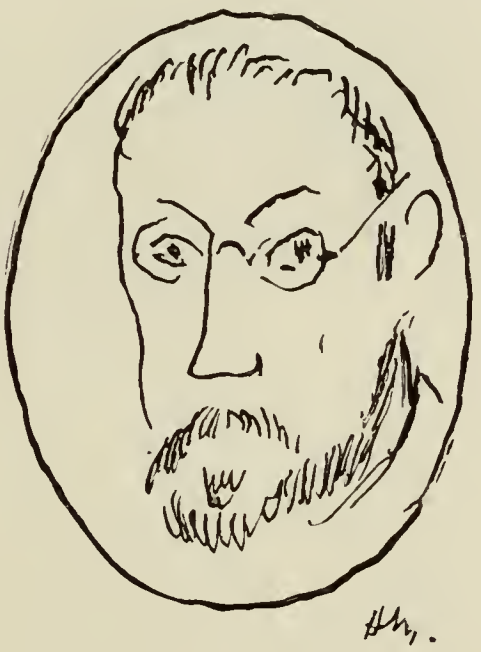
the bird, but he had been taught, yet he was not an artist but he knew his craft. The drawings in this chapter are by artists, and are wonderfully expressive, extraordinarily able, beautiful in form and a mine of study—only do not prig from them technically and call yourselves original, as do the Ists; verily, they have their reward.

I know little of the Japanese methods of drawing save what I have seen and read. They are most simple it seems. A brush in a reed holder, India ink and a piece of Japanese paper or silk, the ink mixed in saucers, the drawing flat on the floor, the brush held vertically over it. One touch or wash and it is done right, for the paper will not stand another without messing; that is the whole thing, but that is craftsmanship. Another matter is that they work from memory, I believe,

not from nature, and so put down the important, the essential, things which impress them—that is what we should learn to do. But even then most of our geniuses could not approach them. But their best work we should follow.



I DO not intend that it shall be said that I ignored or was afraid to notice the modernists, the cubists, the futurists, the whatever Ists they choose to call themselves for the moment, but by their handiwork may they be judged. The beginning of the whole affair was a commercial proposition. I could tell the whole story of the German Jew-Russian combine which brought off Van Gogh and Gaugain and later Cézanne and Matisse. I even got Van Gogh his first patrons in England. The syndicate saw money in making a corner in Van Gogh and Gaugain—and when they had unloaded the Van Goghs which they bought for twenty-five francs each in the little shop off the Place Pigalle, Paris, in 1900, and sold them at twenty-five thousand apiece ten



years later, they had to invent live men to step in the dead men's shoes, and they chose Henri Matisse and others for the purpose. I could tell the whole story, but I have not the space. The trick of Ists and Isms is so easy to play that any one can play it—it is briefly the avoidance of difficulties. The pretension

that the art of the Ists is primitive is bluff or ignorance. We cannot become as little children in art, despite the Bible, but it is easy to make the ignorant and the collector and the critic afraid of being out of things believe so, especially when backed by a big shop window, a literary agent, and an adoring multitude of incompetent and lazy art students trying to be in the fashion. I have placed these New Illustrators after the old Japanese and how much after a comparison will prove. If these things are liked it is because "They pays better than pictures," as the doorkeeper at one of Roger Fry's hippodromes—I mean exhibitions—once told me, and Roger Fry is typical of the movement. He has written, drawn, and painted up and down to many schools, and if there is another movement he will be in that, like Berenson, who does not appreciate the difference so long as he

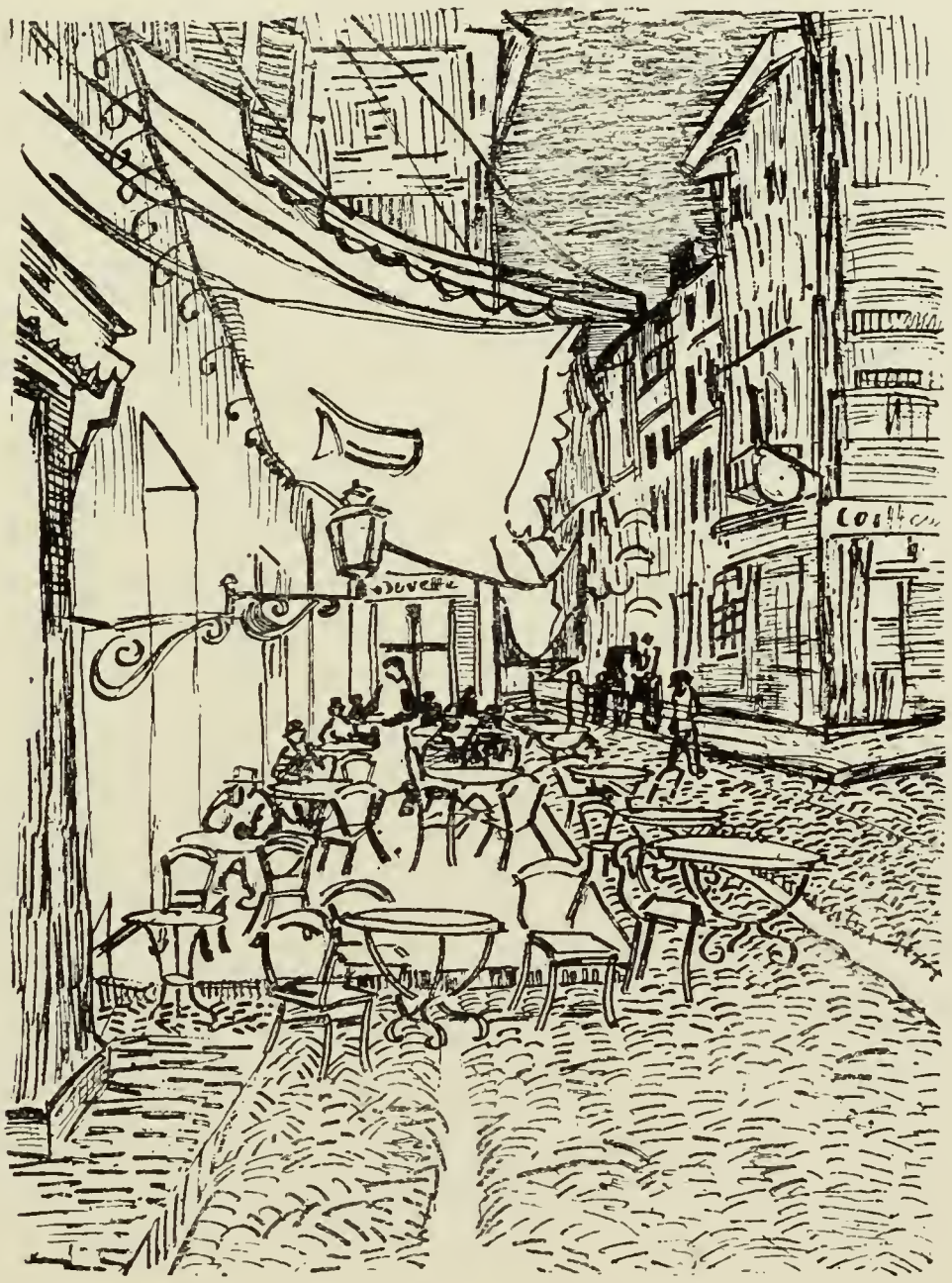
can sell them—or write about them—between Giotto and Gaugain. I have included the work of Van Gogh and Gaugain, the leaders so-called of the new movements, and of Matisse, the first disciple to carry the business on. The Ism, like other fashionable diseases, spread all over the world; it was at its height

at the outbreak of the war in Middle Europe and in Nihilistic Russia. I have endeavored to collect designs by the Ists—I know of no other name by which they may be described—though again, owing to the war, I have missed—been compelled to—not only men, but countries, where this form of expression is most rampant, for it is in those countries that war is most dominant. It is interesting to note that in Russia before the revolution that came, and in Italy before the revolution that is coming, and in Germany where they have had their revolution, and here, where we have to be in everything and are out of all things artistic—for art, save commercially and socially, scarce exists at all—in these countries the method is most practiced, the game most played. It is still rampant in Germany, Austria, Poland, and Russia and among the descendents of those nationalities here. The people who make these things, buy these things, sell these things, tell us they are primitive; that they have become as little children, that they draw things as they see them. Well, this is what they say they see, the things on these pages. I have said already, but I repeat it, that the primitives of old time believed themselves realists; they were in advance of their time—we have carried on and now they are primitive—but if one looks at the earliest work

of the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Greeks, one sees what wonderful artists for their time these peoples were. They are the inspiration of all time, of all of us, because they were the greatest craftsmen, the greatest technicians of their time. But is this portrait by Matisse in line better in handling than one by Holbein,

Rembrandt or Whistler? Is this townscape by Van Gogh more expressive than one by Lalanne; is the line more beautiful? Is this female by an unknown-to-me German more human than the Miss Siddal by Rossetti in the English Chapter? Is this shipping subject by Marquet more true than Wyllie? Is any one of these drawings better than a Hokusai or an Abbey? Can they rival Phil May or Sullivan? Is this decoration more perfect than Morris or Beardsley? Is this architecture better than mine? Is it? The man who says so, says so; but it proves nothing, even though all the world agrees with him, for majorities are always wrong, and this is the work of the majority, for all can do it; only, like photographers, they all do the same thing. There is no personality about it. You can tell the work of one artist from another, even if you do not know his name; you cannot tell the work of one of these people from another, even though his

or her—and there are many hers—name is signed to the performance. As has been well said, you can tell what Rembrandt and Whistler meant when they drew, but you cannot tell how they did it. Of these people you can tell how they drew a thing, but you cannot tell why they did it. The Ists tell you they are mad, and



see visions like Blake—and Van Gogh was mad, but, unlike Blake, he was not a technician and could not express himself with vital lines. Van Gogh and Gaugain were colorists, but they could not draw. Hokusai and Hiroshige were colorists, but they could draw; and whoever heard of a mad man calling himself mad?

This work is war, destruction, annihilation. War is the triumph of the strongest, this is the triumph—or it would be—of the weakest, the most incompetent, the laziest, the most degenerate, the most commercial, for it is all a commercial proposition. True, that is all the world has become—the triumph of the unfit. Why are the halt, the maimed and the unfit encouraged, while those who have done something are left to shift for themselves? This thing has happened before, and the dark ages were the result. We are on the brink again today. However, I only want to show what had been done, and comparing that with

what is being done, prove how low are the aims and the accomplishments of today, and how easily the majority swallow incompetence and back up inability. I would be the first to praise the simplicity, the economy, the directness of these drawings, if technically the work, the line work, was good, but it is rotten, cheap, decayed, diseased. The world may accept it. I may see it accepted, but that will not alter my belief and my knowledge of what is good and what is great. These things are pathetic in their poverty of line and weakness of line; they have no vitality or energy, and that is what is the matter with those who made them. They are diseased, decadent, dreary, dry, dull. Have I not seen their authors, The Ists drinking milk in the Café Royal, and chewing gum in Childs' when on their debauches, following, they think, Gaugain, the master—or is he their master? No; they are, they say, their own masters, laws unto themselves, pirates toward others.

I have wandered during these last years in thè haunts I know so well, collecting the new books and the new drawings, wandering among the shops of Europe and America, where once, in Paris, I found Steinlen and Carlos Schwabe; or in Venice, Martini and Tito; in Leipzig, Menzel and Dietz; in London, May and Beardsley; here, Abbey and Blum. They are all gone—and many of the shops are gone; there are new men and new shops, new ideals. But in France, Italy, Germany, Austria there is scarce anything new; the great darkness has fallen on these lands of light. What there is, the sort of thing it is, is in these last pages. The men of the new movement say it is revolutionary. Well, it coincided, or came rather before the end of the world; for it was in 1914 that the world died. These say that their work is the expression of "tecnic" (even their propaganda is written in a language of their own, though the spelling in this is that of Roosevelt), and not story telling, and yet everything they have done has a title, and all have to be looked at for a long while before the meaning can be discovered. As for the technique, you do not have to look long to find that the trick is plain. They say that they can draw, but they do not, save mechanically, in their paintings, nor in their sculpture. A kaleidoscope draws better. They say we cannot surpass the Greeks or Velasquez or Hals or Rembrandt, so they turn to their own things. They do not say that is so easy to do. Their scheme is the avoidance of all difficulties, saying, to save their faces, "That is the way we see things," that "they express their individuality"; when there is so little character you cannot tell the work of one Ist from another Ist.

Though I never saw Van Gogh when he and I were living in Arles, and only heard of him from the Bourgeois as a mad man, I, a year or two after, got to know his things in Paris, and showed his early drawings and prints in London, drawings which greatly resembled Millet, from whose technique he gradually broke away to express himself brilliantly in paint. Some of the drawings, too, are good in line, vital but always clumsy, and as his madness grew, they did not, like Blake's, become more mystic, more wonderful technically, but more crude,

more clumsy, more stupid, more sordid, for Van Gogh was a poor creature and not a great artist like Blake. Blake was a trained craftsman; Van Gogh an untrained duffer, a Bible agent who took to paint because he had a brother in Goupil's. He and Gaugain—the rest don't count; they are only followers and imitators—are not artists because they have not been trained; can't express themselves, and so fall back on their Isms and Ists. I try, and sometimes succeed in liking Gaugain's paintings for their far-away color, but it is not necessary to be told his life as a proof that he could not draw. His drawing proves it; like all the rest, it proves absolutely the clumsy, artless, stupid, empty, dreary line he used. No fine writing by American company promoters like Eddy, with a house full of Ists, or English Idealists like Roger Fry, who has fallen for everything from chocolates and primitives to this, or the syndicate of Meier Graefe, Cassirer, and Von Tschude and all their hangers-on in the purlieus and quarters of art all over the world can prove that this drawing of Gaugain's is anything but rotten, or else everything in this book save the work in this chapter is rotten, and "I am of the company." Commercialism and incompetence could go no further than in the boom of these later poseurs. But it is good business even though not art.

Here is Matisse's portrait of himself—he can draw, he says—and this is what he draws. He can compose, and this is what he composes, and he teaches sixty pupils drawing; they would not stay with him sixty minutes if he taught them really. They don't want to draw; they want to learn the trick of making Matisses; that is what all pupils want from their "masters"—or all of those who get nowhere—but they can't help arriving, by playing this game. I am not considering anything but these men's published or exhibited pen drawings, and it is of those vital, condemning or confirming evidences of a man's ability or want of it that I speak; but the drawings give the show away.

I was American Commissioner and also a member of the British Government Commission for the Leipzig Exhibition, 1914, and I saw the world exhibition of the graphic arts in that city, and the decorative and educational arts in Cologne the same year. And the prophecy of the director of the Leipzig school has come true when he said, and I have quoted it already, as he looked around the walls, "We are in the same state that Greece and Rome were before they fell, and something awful is going to happen to us." It has happened, though in this fool sink pot and rubbish heap of illiterate blind hypocrisy we don't know it and go on gaily golfing, craping, jazzing, collecting. In a far-away fashion some of these drawings at Leipzig were amusing. I knew few of the draughtsmen's nationalities; I never shall know them. This of a factory country certainly could not be more simply, directly rendered, but is each line beautiful or expressive? They are clumsy and crude, the work of an untrained duffer trying, I believe, to say something, but ignorant how to do it—blind led by the blind instead of Rembrandt—or even by me. Take this drawing of sculpture, or even the Rodin

—Rodin could draw, as this book shows, but when he got loose or found himself, as in his later years, he became as impotent in art as he was conceited in life, while his ideas at the end were perverted when not commercial. He was one of the most overrated personalities of his time. Success completely turned his peasant head. I knew him; he was my President, and I know and could tell much more.

This marine by Peckstein is simply complacent cheek. I can put it over, the perpetrator says, or maybe he really knows no more; he is a new German.

And another matter which is curious is that half these things are indecent, obscene. That, the perpetrators say, shows their purity. Every one knows that some forms of art are phallic, erotic, always have been and always will be, but from the time of the Egyptians, the Saxons and Japanese, the church builders and the decorators, all forms of art have been clothed with beauty and mystery. The work of the Ists is, much of it, low and vile—the stuff that is scribbled on the wall by the boy who runs away. That is why it is so popular; why some collectors understand it.

In decoration, the make-up of the Yellow Journal is to be the ideal—it's so expressive, the Ists say. They do not say it is the cheapest, the quickest form of pandering to the lowest. That good work in decoration and arrangement takes time and thought is beyond these people, with whom laziness and ignorance are virtues. Advertisements, as I have said, are our best illustrations today, but there are ads and ads—there is only one sort of Ists, though they have many

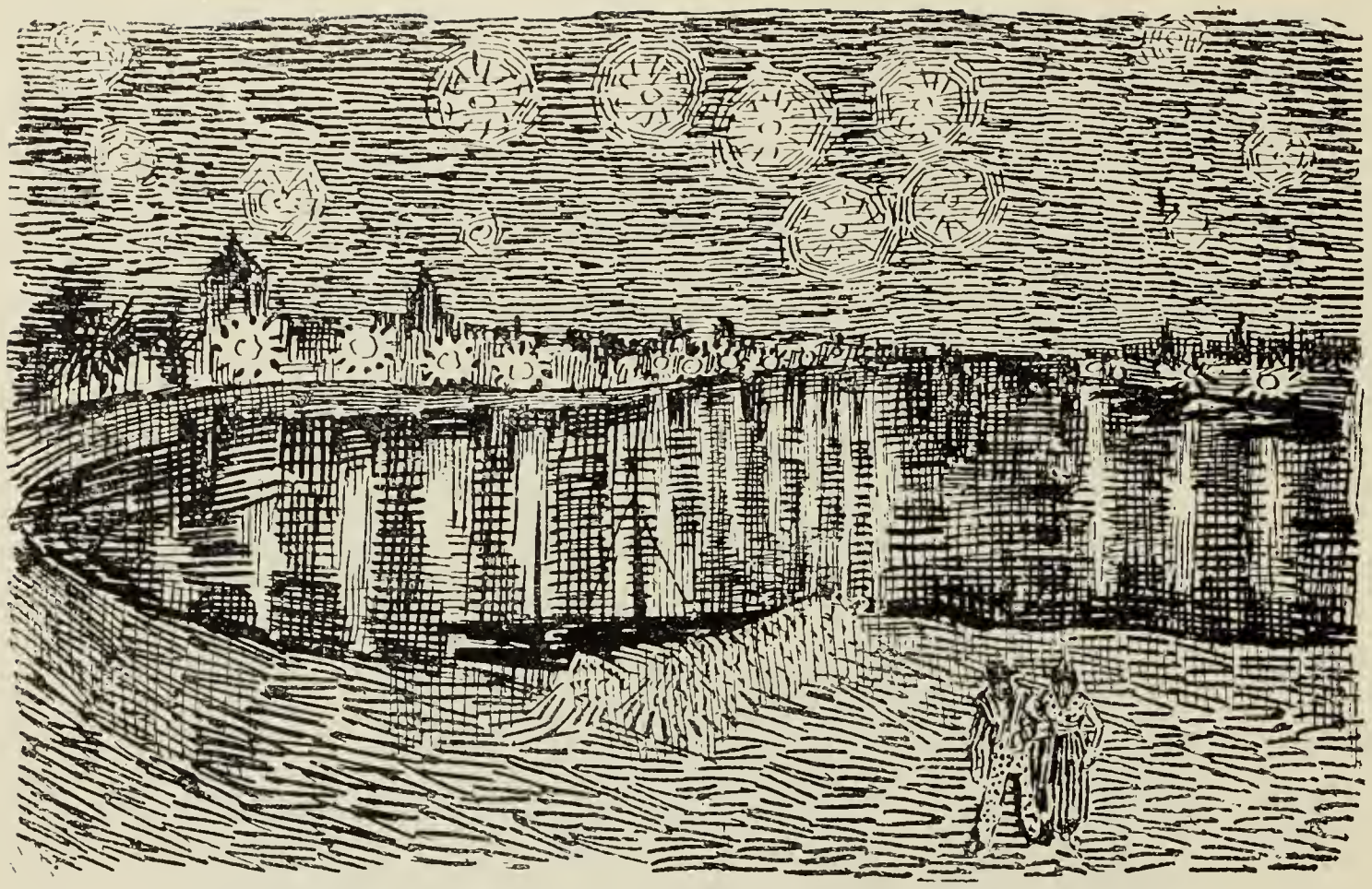
names. I have said my say. I am right. My words will be remembered when this fad is forgotten. But I want them to go on record. The world is going, but some things will remain, among them the great drawings in this book.

It is truly said the critics and painters were all against the Impressionists; it is never stated that so strongly were the artists for them that their work was from the beginning shown officially in the *Salon des Refusés*. Now the critics, collectors and duffers are all for these people, not wanting to be left again. The artists of the world are all against them, and have nothing to do with them,

unfortunately rarely show them. The failures are all for them. Lots of the Ists are painters who have failed. Even one man I know turned his unsalable machines into Isms and did good business with the stuff he made of them. Matisse, they say, has made enough money and has returned to his Salon machines. Yet even out of this good has come, because it has turned the attention of the intelligent to early work, and it has simplified painting and decoration in the right way and by the right people. But these people have not done it. It was done despite them. These things are by fakers and fanatics and not by primitives or mad men. In the end if they have anything in them they return to art, for art is eternal—and the same. We can only carry on tradition.

VINCENT VAN GOGH

VAN GOGH did many wonderful drawings in his early days, influenced greatly by Millet, as well as wonderful paintings, but they were all the work of a half-trained, half-able-to-express-himself madman, who, cutting loose from tradition, did what he wanted and did infinite harm in the world. Van Gogh was mad, and may be forgiven. The others who are not mad are the Reds of art,



and like other Reds are to be suppressed, or for the time art will be suppressed. The Mont Majeur at sunset is interesting, though clumsy, and an artist is never clumsy. But what of the Café?

H. MATISSE

IF this portrait, a pen drawing by Matisse, is art, if these lines are distinguished, all other art is artless. I shall, however, continue to believe that this portrait of himself by Matisse is worthless, and that if his nude is art, study is useless. Only in a decayed world made safe for amateurs, poseurs and incompetents, would such things be accepted, as they are today, but it is the end of the day, or the end of artlessness, and Matisse is its prophet. Matisse, I understand, has however returned to his bourgeois style and renounced or denounced his gods, and paints as he once did, having made enough money to do so.

MARQUET

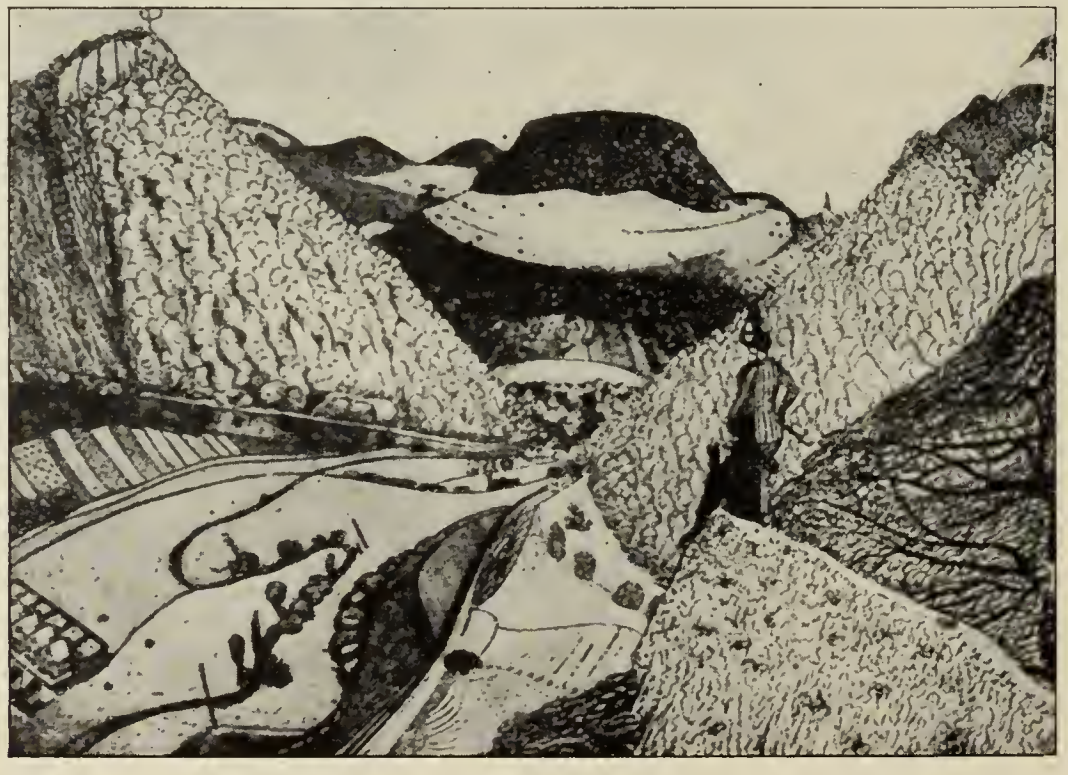
DOES it express the boat, or the tree, or the smoke, or the opposite shore? Is it done with the faultless skill of Hiroshige? Or of the old Chinese? It is copied from their work, and badly, but that is its only merit.

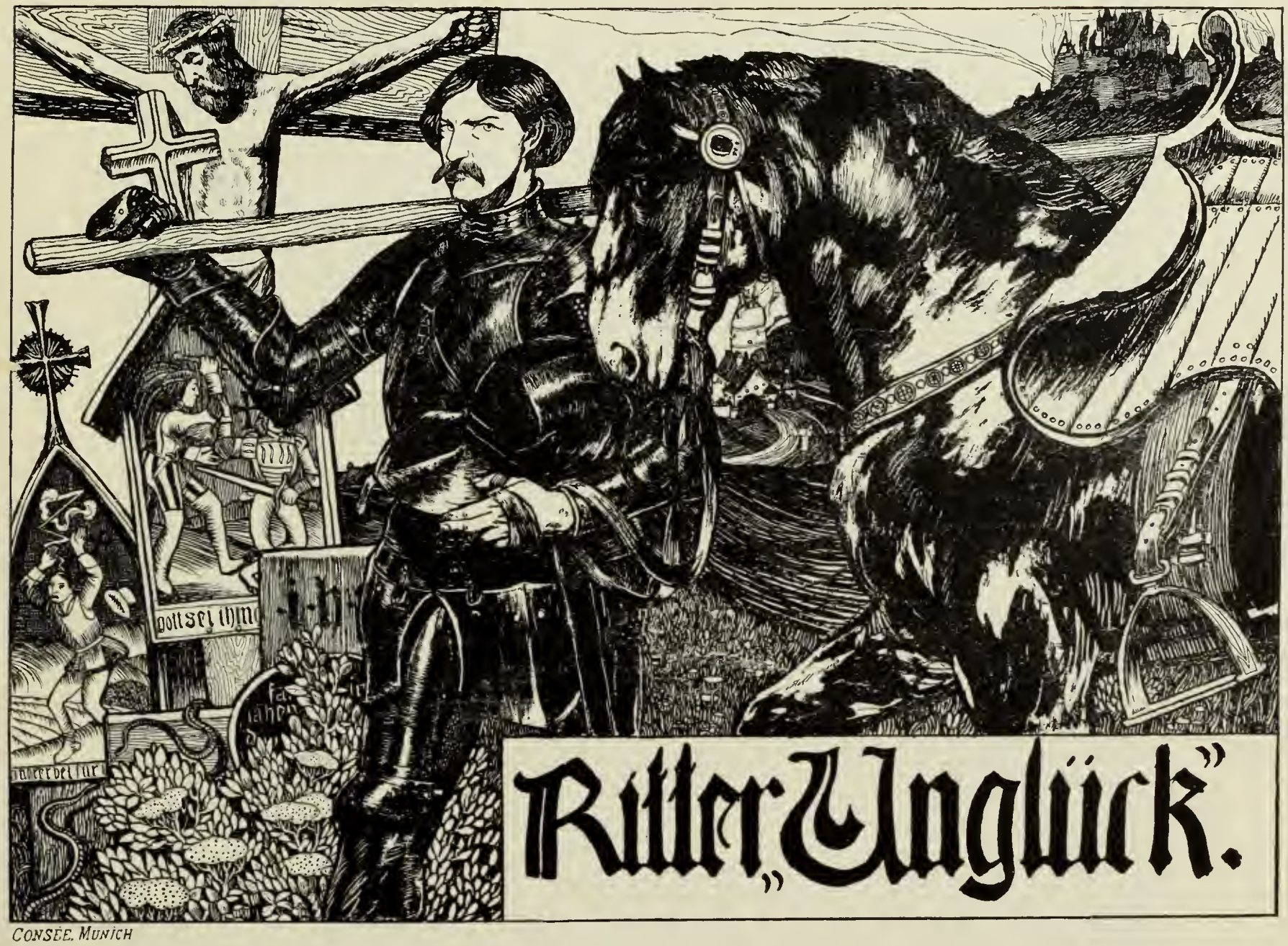
GAUGAIN

LINE proves instantly and conclusively whether one can draw or not, whether one has any feeling for expression, whether one has any technique, whether one is able or a fraud. I have admired the color and arrangement in Gaugain's paintings, but when he deliber-

ately made drawings like this and must have believed in them—for they are in his journal—it is the most conclusive proof that he and those who follow him, who admire him, who collect him, have no appreciation of what has through the ages been known as art—is art—and if any art remains in the new world, if there is one, will be art. This drawing is an example of artless incompetency, a disgrace to art, a proof that those who admire it, or do it, are artless.

Gurlitt's Almanack for this year contains these expressions by Germans. I use them for I want them to be seen; Max Peckstein for his seascapes, his compositions, his figures, his portraits—it's not what we are coming to, but what we have arrived at. Munch, who has made lithographs of character, and Richard Ianther have fallen before the fad—but they are endless. We are all artists if this is art—only it is rot or mannerism, for when, as here, you see a number together you cannot tell one from the other. They are all characterless, communistic, expressionless, and art is aristocratic, individual, characteristic. France, England, and America are full of the same tribe. They are the result of sad failures, want of real ability, grievous disappointment. These are the men and women who would save the world by destroying every work of the past to make themselves in the present, Bolshevists—many of them Russians, more of them Jews. Drawing, engraving, printing are all to be reduced to their Bolshevic level and dullness. It is the triumph of democracy and dreariness, but art is aristocratic, the triumph of endless toil and tireless effort of the most gifted, not the vomit of the giftless. Art debased, brought to the level of artless people, becomes artless, and so are those who make it, exhibit it, and above all and the end of all, sell it. An easy way of making a living—and art is the most difficult, the most exacting profession. It is only a fad and a fashion, and, like other fashions, it will change and disappear. It has, however, turned the eyes of thinking artists to the past, and they have learned how great the past was, how little is the present.

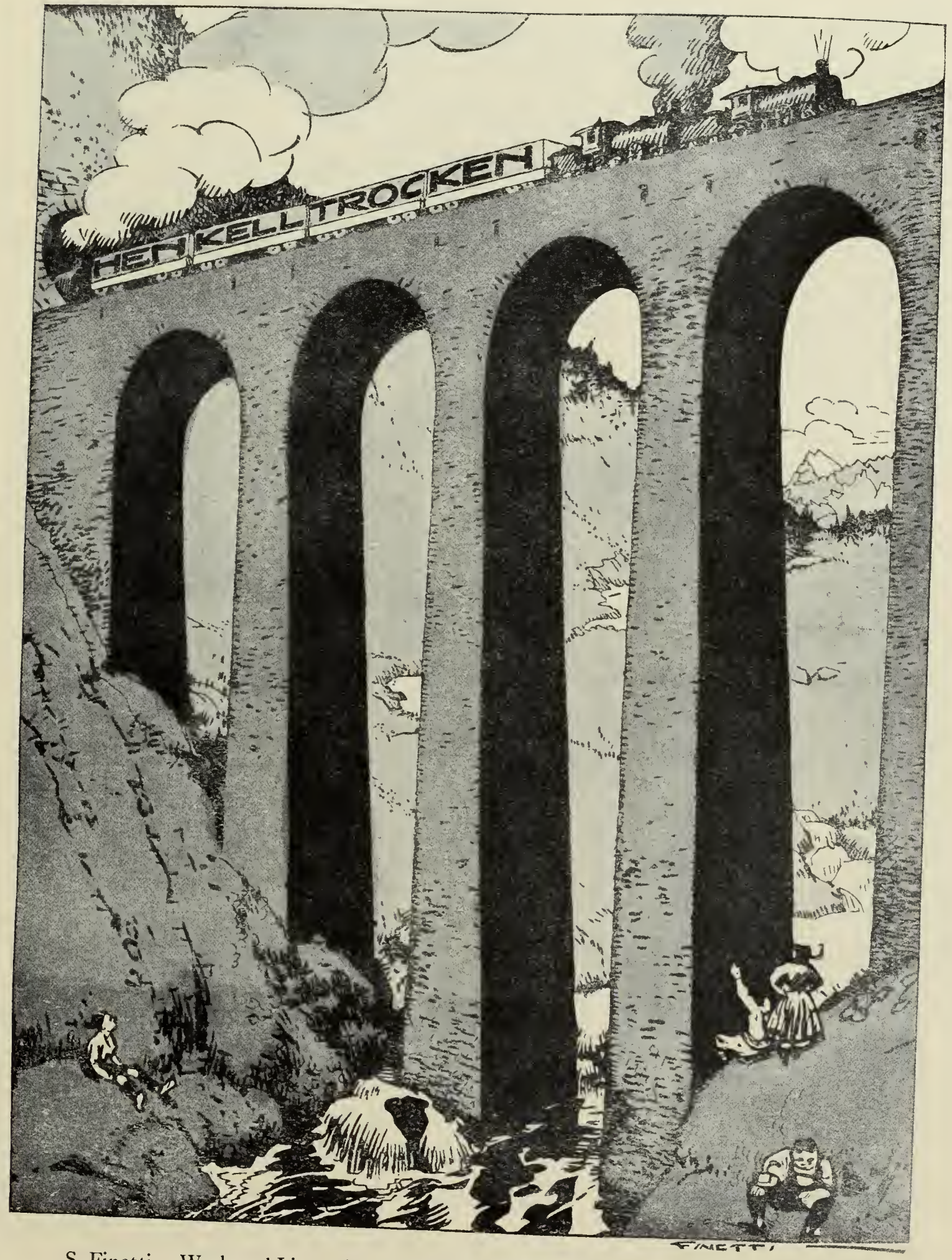




CONSÉE. MUNICH

THE most important development in Pen Drawing during the last quarter of a century has been in newspaper illustration, and this book and its author had something to do with it. I say this myself, as few will, if they can help it, tell the truth about me or the art of illustration. The very first serious attempt to use pen drawings for newspaper illustration was made in the London *Daily Chronicle* in the year 1895, and I was asked by the proprietor, Mr. Frank Lloyd, and the literary editor, Mr. H. W. Massingham, to take charge of it. Twenty-five years before *The New York Graphic* had used photo-lithography, but that was too complicated and slow to be successful. And in England *The London Daily Graphic* was illustrated, but neither of these had printed large and important drawings regularly. *The London Daily Graphic* never did; *The New York Graphic* did occasionally. Neither did the *Chronicle* at first. My aim was to get the best men, and then to take advantage of the size of the paper to print large blocks, and first to have the drawings artistically important. To the *Chronicle*, Whistler, Morris, Burne Jones, Beardsley, Crane, Phil May, E. J. Sullivan, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Alfred Parsons, Raven Hill, A. S. Hartrick, and

A. Von Salzman. Wash and Line



S. Finetti. Wash and Line. Both pages are newspaper advertisements of the same firm. Excellent examples for cheap and rapid printing. Note the way the firm's name is introduced without ruining the design.

Joseph Pennell contributed, and there were many more, but no daily paper ever published such illustrations or had such illustrators. All these men were trained craftsmen and they all were interested and wanted to see what would happen on the rapid Hoe press, then 30,000 an hour.

Technically I had the support of Carl Henschel, at that time an eminent and energetic photo-engraver and experimenter; and of the Lloyds, the proprietors, and the printer, Mr. Bugg of the *Chronicle*. The printers loved to work then, as they love to vacate now. It is interesting to recall the interesting experiments that were made. As all these artists knew how to make pen and brush drawings, they

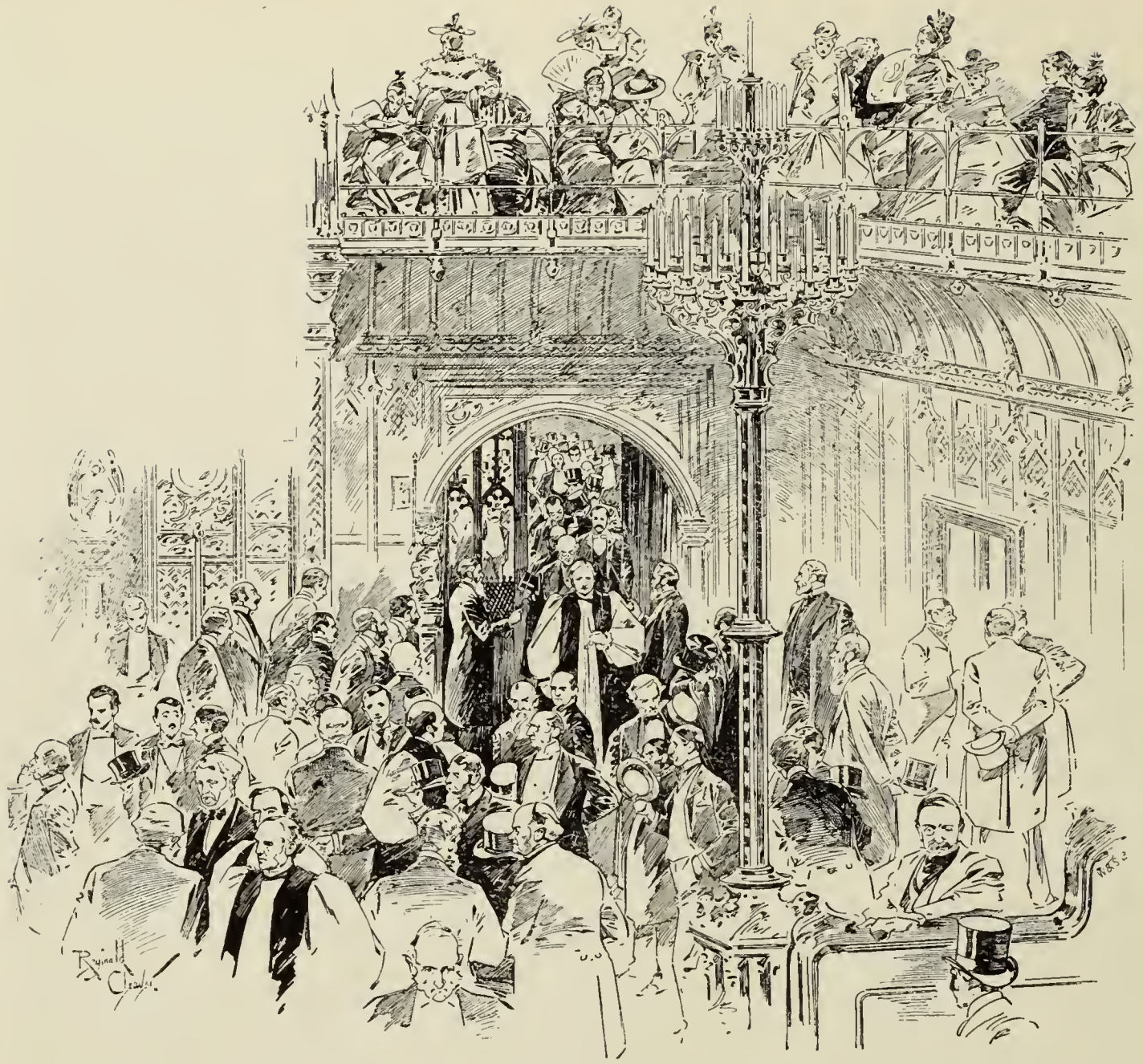
made them freely but carefully, using their lines openly to support the designs, so they should not fill up, strongly so they should not break down, in pure, good black ink. At times I enlarged the drawings to get strength of line—for it is only the art editor who thinks a drawing must be reduced, and the result of these illustrations was felt all over the world—especially when the drawings were printed of a large size. The drawings were intended to show the work of the London County Council and were published before an election. There were some twenty-eight drawings done—and we lost twenty-nine seats—some one said it showed the power of art upon the voting classes of London. Finally the *Chronicle*, on my persuasion, printed page drawings, and I made one or two of the first that were issued, as well as for other papers in England. Among them, the first illustration the London *Times* ever printed in pen and ink reproduced as a full page—The Funeral of Edward VII—and others for *The Manchester Guardian*, which was always energetic and experimental.

The drawings were photo-engraved, made into line blocks in the ordinary fashion, though deeply, strongly etched, and in the first experiments an electrotype was made of the whole page; later the electros of the illustrations were screwed down on the stereos, blanks being left in the metal to take them, the text having been set up; and finally, the *Chronicle* stereotype plates were improved to such an extent that they could be used, for the cost and time to make electrotypes was almost prohibitive—newspapers in England being newspapers and not, as here, mere pegs to hang ads on.

The printing also was a difficulty as the blocks containing large masses of blacks either bunged up or offset on the other pages. This was our greatest difficulty, and it was finally mastered by using an extra heated cylinder and running the illustrations the length of the press to another heated cylinder to dry them, from which the letterpress on the back was printed and the sheet then went down into the pasting and folding machine and came out with the unillustrated pages.

Now illustrations are used all over the pages, and the result depends upon three factors: the artist, the paper, and the ink. Modern printers use far less ink and the presses run at double the speed, but do not smear, though half the time the impression does not get half enough ink. The early papers were far better printed, for at present the speed is apparently too great for good work—a glance at the papers proves this. *The London Daily Graphic* was printed on the Marinoni press, which had its troubles. I remember the paper coming off the machine in ribbons on the opening night when Sir Edward Clarke started the press, and the flight of the distinguished company from the pressroom filled with *serpontins*. Until the printers got things straight we listened to speeches of congratulation punctuated with popping corks.

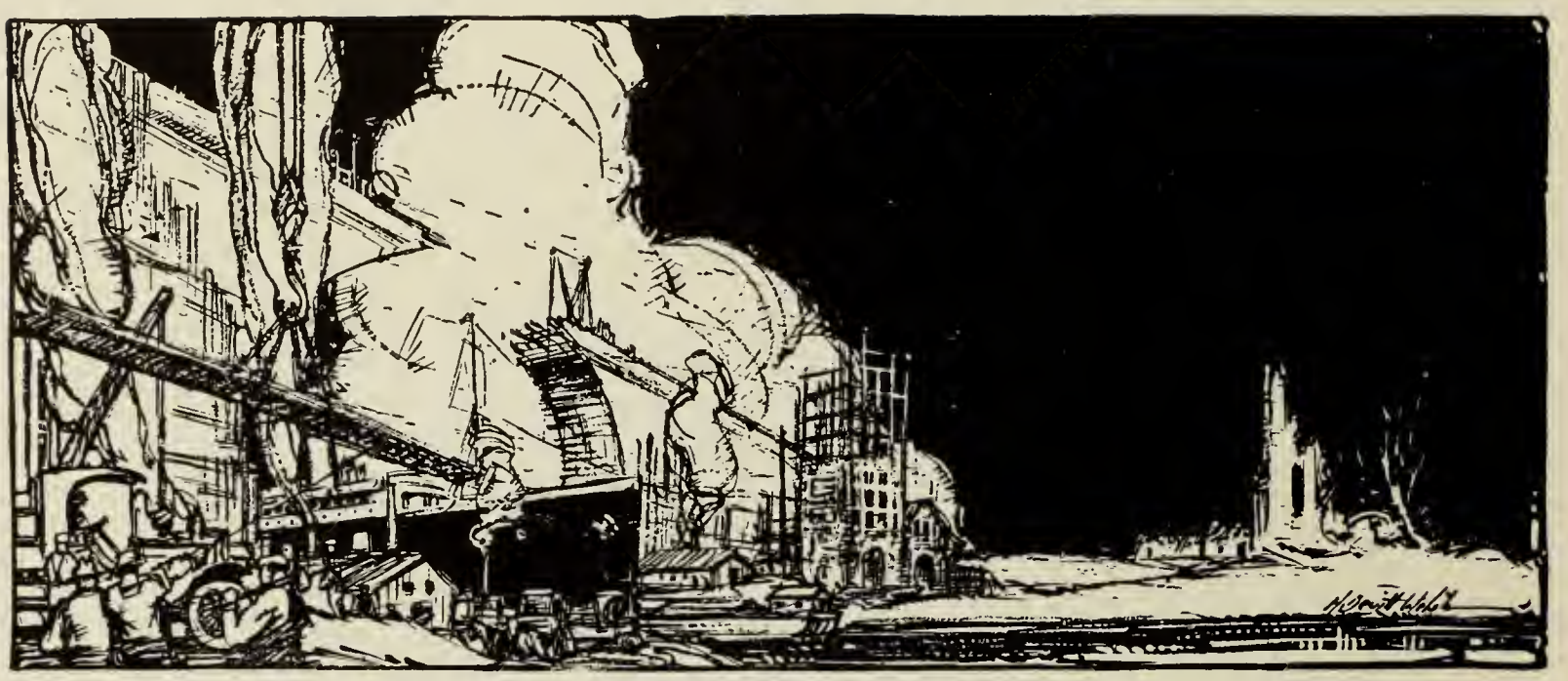
I believe *The New York Graphic* could only do an edition of 1500—or was it 15,000—in a day on the lithographic presses they used, but they did it well. Now the same presses would do the latter number in an hour.



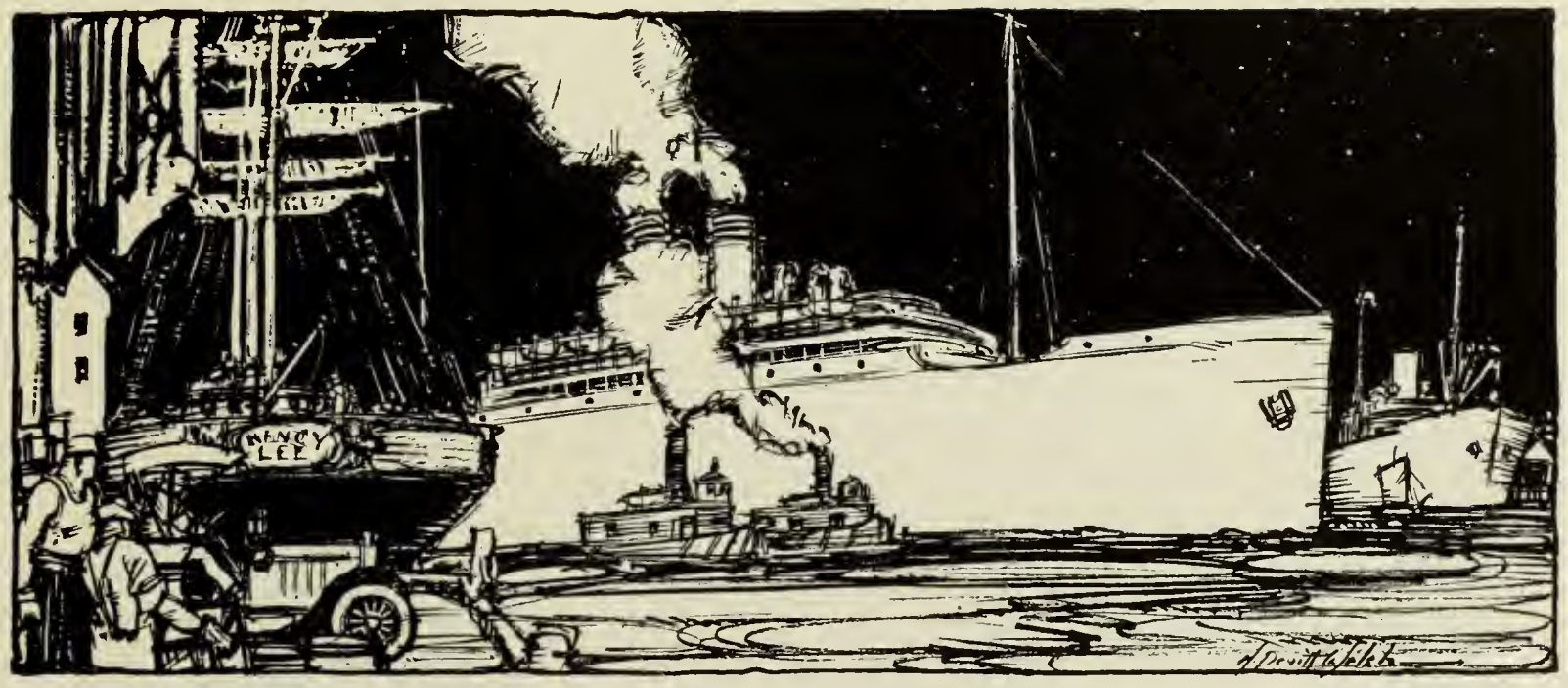
I have only referred to those papers which printed line drawings reproduced by photo-engraving. Years before lithography was tried wood-engraving had been used for newspaper illustrations.

Twenty-five years ago some good work, very good work, was done by Harry McCarter, W. Glackens, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan, and later by J. C. Coll and H. Devitt Welsh, for Philadelphia papers. But soon either the literary

editors took charge and employed artless duffers, or used photographs which have debauched everything artistic and brought it down to the vulgar shop-keeping level in which we have to exist. Or people who could neither draw nor decorate imposed themselves on editors, till now pen borders deface even the half-tone and rotogravure photos which clutter up the pages. At last there is some attempt at the revival of pen drawing in the daily press, though photos and wash drawings still dominate artless editors and an artless public, but the ink has become so poor and so little is used that the prints on poor paper—that, too, has degenerated—do not compare with those of twenty-five years ago—nor does America itself. But the best illustrations in line, or even in wash, are found in the rubbish heaps of ads of the five and ten cent magazines which disgrace and degrade this dreary, dry country. They are as standardized as the goods they advertise. It is perfectly well known that these magazines could not be issued without the ads of the size they are, therefore, as little is wasted on literature and art as possible, and the ads dropped in, interleaved, sprawled over the page, are what make such journals go. Such is progressive America today. You will see the intelligent American resident, sitting on his porch in a big rocking chair, commencing with



H. Devitt Welsh. The designs at the top of these pages are for general newspaper use; those at the bottom were only printed in the Philadelphia *Press*.



The upper drawings on these pages were made in pure line. Those in the lower part have washes in color over the pen lines. They were printed in color.

J. C. Coll knows much of the requirements for rapid printing. This is an example of the way in which an artist's drawing is often treated—one corner cut off for no reason and the other sacrificed to lettering. At the bottom the same has been done; and then to repair it a mechanical Ben Day tint added, completely ruining the feeling of the design.

the last page and spitting on his or her fingers, for you can't open the pages otherwise, turning forwards—what do they care for reading or seeing? Save the ads, one shrieking louder than the other, that howl each other down, there is no form, no design, no harmony, no decoration. Just yells to eat, drink, ride, chew, smoke—all the American now cares for and spends $7,000,000,000 on—his ideals and his gods. But over all and above all, money and making money is the sole aim of most editors. Even the ad men dread the rotten rhinoceros they have created, and the advertisers must take two pages at least to keep from being knocked down by their competitors opposite them. To aid in this, really brilliant artists have been called in—not foolish, snapshot, colored, soulful, money-grabbing, uplifting idealists, but trained craftsmen, though in most cases they are quickly ruined by the rubbish they are compelled to grind out. Angels illustrate advertisements for banks. Nudes on skates cavort on summer days, and over all are tailor-made males and females in ready-made suits, riding in made-while-you-wait cars, trying to look like what the ad man and the art man think are ladies and gents, drawn by "he and she" artists. Across the cuts run the slogans in the most vulgar type, shrieking illiterate lies—such are our uplifted

M. Fellows. Two fashion designs printed in *Vanity Fair*. Good use of line and wash in three tones, even if the whole scheme has been borrowed from European journals. The right use in this case of the right methods.

brainy magazines. Curtis even issues a book on Curtis standards, art, moral, methods of composing and printing for his clientele of advertisers—art and literature only fill up the gaps in his organs. This is hustle, this is art today in this country, and all the while the artist stares open-mouthed at the sums these hacks and over-lords get—or are said to get—and now they have nobbled or boycotted the artist who must make ads if he wants to make a living by illustration. I have found few ad men who told the truth, kept their promises—they may pay their debts—but, in my case, most backed out of the commission or made it impossible. I could have sued the swindlers, but they probably had nothing but brass and gas behind their office doors, and some editors are not unlike them.

We have never had a great cartoonist, caricatures and cartoons being printed in papers; and since Nast the only man with an artistic reputation—and technic-

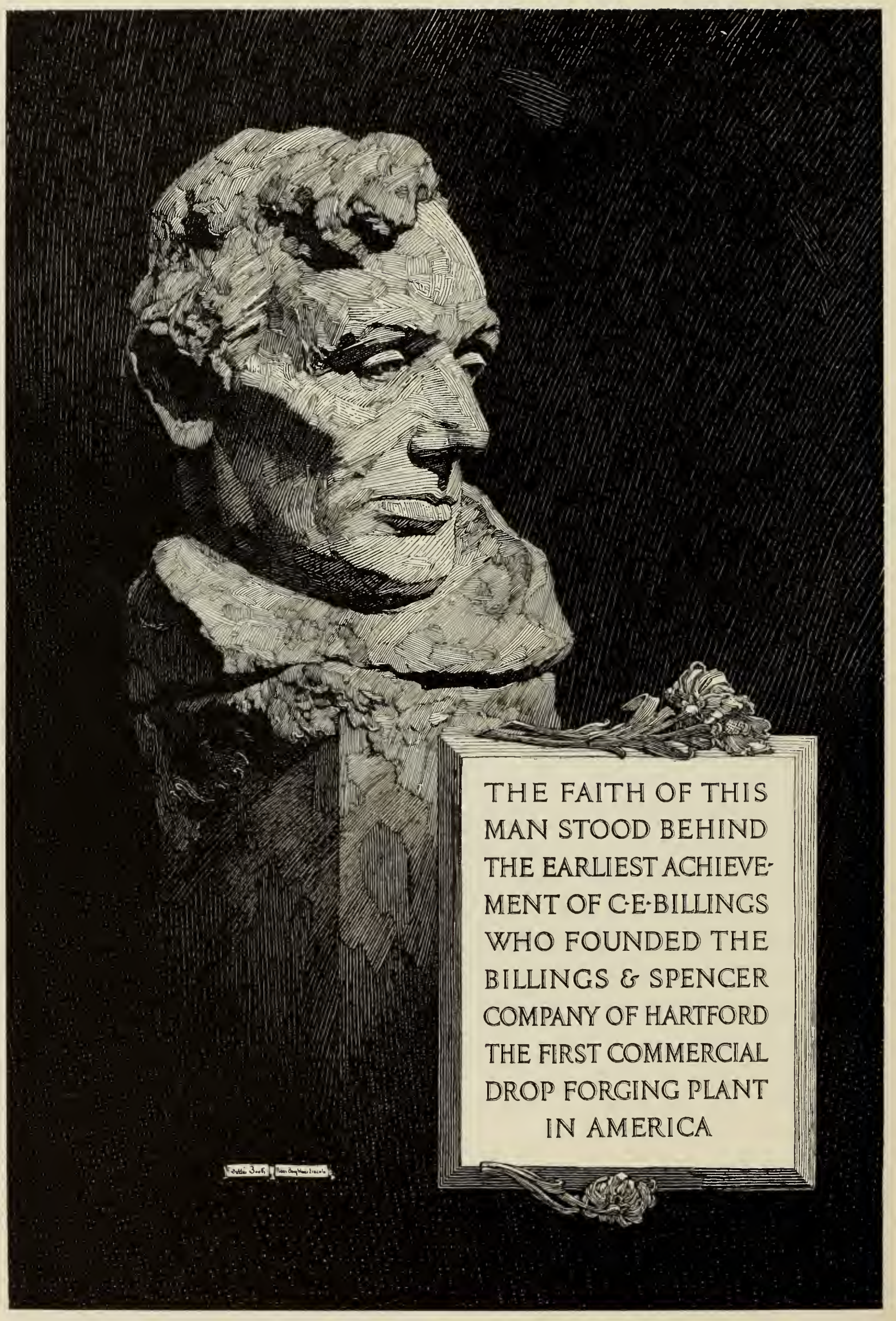
ally he is better than Nast—is W. A. Rogers. He was dropped from the *Herald* lately and Frost, I believe, farms. No one but a race of childish imbeciles could stand the daily cartoon—utterly artless and utterly unintelligible to any but the local audiences at which it is chucked. Even the followers of one newspaper don't understand the cartoons of its rival. We have no all-powerful cartoonists in the land, no man like Daumier or Gilray. We don't want them, and the editors would not print their drawings if we had. As for the funny men, did you ever see a modern American laugh at an American present-day funny drawing? Here again there is only A. B. Frost, like Rogers, left. Oliver Herford has apparently stopped work. The comics make you sick instead of making you laugh; they prove how rotten, debased, vulgar, inane and lewd we are become, and no amount of bragging can get over the facts. For every one who sees, and doesn't understand without a guidebook or a docent, an exhibition of paintings or murals which they hate, all see and love and gloat over the comics which they know and believe in. They have

L. Fellows. Automobile advertisement circulated in newspapers and magazines. The cuts of these drawings are either made by half-tone or the Ben Day process. The artist either paints the tint or indicates on the drawing in blue pencil where he wishes the engraver to apply it.

Lee Mero. Used widely in newspapers, though nearly ruined by the type inserted and the heavy border

The artist's name is not signed. Sometimes this is suppressed by the advertisers and sometimes even they do not know it. One firm writes, "We are endeavoring to secure the name of the artist." Such is a modern method of encouraging illustration. Such is the artist's pride in his work.

Aubrey Beardsley. Drawn in the nineties for the *Courrier Français*.
One of the earliest of good advertisements; an inspiration till today.


THE FAITH OF THIS
MAN STOOD BEHIND
THE EARLIEST ACHIEVE-
MENT OF C·E·BILLINGS
WHO FOUNDED THE
BILLINGS & SPENCER
COMPANY OF HARTFORD
THE FIRST COMMERCIAL
DROP FORGING PLANT
IN AMERICA

replaced the Bible. The average American is deplorably artless, and yet we prate of art. The illustrated papers prove our ignorance of it.

The empty heads and fat legs of sexless grinning females ogle you from the gaudy covers of the magazines and the Sunday supplements of the dailies, always in greens and reds and browns, in chalk and ink, they defile and disgrace the dailies. Their contents are standardized, syndicated and sterilized for the oafs and old maids who turn their photo-plastered, syndicated pages as they sit in rows of rocking chairs on rows of front porches—females and porches all standardized. It is to this that American illustration has come. And professors of art forbid us to look at anything save the rubbish and rot of our own land lest we might get an idea. Even directors of print rooms take the comics and the movies seriously, and use them as bribes to draw the people to their shows, and then brag of their attendances—if they included a prize fight the attendance would be bigger. The art editors make no experiments only in stealing from each other. Middle class and lower class vulgarity and nastiness and dirt are the new American's ideals, smeared over with sentiment and hypocrisy, and spewed out as literature and art in aniline dyes and stinking ink. No country ever sank so low, was so completely devoted to money and mediocrity as this. There is a saving remnant, but in many popular magazines there is no room for art; most of these publications are the curse of the country. Let their name be anathema—they have damned it.

All the decent weeklies have gone out of business and not a daily is up to the standard of ten years ago. Hence the illustrator must count on poor engraving, poor ink, poor presswork, which will never give good results at any speed, but as the paper carries 50,000 more lines of ads, and the presses turn out 50,000 an hour—what is wrong?—what's art done anyway? Though modern editors have done for it nearly.

The drawings to print at all must be bold and firm and open and pure black. Lines must support each other as a single line will carry too much ink, while carefully arranged lines can be carelessly printed. There is no use thinking of uniform black masses in the same number or issue, the print will vary between a half inked smear and a dirty black smudge, all due to the carelessness or ignorance of the person, female or male, at the press, who will pay no attention to the work unless something happens to the press and then they stop it and take a rest. The cheapest help will be employed that the union allows. If the editor likes, he will cut the design in half, sticking it on two pages, and the photo-engraver will trim the edges to save good zinc or copper and cut slabs off the drawing; the stereotyper never looks at his plate apparently, and the printer neither, unless it bungs up and spits ink; and five minutes after the reader has got the paper he casts the unclean thing from him, or it would by its size turn him out of his hired or mortgaged standardized house. He even only looks at one paper lest he should get some other fad notion but his editor's.

The Sunday rotogravure supplements are an example of the editorial want

of progressiveness. All "carry" the same photographs supplied by the same "service," the same ads, too; there is scarce an "individual" page; how I hate these standardized words; there is scarce a bit of character, not an experiment, though I tried in St. Louis, and suggested in New York, what a chance for the pen draughtsman? Drawings could be reproduced and printed perfectly; but the manager calls up the "photo service," gets his "dope" for the week, starts printing before anything "newsy" happens, fills the blanks with fat-headed politicians

Unsigned. French illustrations from *La Gazette du Bon Genre*, drawn with pen and colored by hand

and fat-legged females, all grinning, gets all the ads he can, has the Sunday paper out Saturday afternoon so as not to interfere with his golf, and thinks he is a brilliant, up-to-date, clever business man. Such is American editorial energy.

Still, there is a saving remnant in illustration, and the remnant has been saved by newspaper and advertising illustration—and the standard may again be raised and Pen Drawing come once more to its own.

I have selected as varied a series of newspaper illustrations as I could find, but it must be evident that they are mostly copies, the American ones, of foreign work. There is scarce any originality in the land—I mean in ideas. Fashion and motor illustrations are the most numerous; in the former, having got over the inane elongated female, we are now prigging from the French fashion magazine *La Gazette du Bon Genre*, and especially from the work of Boutet de Monvel, and lately great improvement has been made in the advertisement pages of papers and magazines in America. The best work I have seen is by Fellows in *Vanity Fair*,

a good arrangement of black and grey masses connected with simple lines; this prints perfectly and all the papers are full of it today it is so easy to imitate—badly. Franklin Booth was the thing a little while ago, but he was too difficult to steal from and so has been abandoned. After all, however, this chapter proves that advertising is an art and has been practiced by great artists. How many know Beardsley's Géraudel Pastille advertisement in the *Courrier Français* or the German Henkell Trocken—good drawing, good technique applied to advertise-

Similar drawing printed with red key block
and gold in flat masses; colors added by hand

ment; or the Coca-Cola design, a masterpiece published in American papers; an idea started in England by a German who came to grief in the war—Tony Sarg. Not the artist of the same name who appeared during the war in this country. He is not prigged from, it is too difficult; but even the advertising agent did not know the name of the artist who made this Coca-Cola design, one of a number, by Mr. Lee Mero, who is a most interesting man.

For a few weeks Mr. Sarg's work appeared in the comic section of *The New York Herald*, but it was far over the heads of the American people and quickly disappeared; now he draws for *The Tribune*. Burne Jones' design came out in the *Chronicle* and printed splendidly.

Among those who have distinguished themselves in the popular magazines and newspapers is J. C. Coll, who certainly can draw and who also understands the value and quality of line, getting color without color and modelling without elaboration, though at times he is tempted in this way. But the

variety of his line, his delicate greys relieved by the strongest blacks all balanced and thought out, are not only remarkable and most valuable as models to the student, but of technical worth; and very interesting is the way he leaves white lines which help the black.

H. Devitt Welsh also has done most excellent line work, often reinforced with flat color. Both these artists got their training in newspaper offices and know how

From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hundred years long
Born 1820. Still going strong.
JOHNNIE WALKER TRAVEL SERIES NO 9 SHANGHAI
JOHNNIE WALKER: "You Sportsmen disseminate the best British spirit wherever you go."
POLO PLAYER: "Thanks, but surely no one does that more effectively than you."

Leo Cheney. This firm has introduced the same figure in all their advertisements and made him and their products well known.

to draw for cheap and rapid printing, and because they know that, they know also how to work for fine printing.

Several young men graduated from the *Graphic* School on to that paper; the proprietors ran a sort of practical school of journalism for able students in their office; among them is Mr. Crowther, whose portraits, by their character directly rendered, their simplicity of line which allows them to print well on a rapid steam press, prove him to be a draughtsman well fitted for daily illustrated journalism. But, like all good men, his work is not spoiled by being printed carefully, nor is it much improved. This is as it should be; it is not necessary to draw down to a penny paper nor up to a shilling magazine. Work should be good and look right wherever it is printed. Naturally, under some circumstances, elaboration is out of place, but want of elaboration does not mean want of art.

The limitations of timely, newsy drawing and quick engraving and rapid

printing, necessary in the production of a daily illustrated paper like *The Daily Graphic*, were felt by a set of young artists in England, and they adapted their work to meet these limitations. They were trained in the *Graphic* office. Mr. Reginald Cleaver has succeeded in evolving a style which renders his subjects well,

M. Patitucci. Bibendum made an international reputation for himself and the Michelin firm; and his full-length portrait made in France prints remarkably well. It was advertisements of this sort, daily drawn, which appealed twenty years ago to the people of Europe, and the doings of Bibendum were looked forward to, day by day.

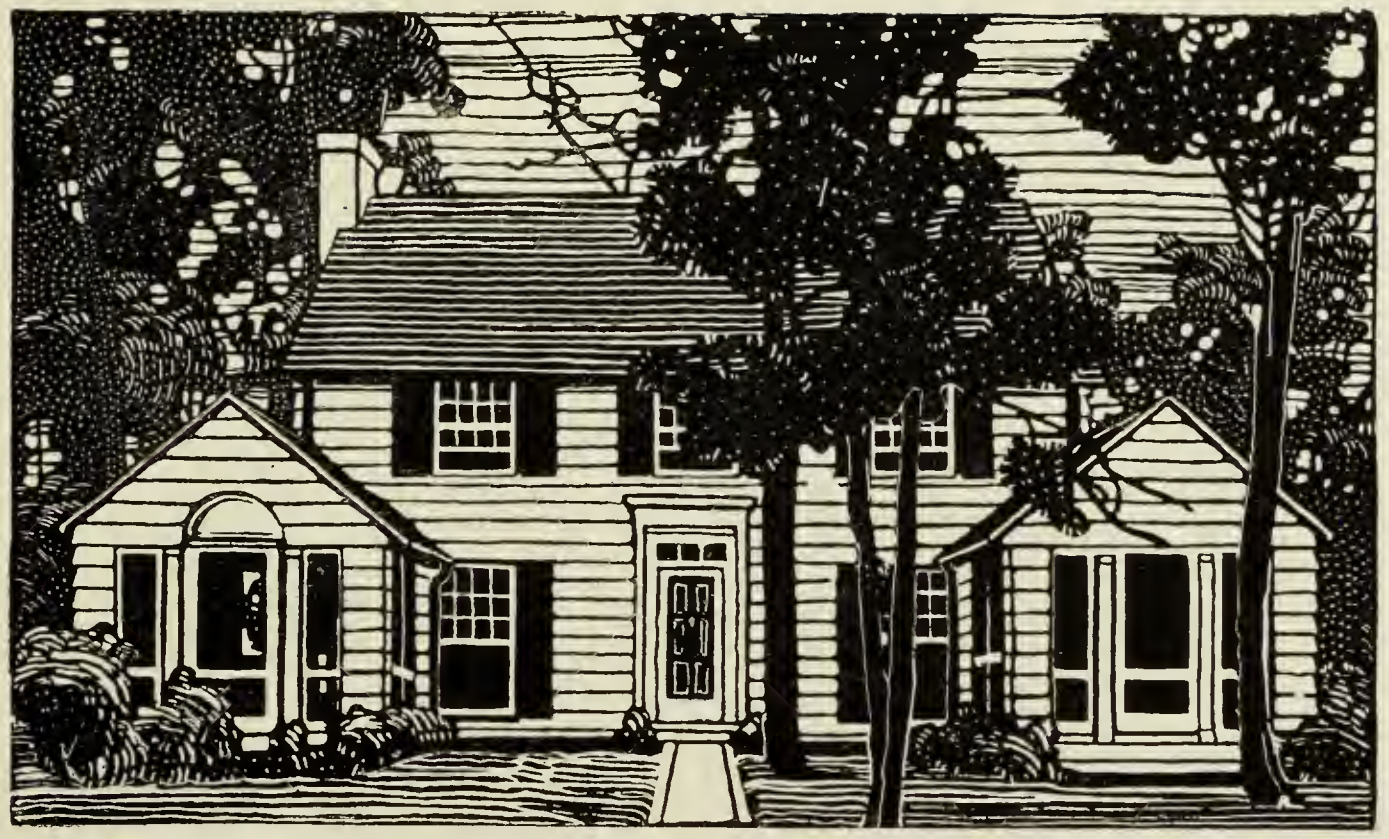
engraves well, and prints well. Now these artists are mostly superseded by photographs. Mr. Cleaver's drawings come almost as well in the pages of a rapidly-printed newspaper as here. He seizes the telling points of an event, concentrates them, and puts them down in the simplest and most direct manner. It is, however, rather unfair to single out Mr. Cleaver, when, in other ways, Mr. T. S. C. Crowther, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Johnson—they are mostly dead and gone from this dreary world, thank God!—to name no more, have shown that, given the ability to produce good work, and an interest in journalism, the artist a chance to show what he can do, if the editors will let him, he can do so. The drawing

of Cologne Cathedral is excellent; and though it is doubtful if Mr. Tringham ever saw Cologne, he has made good use of his material; probably a photograph. The cathedral is intelligently drawn and the town is well put in. All newspapers are illustrated; and it will be interesting to note if they follow on the one-time

successful lines of *The Daily Graphic*, or succumb completely to the debauched and degraded taste for comics and photos, or seek to develop new means and methods. For the would-be newspaper illustrator there could not be safer men to study than the artists of *The Daily Graphic*.

In England alone the old weeklies, *The Illustrated London News* and *The Graphic*, keep up their former size and vigor. Elsewhere, so far as I can find out, all is changed, stopped, degenerated or decreased in size. *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus* and *Blanco y Negro* are pathetic—or photographic. Newspaper illustration in Europe has not advanced. What has happened in Germany and Austria, where mechanically and technically the most interesting work in rotogravure was done, I do not know. All is black and blank.

I quote the following paragraphs from a newspaper interview published in *The Philadelphia Sunday Ledger*. I do not remember, I could not even decipher, the name of the lady artist, nor do I know her work; but she is evidently one of our standardized art school products, and she explains her ideals and her successes in her sort of art far better than I ever could.

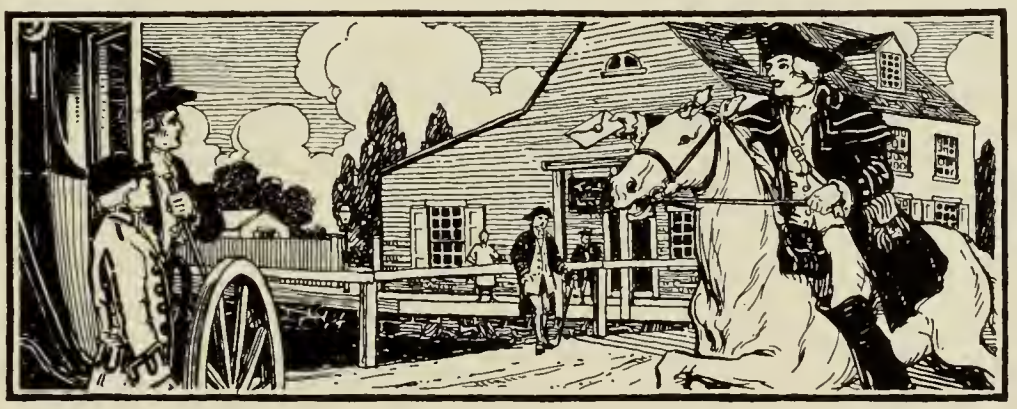


Mrs. G. C. Riley. Good example of newspaper work. It printed excellently in the advertising pages of the papers in which it appeared

"Why do you do pastel heads?" the interviewer asked.

"Because there is nothing easier. I really did choose the one and only easiest method of making money. First, pastels are already mixed for you; I don't like paints because they have to be mixed, which takes time and trouble. Second, I like pastels because I think pen-and-ink drawing is the hardest thing on earth. Third, I wouldn't do sculpture, because there I should have the extra trouble of working with a third dimension. I do heads and heads and heads, all different, but always heads and always with pastel. It's play for me and it would be play for any one."

A writer in *Scribner's* sums up the whole case when he says, "It (Pen Drawing) is of all mediums the most exacting . . . a difficult mode of expression." I probably wrote that originally, as I did the greater part of his article, so I do

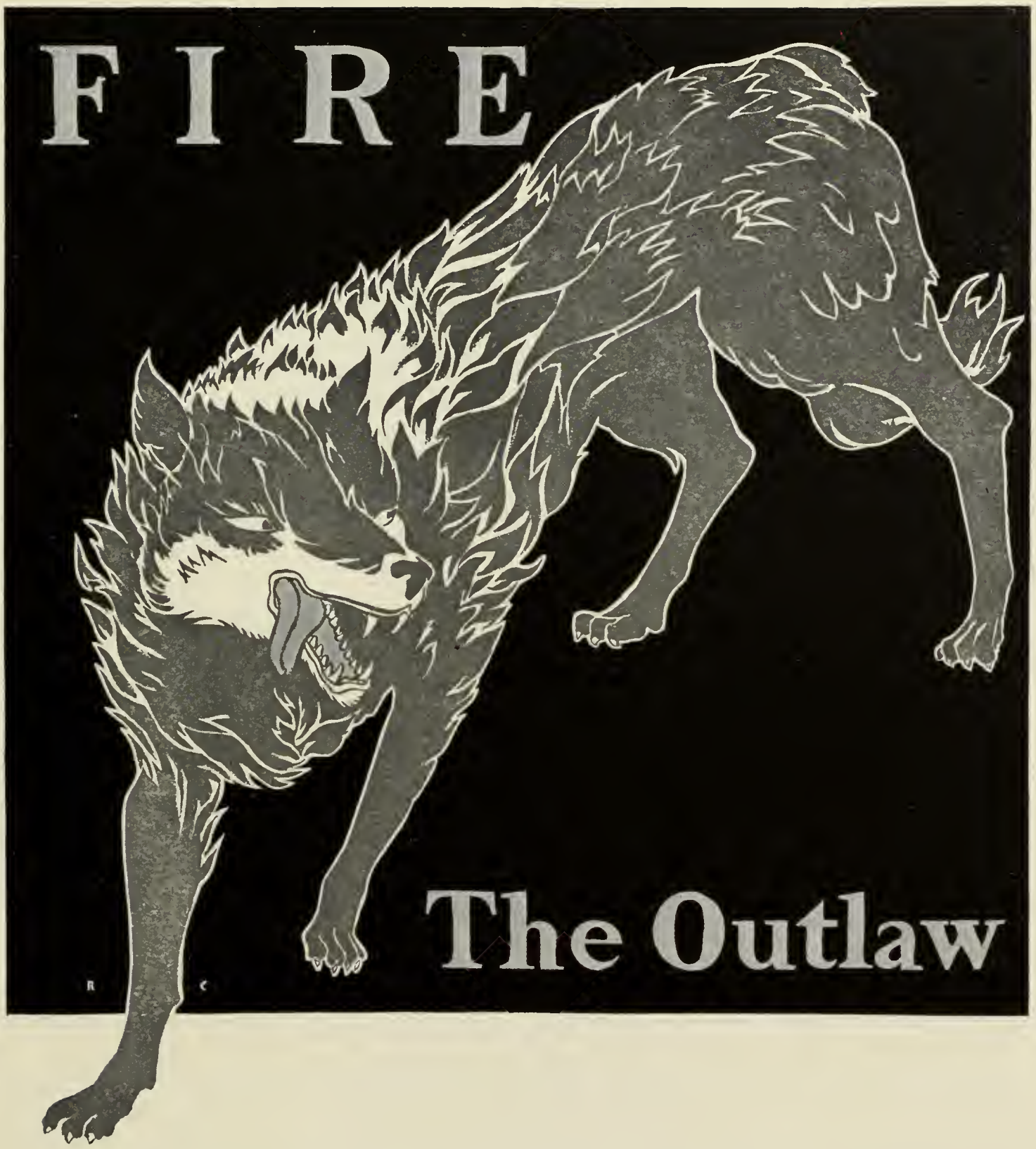


E. F. Bayha. Each of the draughtsmen understands newspaper printing; yet each drawing has character

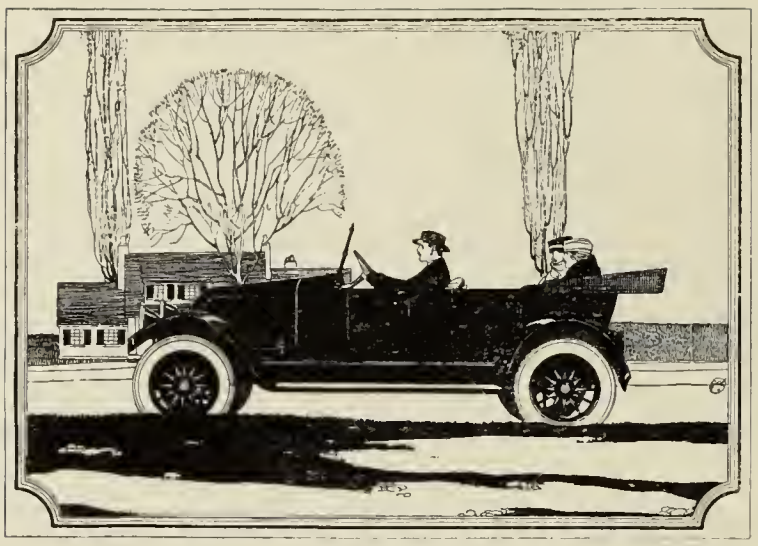
Windmills

SANCHO PANZA -: "Nay Master, Attack them not,—Mayhap they be Our Brothers!"

W. A. Rogers. Cartoon published in *The New York Herald*. The design is effective, the lettering awful



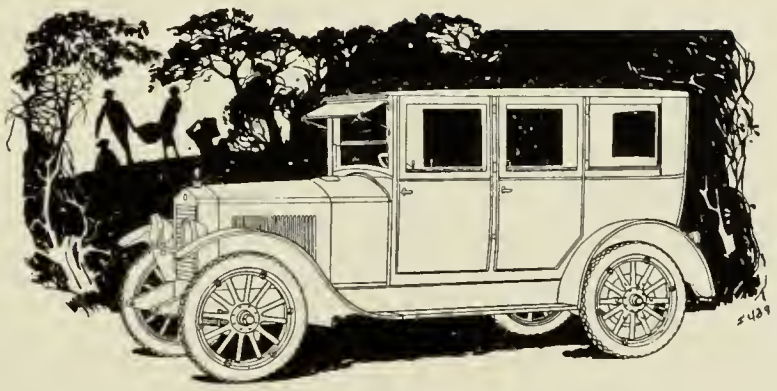
René Clark. A most effective newspaper illustration. It was printed in red and black, but prints here equally well, a proof that it was well thought out. The "commercial stunt" of running the wolf's leg outside the black field is thoroughly bad, and in many cases would make it impossible to place on the page.



S. Chapman. Both drawings on this page are by the same artist, and both print well. The borders at the top are bad, but used to relieve the lines of the trees.

not mind its being repeated, for it is true; and it proves that the avoidance of difficulties is the aim of most modern artists.

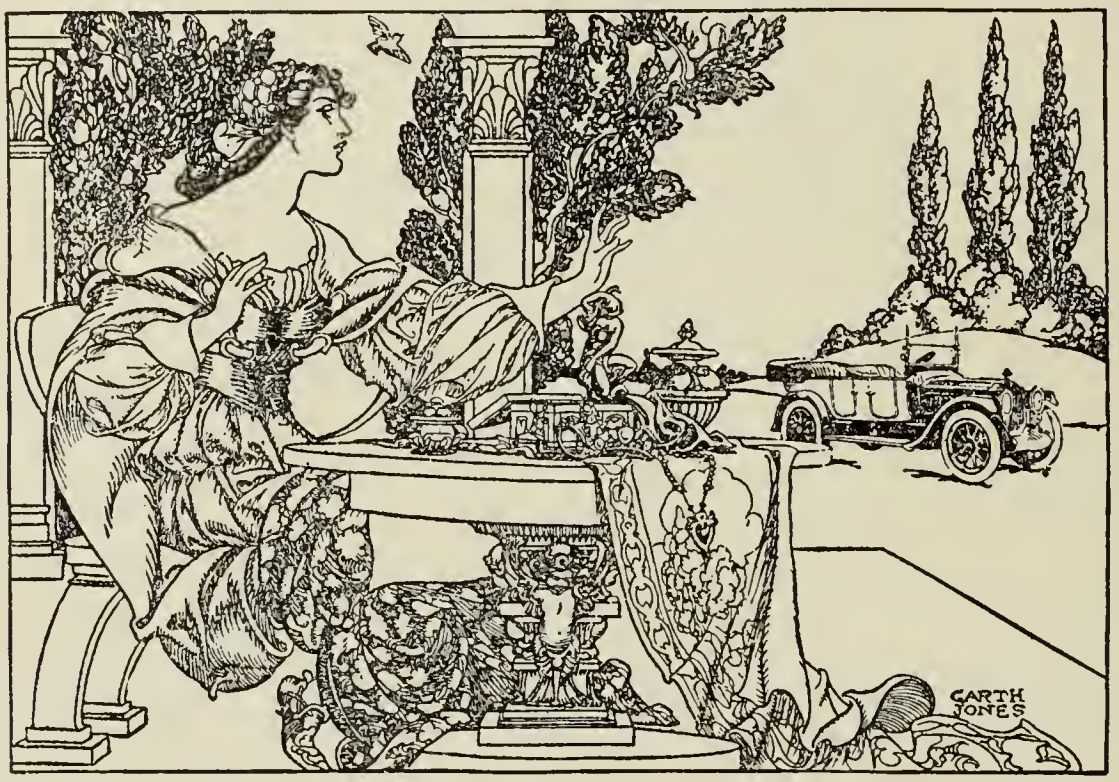
What is to be done? Start a National School of the Graphic Arts as intelligent nations, like the Germans, had before they got a fool military class which led them on to war. We have that class, only backed by fanatics and females, instead of craftsmen and workmen, as in Germany. In no way is the degeneracy so evident as in the fact that notorieties who wish to see their smiling smirk in print have engravings, etchings, lithographs made of themselves and printed in the papers; an American will do anything to get his grinning mug in print. They supply the papers with their photos before they get up the story that will give them a place in the paper for one edition. Such is fame, such is art in the United States. Pages of drawings appear every day in most papers, a page of comics and several of illustrated ads—every paper has the same ad. If the advertisers had any sense they would change them in each journal which prints them every day; but the last thing the American business man possesses is horse sense. It's only small sharpness—not really even that. The Sunday papers have their



Note the way in which in one drawing the car is silhouetted in white and in the other in black

colored comics or offset, their rotogravure sections; others, color prints—the color added to pen and ink, the drawings made with pen and then color in flat tones added either by using mechanical flat tints, which I have described, for each color, or by means of color screens, though mostly oil paintings, which never would be exhibited or sold, are used. Instead of proper schools we have correspondence institutes which tell the pupil how to make money first and art last, or not at all—and art service bureaus that syndicate hacks as long as they can stand it and then refuse them a job when they can't.

E. J. Babcock. Advertisement for drawing paper, which prints perfectly.



A woman's choice! Most of the real and lasting beauty which man has created has been for her. Her instinct for the genuine and the truly fine has ever been insistent and sure. In choosing the Packard—as in the choice of her jewels, her fine furnishings and fabrics—she but satisfies a natural and innate craving for that form of beauty which carries the highest mark of truest worth. ❦ There are twenty and more Packard styles to select from. The prices are three thousand fifty dollars and up, at Detroit. ❦ Packard Motor Car Company of Philadelphia, 319 North Broad Street, Philadelphia—also Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Reading, Trenton, Williamsport and Wilmington.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard TWIN-6

Garth Jones. Decorative Newspaper Drawing

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

WILLIAM MORRIS sought to separate the conventional decoration of books from their realistic illustration, and to treat each as a distinct art, or rather to consider the former to be fine art, the latter to be artless. Though, in a measure, the illustrator has become divorced from the decorator in our age of division of labor, there is no real reason for this separation. In the early age of book decoration the decorator and illustrator worked together, and were one. No one could deny that from Botticelli to Holbein and the other illustrators of beautiful books the artist was both decorator and illustrator; if the work was not actually done by the same hand it was the product of the same mind and the same shop. No one but a master of drawing could have drawn the figures which are interwoven in the decoration of almost all these works. I do not refer to the pictures inserted in the text, in the initial letters or in the margins, but to the so-called conventional decorative forms, though when they were done they were thought the last thing in realism. Neither do I mean to say that these artists did all the work with their own hands, I would as soon assert they drew and cut all their wood-blocks, but they invented the designs and corrected the blocks. Their names have mostly been forgotten, as their work was probably ignored when it was produced. Now it is treasured and revered by the handful who know it. But while I

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SILVARVM:POTENS:D
IANA:CANDIDA:DEA.

OF THADUENT OF OUR LORDE.

THE tyme of thaduent or comyng of our lord in to this world is halowed in holy chirche the tyme of iiii wekes in betokenyng of iiii dyuerse comynges. ¶ The i was whan he came and apierid in humayn nature and flessh. The ii is in the herte and conscyence. The iii is at the deth. The iiii is at last Jugement. The last weke may vnnethe be accomplissed. For the glorye of the sayntes whiche shal be yeuen at the last comyng shal neuer ende ne fynysshe. And to this signyfyaunce the first responce of the first weke of aduent hath iiii verse to rekene ¶ Gloria patri & filio for one to the reporte of the iiii wekis, and how be it that there be iiii comynges of our lord, yet the chirche maketh mencion in especial but of tweyne, that is to wete, of that he came in humayne nature to the world, and of that he cometh to the Jugement & dome, as it apperith in thoffyce of the chirche of this tyme. And therfor the fastynges that ben in this tyme, ben of gladnes and of joye in one partie, & that other partie is in bitternesse of herte. By cause of the comynge of our lorde in our nature humayne, they ben of joye and gladnes. And by cause of the comyng at the day of Jugement they be of bitternes and heuynes.

AStowchyng the comyng of our lord in our bodyly flessh, we may considre thre thynges of this comyng. That is to wete thoportunyte, the necessyte & the vtylyte ¶ The oportunyte of comyng is taken by the reson of the man that first was vanquysshyd in the lawe of nature of the default of the knowledge of god, by whiche he fyll in to euyll errours, & therfore he was constrayned to crye to god ¶ Illumina oculos meos, that is to saye, lord gyue lyght to myn eyen. After cam the lawe of god whiche hath gyuen commandement in which he hath ben overcome of Impuissance, as first he hath cryed ther is non that fulfilleth, but that comandeth. For ther he is only taught but not delyuerd fro synne, ne holpen by grace, and therfore he was constrayned to crye, ther laketh non to comande

ET SICVT MOYSES EX
ALTAVIT SERPENTEM
IN DESERTO ITA EXAL
TARI OPORTET FILIVM
HOMINIS

THE COLLECTS, EPISTLES, AND GOSPELS, TO BE USED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

¶ The Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, appointed for the Sunday, shall serve all the Week after, where it is not in this Book otherwise ordered.

¶ The Collect appointed for any Sunday or other Feast may be used at the Evening Service of the day before.

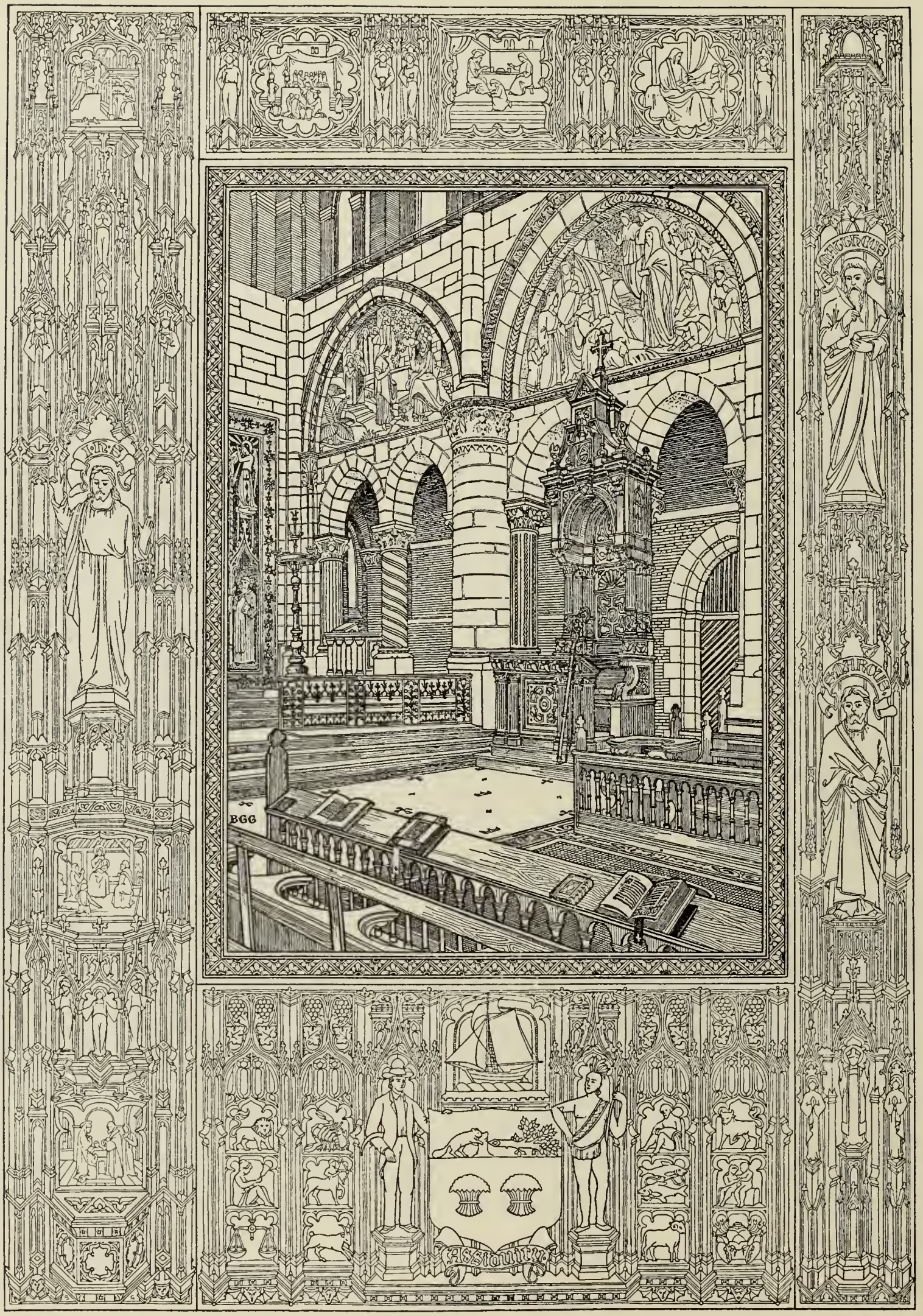
THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT. THE COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. A-men.

¶ This Collect is to be repeated every day, with the other Collects in Advent, unto Christmas-day.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xiii. 8.

OWE no man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any


BGG

Description of the Pastoral Staff belonging to the Diocese of Albany, New York ** THIS Pastoral Staff which the Diocese of Albany possesses, consists of three principal Parts, which are: A Staff with bosses, a Lantern, or temple, and a Crook. ** The Staff is hollow, seamless aluminium, combining lightness and strength, tapered throughout, ornamented at intervals (corresponding with the sectio aurea) with bands of gold, silver-gilt platinum and enamel, and is tipped with an ivory ferule to obviate noise in use. The Staff is covered at the grip, where the hand comes, with white shagreen so as to give a firm hold and to avoid the chill of metal in cold weather. The Lantern is hexagonal in plan throughout, and has a gabled and pinnacled roof supported on six buttresses with a central pillar around which are grouped in separate niches as many statues upon a raised platform. The six-sided enamelled spire springs from a gabled roof surrounded by six pinnacles at the base and crowned by a pierced battlement. This incloses a platform from which springs the Crook, quadrangular in cross section, tapering upwards and doubly recurved, ending in a lozenge shaped expansion that carries a kneeling figure in prayer, as a terminal. Enamel plaques adorned with roses and crockets form the ornament.

It will be observed that the figure of Our Lord is made the centre both of the general design and of the ornament. It is placed in the most ornamental and ornamented part of the construction. Similarly it forms the link between the centre of colour above and the centre of workmanship below, whilst the niche in which it stands is designedly made as simple as possible so as to be unobtrusive. The Lantern itself has been made massive, so that it offers a firm base to the Crook and is in contrast with the lighter forms of the pinnacles; and plain, to afford that repose which is needed by the eye to enhance the ornament and to give variety. It will be noticed that whilst the symmetry of the Lantern (the monumental part) is absolute, with a view to repose of effect, yet neither on the stem nor on the Crook are any two details identical. So that in the main, variety in unity has been aimed at both as regards material, form and colour; not capriciously, however, but according to the de-

LII.

SINCE when Time's brooding bird did patient sit
Upon her sphered egg, the world, to wit,
Potent with life, in ocean, earth, & air,
Ere ever faun or flower did people it:

LIIJ.

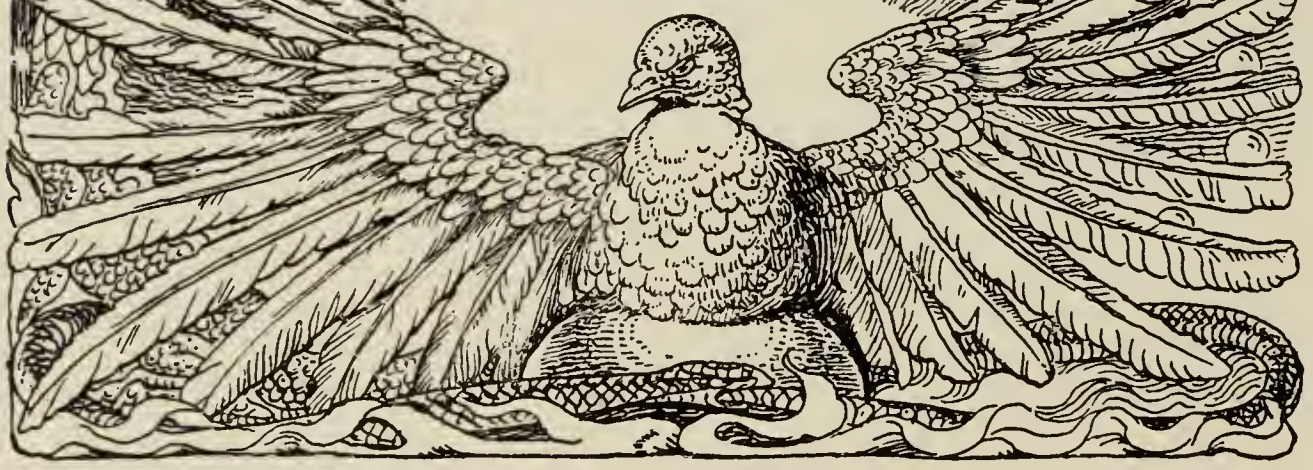
Since when from countless germs life's tree did grow
From writhing worms about its roots below,
From dragon-shapes that clasp its fossil stem,
To bear love's fruit, & human flowers arow.

LIV

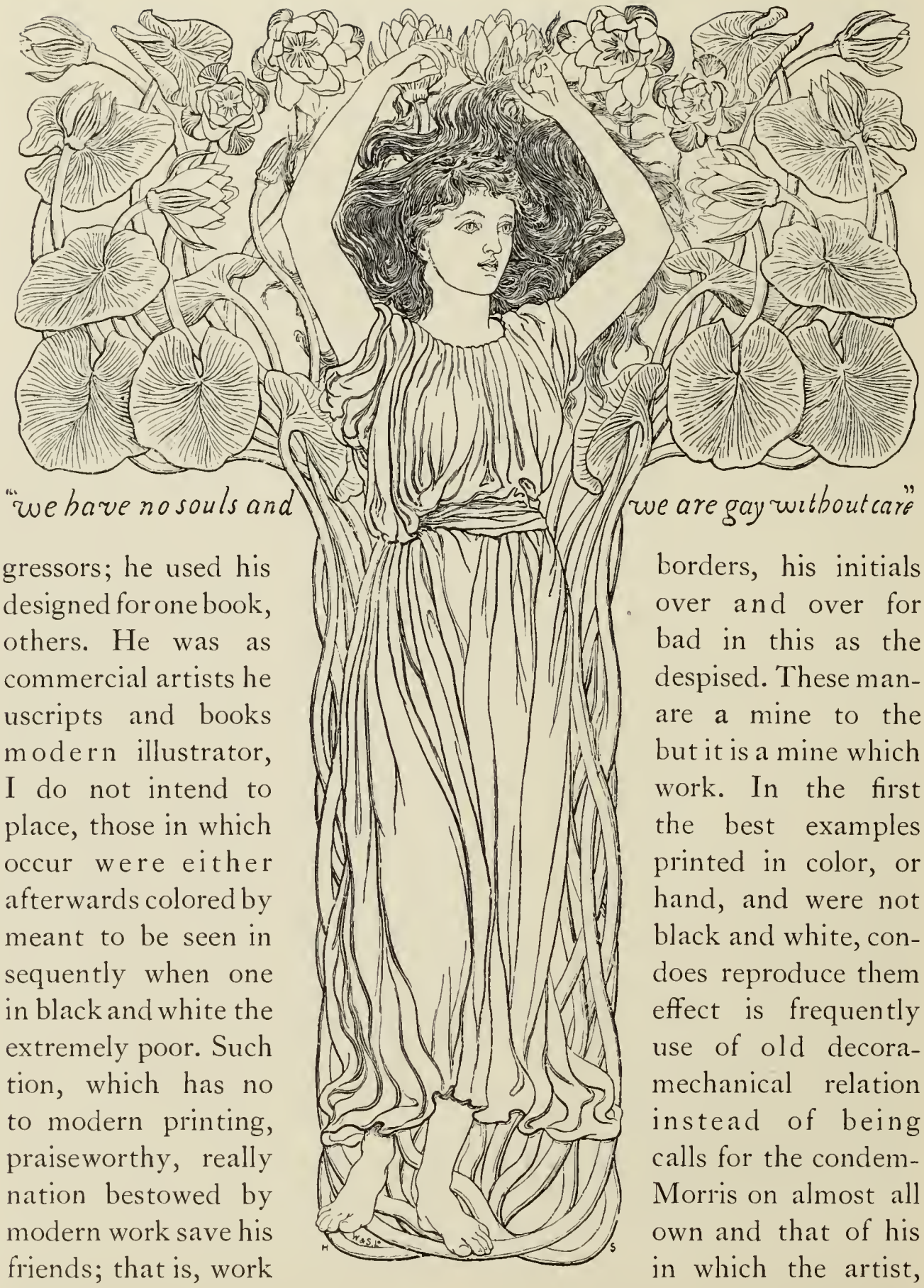
Where Thought's winged kind among its branches [dwell,
Still fertilized by Beauty's potent spell;
Cast & re-cast in Nature's supple mould,
Through death & change, & birth's transforming cell.

LV.

'Twas pictured here - with boughs outspread thro' [space,
Blossomed with stars upon the sky's swart face,
With globing worlds for fruit, that cool or glow
As night & day, like leaves their shadows chase.



have no intention of endeavoring to separate the illustrator and decorator, for no such separation should be recognized; there is a distinction between drawings which ornament the page and those which illustrate the text. Of the drawings reproduced in other chapters there is not one which would not decorate any book; many are illustrative; and yet a difference in motives and in treatment, even when convention is set aside, is apparent. That is what gives them character; makes them interesting. The old manuscripts, the missals, and early printed books were treated very much as are modern illustrated publications. The manuscripts were made rich with ornament, sometimes confined to elaborate initial letters, sometimes running down the margin, and some contained pictures wholly realistic in treatment, either placed in the page very much as in our magazines, or else so interwoven with the ornament as to be inseparable from it, while against all Morris conventions the ornament straggled all over the lettering and his at times straggled down the side. And so it was with the early printed books. At times, too, the text was enclosed in a border of graceful spirals or conventional forms; at others it enclosed a picture; usually picture and ornament were not to be separated. Beautiful as many of these designs were, after they had served their purpose in the book for which they were designed, they were cut to pieces and used with as much disregard of fitness as is shown by any present-day cliché dealer. And in this matter William Morris was one of the worst trans-



"we have no souls and we are gay without care"

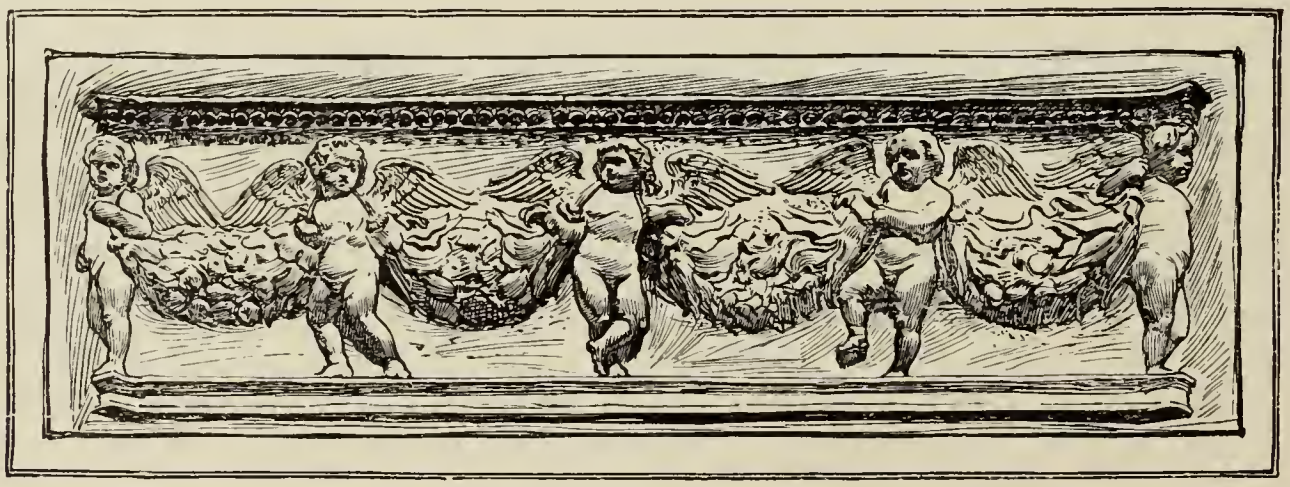
gressors; he used his borders, his initials designed for one book, over and over for others. He was as bad in this as the commercial artists he despised. These manuscripts and books are a mine to the modern illustrator, but it is a mine which I do not intend to work. In the first place, those in which the best examples occur were either printed in color, or afterwards colored by hand, and were not meant to be seen in black and white, consequently when one does reproduce them in black and white the effect is frequently extremely poor. Such use of old decoration, which has no mechanical relation to modern printing, instead of being praiseworthy, really calls for the condemnation bestowed by Morris on almost all modern work save his own and that of his friends; that is, work in which the artist, the engraver, and the printer have striven together, as they did of old, to produce such beautiful and appropriate results as are to be seen in the books of Abbey and Parsons, of Howard Pyle, and of Sullivan and Beardsley. This old work was mainly conventional or symbolical, though drawn as realistically as possible; today we have found that realistic drawings decorate a page as well as geometrical forms, though the cubists and purists do not think so, and that a flower by Alfred Parsons or a vase

by Jules Jacquemart is quite as decorative as a cock-eyed primitive, and infinitely superior to the realistic decoration which the old men themselves used. While as to futurist decoration it is not to be compared to the work—it won't stand it—of the masters from whom the fools and blind stole it, though they don't admit they did so.

The second reason for not giving examples of old book decorations is that, even when not colored, they were drawn on the wood but seldom engraved by the artist, and, therefore, are not autographic. Drawings on the wood from the time of Dürer and Holbein, when intended for the decoration of the text, were more or less conventional, as a reference to the etched work of the same men will show, and as I have stated repeatedly. The artist, when working for the engraver, could, by drawing less freely, do much to help him to obtain accurate results and to lighten his labor. As we are often reminded, artists and craftsmen then worked together. Books were produced entirely by artists and craftsmen in a workshop, a beautiful example of which remains today in the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, with its typefounding rooms, its artists' designing rooms and designs, its printing presses and its "hutches" for tame authors and artists and proof-readers, the book shop and the library—it was the house, the home, and the workshop of the publisher who was not ashamed of his business as are some up-to-date moderns. But, save that publishers and authors and artists do not live on the premises, the same state of affairs, carried out in a much broader manner than even Plantin would have thought possible, was to be found in many of the great publishing houses a few years ago. Today the work, mostly done

by union men, is a disgrace, while some business managers' most serious occupation is golf or some other standardized fad. They sometimes collect books, which they learn little from, though they are forever talking of them to take your eyes from the poor work they turn out. However, because we see the business details and the shoppy working of such firms, and because certain others carrying on tradition have produced results undreamed of by Dürer or Plantin, only the beautiful side of whose work survives, we are told by unsuccessful engravers, visionary dreamers, incompetent middlemen, or mediocre illustrators, that we must go back to the time of Dürer, that we must give up our improved printing presses, our process work, our overlays, and our art for the people, though the people are of no importance, and return to the work which was made only for the few and given to the few—to the fine illustrated volumes intended rather as curiosities for presentation to popes and princes than books which the people, or even artists, should ever see. However, I am afraid we must, or perish. Yet if this is to be, why should we stop with the Renaissance, with the decorative work of Rome, with the mummy cases of Egypt, which show how much more the Egyptians knew about painting than Giotto, or why should we look at the beauty of Greek art? Or, is there any Greek art; is it not all Diagonals? Why, the reasoning of these people would carry us back to painting ourselves blue and drawing with a burnt stick on the walls of a cave—and we are on the high road to that.

The great difference between the conditions of early and modern book-



making is too often lost sight of, and yet, without understanding it, it is impossible to appreciate the development in illustration and decoration made a few years ago. The old illustrators attempted the scheme of illustration that we have carried out; they used the same realism—or the same idealism, whichever you choose to call it, for I suppose it is universally admitted that between idealism and realism of the best sort there is no difference—they arranged their pages in the same manner, what is praised in their work is condemned in ours, but they had not the same technical knowledge or the same mechanical facilities. To begin with, the methods of the printer of the fifteenth century could not be applied to the large editions of today. The old books, which either were chained in one place or were the rare possessions of the great, could be decorated to any extent; their size was not a consideration. But if the books of today—intended for wide circulation—were equally decorated, with every page of text enclosed in a border as in books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they would be so swollen as to be almost entirely unmanageable. They would resemble those financial abortions, The Lady Mother's Saturday Home Post or the Sunday papers, which have to be got rid of immediately to leave room for the family in the town planned shack. This form of decoration is regretted by a select few, though even if the old methods could be applied to modern editions, they would not equal those now adopted. Morris' presswork was not good. We are told much about Caxton and Dürer, Holbein and Jensen. But were these men living today, instead of looking back to Gutenberg and further to the illuminators who were his predecessors, as their imitators do, they would use steam presses and avail themselves of every appliance of mechanics, science and art, as they did in their own day, thus placing themselves far in advance of their time and

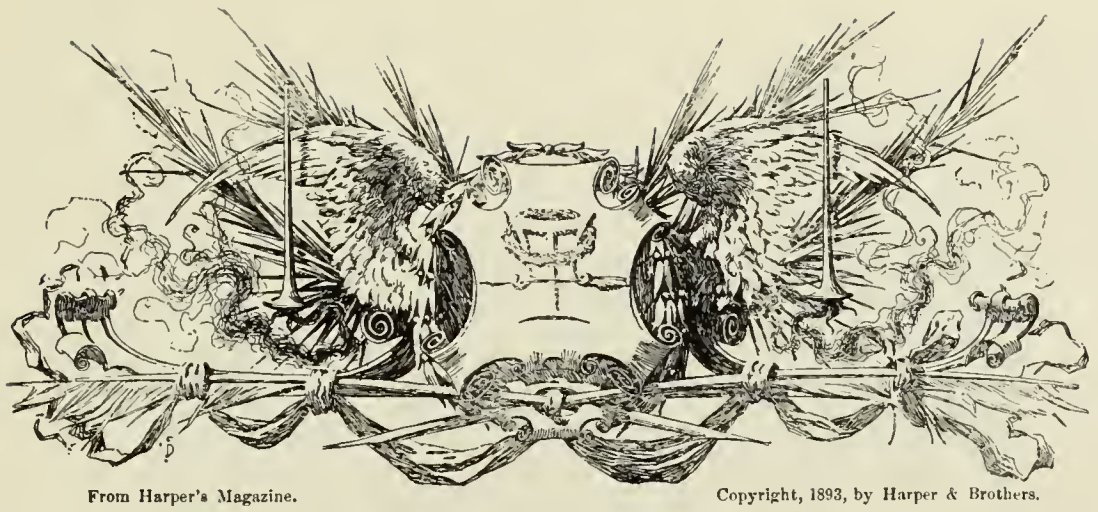
their contemporaries. That is what made them. The draughtsman today who is most in sympathy with Dürer is he who adapts his work to the methods of Theodore de Vinne in New York, or the Guillaume Frères in Paris, or the Constables and Clarks of Edinburgh. It is owing to the progressive men who have not spent their time lamenting the past and mourning present degeneracy, but have always sought to advance, though they have pointed out this degeneracy and its perils, that the world has developed at all. To have the inventions and improvements of today called bad because they were mechanical impossibilities three hundred years ago is rubbish; and it is on such rubbish that modern decorative art is nourished. Today it is the artist who wants to shirk work; the engravers and printers who try to do as little as they can and get as much as they can; the art editors who know nothing and who are backed up by critics who know less, who have caused disaster.

For a time, about the beginning of the last century—things are worse now—it seemed as if the art of book decoration was dormant. There was what was accepted as decoration, but it was really desecration. Old books were borrowed from unreservedly and their designs used without the least sense of fitness or proportion, as has always been done, however, by the cheap and nasty publisher and printer. The cheap editor is a product of this century, and especially of the last few years. A publisher of a clothing catalogue does not hesitate to embellish his price list with head and tail pieces from the Divine Comedy. He employs decorators—really desecrators—to scrawl all over the inside and outside of his catalogue covers, and to spread themselves unrestrainedly on the pages of the daily papers in the most obnoxious manner. In the last century this sort of thing came to a crisis in the *Books of Beauty*. The consequence

was that many draughtsmen in disgust gave up all attempt at decoration. But during the eighties a new impetus was given to the decoration of books—using the term to express the distinction I have pointed out—and it is to this modern work that I shall pay most attention, since it alone was done for reproduction by process.

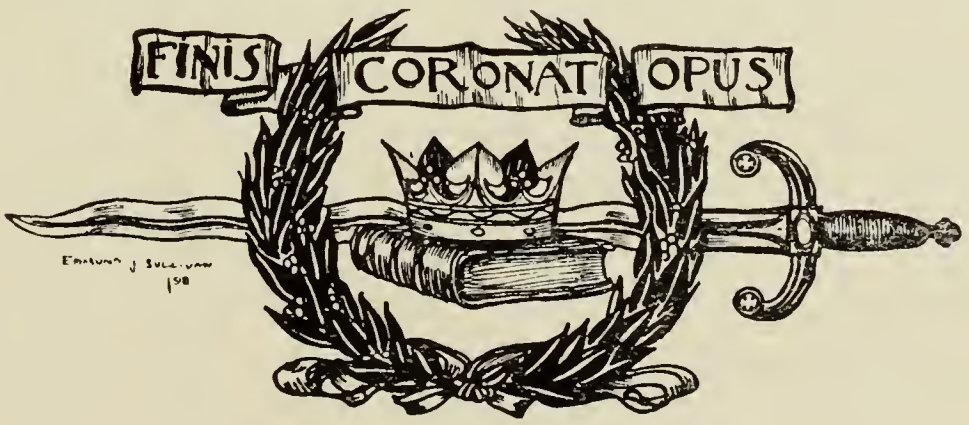
The principal conventional motives were very early evolved in every country, and we have endeavored to make little improvement upon them, and they are still accepted as standards. This, however, is far from meaning that all that is possible today is to copy what has already been done. No matter how conventional the treatment, or what the motive, the decoration should have some relation not only to the size and shape of the page, but to the subject of the text. If we surround our pages with designs of the sixteenth century—as some draughtsmen still do and would have all others do—which have no relation to the text, it is not decoration but senseless display. Dürer's designs for the *Missal of Maximilian* might be appropriate to a nineteenth century prayer-book, but there must be a great lack of ideas on the part of the nineteenth century illustrator who cannot work into sixteenth century forms nineteenth century feeling. Sattler, the German, has in the right way, and so have Anning Bell and Bertram Goodhue. It is always wise to go to Dürer, to Meckenen, to Mantegna, or to any of the illustrators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for motives, but to literally copy and steal their designs and to print them on a modern page reveals an absolute sterility of invention, or a conservative servility which is disgusting, or a half cut cuteness which is pathetic—but it is what we see all around us. The block of the two little angels carrying the crown, and St. George and the Dragon show how admirably some of Dürer's work would be adapted to many

of our needs; but on looking through Howard Pyle's *Otto of the Silver Hand*, one finds the little tailpieces there have much the same motives, and are carried out in much the same spirit, and yet are altogether original in subject, while they are reproduced mechanically in a way which would have surprised Dürer. There was probably no draughtsman as successful as Howard Pyle in working in the manner of the sixteenth century artists, always, however, adding something distinctly his own. His mediæval tales gave him good reason to adhere to the old models. The book I have just mentioned would not have been so appropriately illustrated with designs less conventional in treatment and more modern in feeling; the full pages, though reproduced by process, look like old wood-blocks; the head and tail pieces at a glance might be mistaken for Dürer's; but Pyle never again approached his *Robin Hood*, and at the last sunk to commonplace and color, but some of his followers have sunk still lower. That Pyle knew how utterly out of place these designs would be in books relating to other periods is proved by the very different methods he employs for other subjects. His *Pepper and Salt* gives an excellent idea of the great extent of his knowledge and his perfect

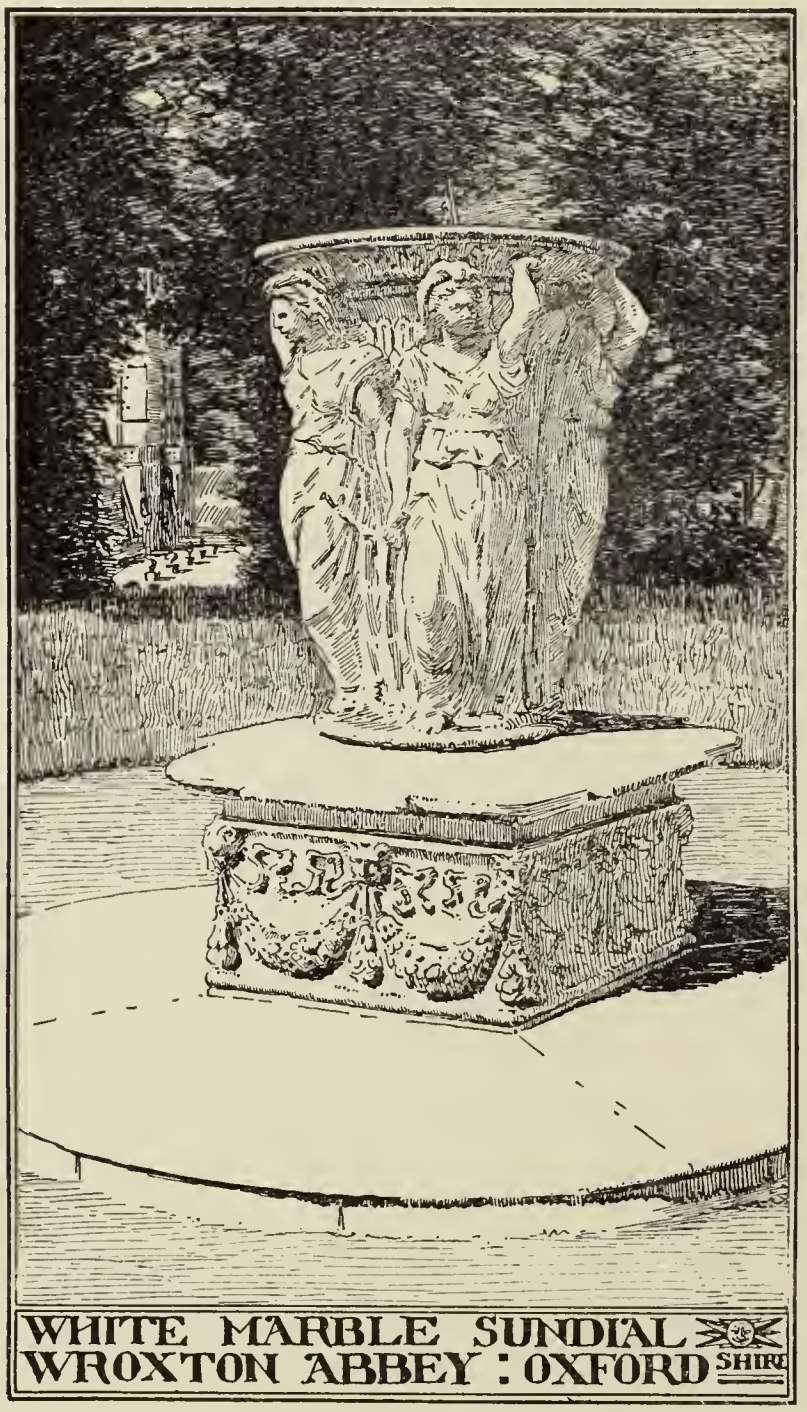


From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

understanding of the limitations and possibilities of the decoration of a page; but his best work, after all, is in his Colonial Illustration, and the best of that in *Hugh Wynne*, which is not decoration at all according to the decorators. Yet dying, Pyle admitted he should have played the game better, from nature and not from photographs and prints. He could not teach most of his pupils to do any better; they mostly did far worse—they had not his box of tricks, only photographs. An equally good example of the right use of old methods engrafted on modern work is to be found in the cover of any number of the *Münchener Kalender*, if you can find it. In it again all the old feeling is preserved, and yet there is the proper adaptation to modern requirements in the coat-of-arms, the eagle, and the emblems of the printer by whom it is issued, and the lettering also. But still, I cannot help saying that such schemes of decoration as those by Grasset are even more appropriate. In his work we have, in the first place, the old decorative line in the borders; in the center are the charming little suggestions of a picture carried out exactly in the way the old men would have done it, realistic figures and landscape being given in a shape which accords with, and decorates and illustrates the page, for a realistic picture can be just as decorative as any number of conventional lines. The illustrations of the earlier illustrators seem conventional to us, simply because technical conditions allowed them less freedom. I say, and I maintain, that there is no earthly reason, save narrow, conservative, hidebound tradition or inability to draw, which prevents the modern man from producing decoration of this sort. Ignorance of what has been done and a blind refusal to find out or care, has dragged us to cubism, impotence, and conceit, the refuge of the ignorant and incompetent. Grasset's designs are not



only well drawn, but are perfectly appropriate in their places, and they prove Grasset's power to produce decoration which has some relation to the nineteenth century as well as to the Catalogue of the Paris *Salon* which he was

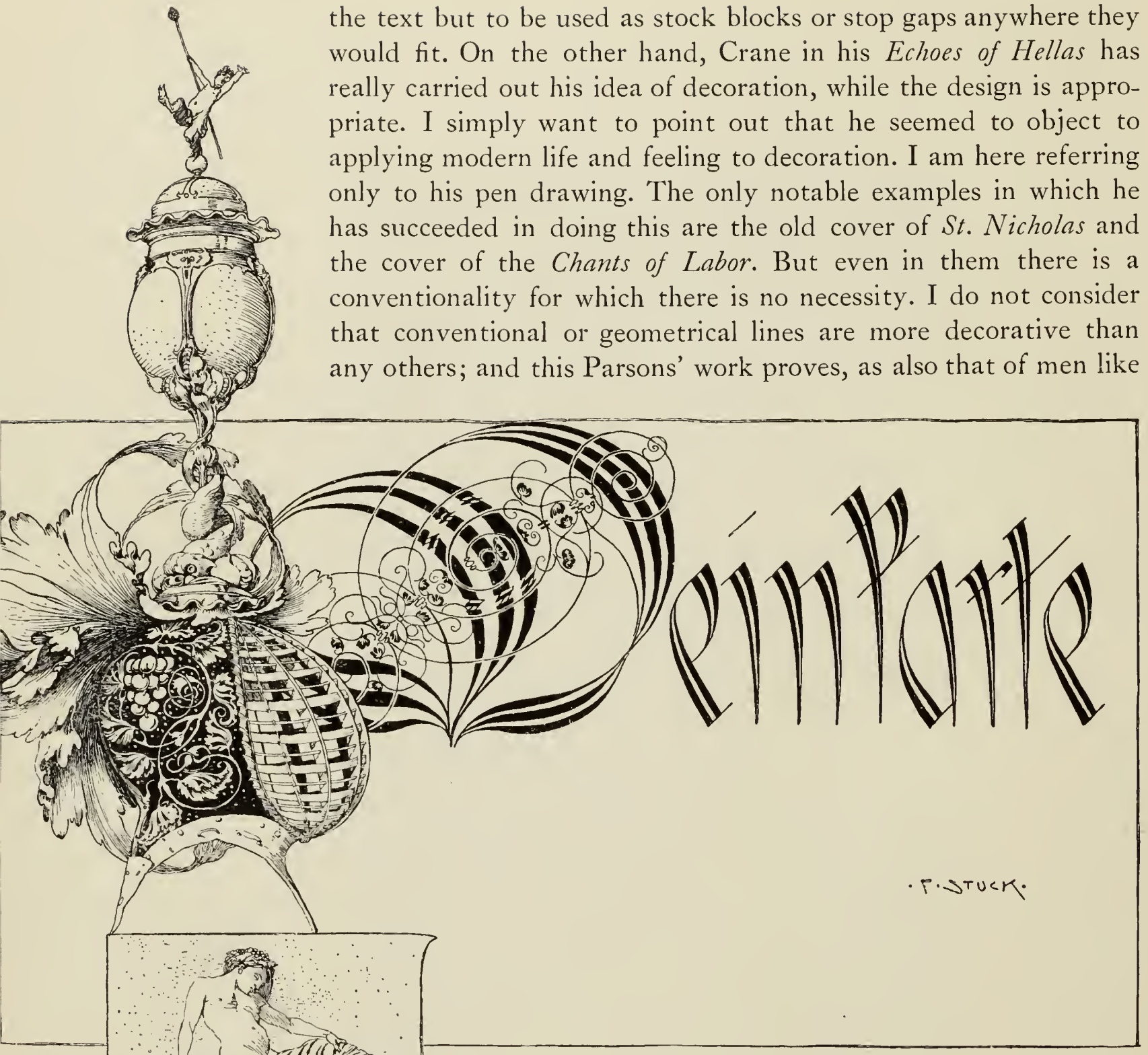


illustrating, just as decorative illustrations of sixteenth century artists had some relation to their time. The mixing up of conventionalism and realism in decoration is to be found in almost any old book.

But because realism prevails in the decorative work of Alfred Parsons, though he was able to draw flowers as no old man ever drew them, not even in the *Herbals*, and to fill his page with the mingling of decoration and realism that Dürer never dreamt of, though his line is as beautiful as Dürer's, are we not to use it, not to study it? As far as I can see, the only reason why it should be considered not altogether right is because it was done in our day, and because there is no one else in the world who can do anything like it. It is interesting to compare the block after Parsons in the English Chapter with the designs by Walter

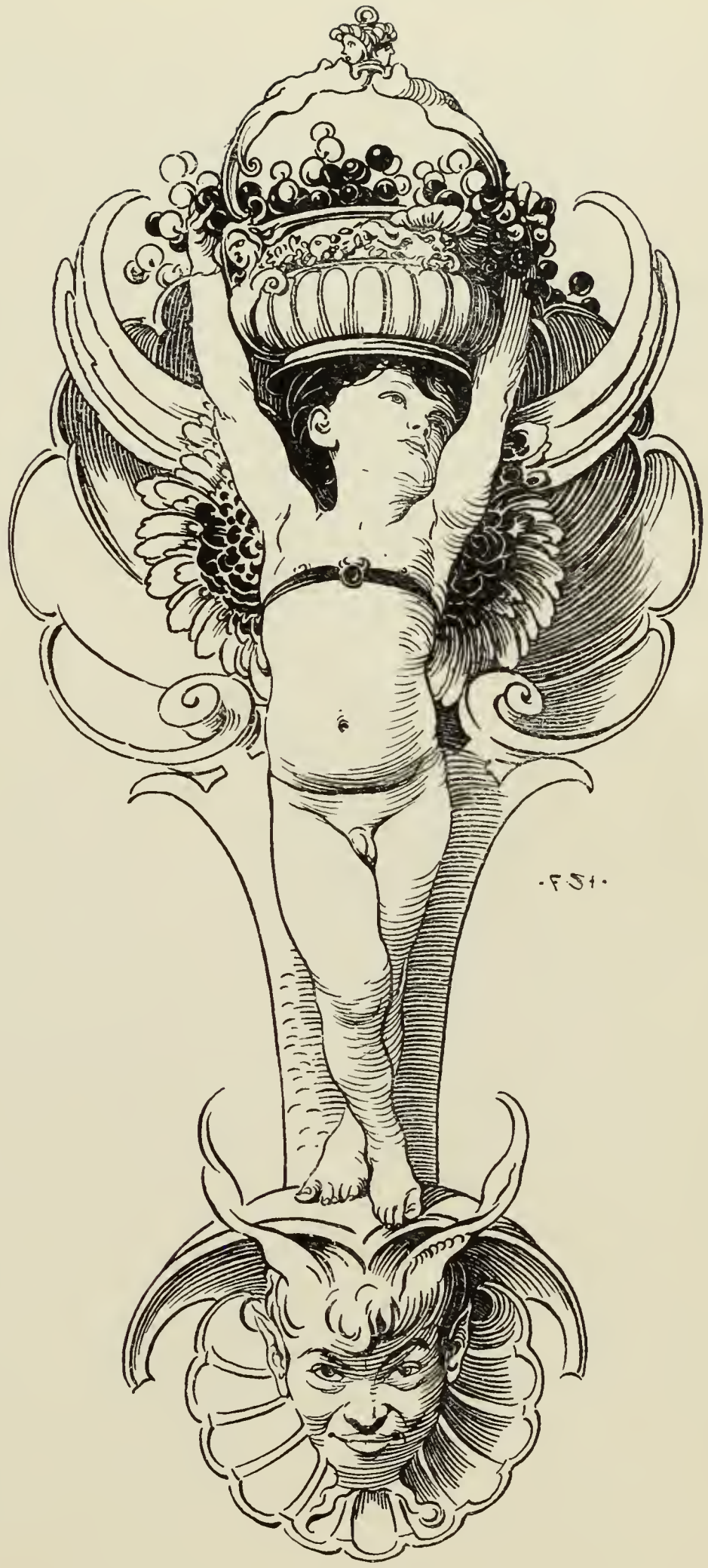
Crane worked out in such a different spirit. The organic lines in the latter are very beautiful, but the Parsons' plate, and also the heading in Shakespeare's Country, show there is another and newer way of decorative drawing which I,

for my part, think a great deal better and more appropriate to books published today. The examples of Crane's work are two of a series of designs made, not for any special books, but for Messrs. Clark, that is, for trade headings. Fine as all are, they have, with the exception of two, absolutely no relation, as far as I can see, to the work of the printer, the engraver or the publisher, and a design should explain itself to any one. They were not intended to have any relation to



the text but to be used as stock blocks or stop gaps anywhere they would fit. On the other hand, Crane in his *Echoes of Hellas* has really carried out his idea of decoration, while the design is appropriate. I simply want to point out that he seemed to object to applying modern life and feeling to decoration. I am here referring only to his pen drawing. The only notable examples in which he has succeeded in doing this are the old cover of *St. Nicholas* and the cover of the *Chants of Labor*. But even in them there is a conventionality for which there is no necessity. I do not consider that conventional or geometrical lines are more decorative than any others; and this Parsons' work proves, as also that of men like Caran D'Ache and Mars and Sullivan, who worked the life of today into their initials and decorations instead of trying to copy old conventions. Look at the swallow by Habert-Dys, or the tailpieces by Unger, and the designs by Stuck and Bracquemond.

Franz Stuck is not only a mystic and a comic draughtsman, but a man who turns his undoubted talents to very practical purposes. Menus and invitations, show cards and advertisements he produces in such number that one would be bored with them if it were not for their unceasing variety. But his drawing does not struggle with mediævalism; and he prefers the latest process perfection to the earliest woodcut imperfection.



Otto Greiner's work showed how impossible it is for the German to get away from the Dürer tradition. No matter how modern the greater part of the design is, the general arrangement is quite as traditional as the helmet which Dürer himself copied from the Memorial Stone in the local churchyard. Greiner died for his country early in the war, and he was worth to that country a regiment of major generals who did not die. The silhouetting of white on black is not an easy matter, but Otto Seitz has accomplished it well, carrying out in process the traditions of the early printers like Radholt, producing very interesting results. J. Sattler, too, has been most amusing in this way. He has gained the leading place in Germany, a great draughtsman, a great technician.

Each number of the *The English Illustrated Magazine* contained reproductions of old work and new designs which were appropriate to, and specially designed for, the articles they decorated. I refer to this magazine when it was published by Messrs. Macmillan. Caldecott and Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson, the latter two in their *Coaching Ways and Coaching Days*, made head and tail pieces which were most appropriate, as well as good in design. But the best decorative work in the *English Illustrated* is to be seen in many drawings by Alfred Parsons, Heywood Sumner, and Henry Ryland. To my mind Heywood Sumner's illustrations to his article on Undine are the most beautiful decorations it has published. And if all of his drawings are worked out in a more quaint than decorative

style, they often convey the ideas of the life, character, and feeling of the time and country he was illustrating or decorating, though sometimes, notably in The Besom-Maker, he seems to have striven only to perpetuate the imperfections and crudities.

A group of artists in England who persistently set themselves up as conventional decorators were the members of the Century Guild. Selwyn Image, Arthur Mackmurdo, and Herbert Horne are the best known of them; they make no use of any of the adjuncts with which science has in our time furnished the bookmaker. The full-page drawing of Diana is so remarkably well drawn that one sees, if it were not that Herbert Horne refused to make himself comprehensible to the ordinary mortal, he might easily have done much good to illustration, and fill a far wider sphere than the narrow niche in which he deliberately placed himself. It would be difficult to explain in what way art is served by using bad paper; and from the standpoint of printing illustrations, the paper of the *Hobby-Horse* is thoroughly bad, so is that of most other English journals, most handmade papers being unsuitable for the printing of pen drawings, or any illustrations printed from blocks. The initial by Horne is of equal value with that by Bridwell, given farther on, but it is no better. The tailpiece also is extremely good; that is, the spaces are well kept. It may have some hidden meaning; to me, however, its only meaning is the beauty of line. Nor do I understand

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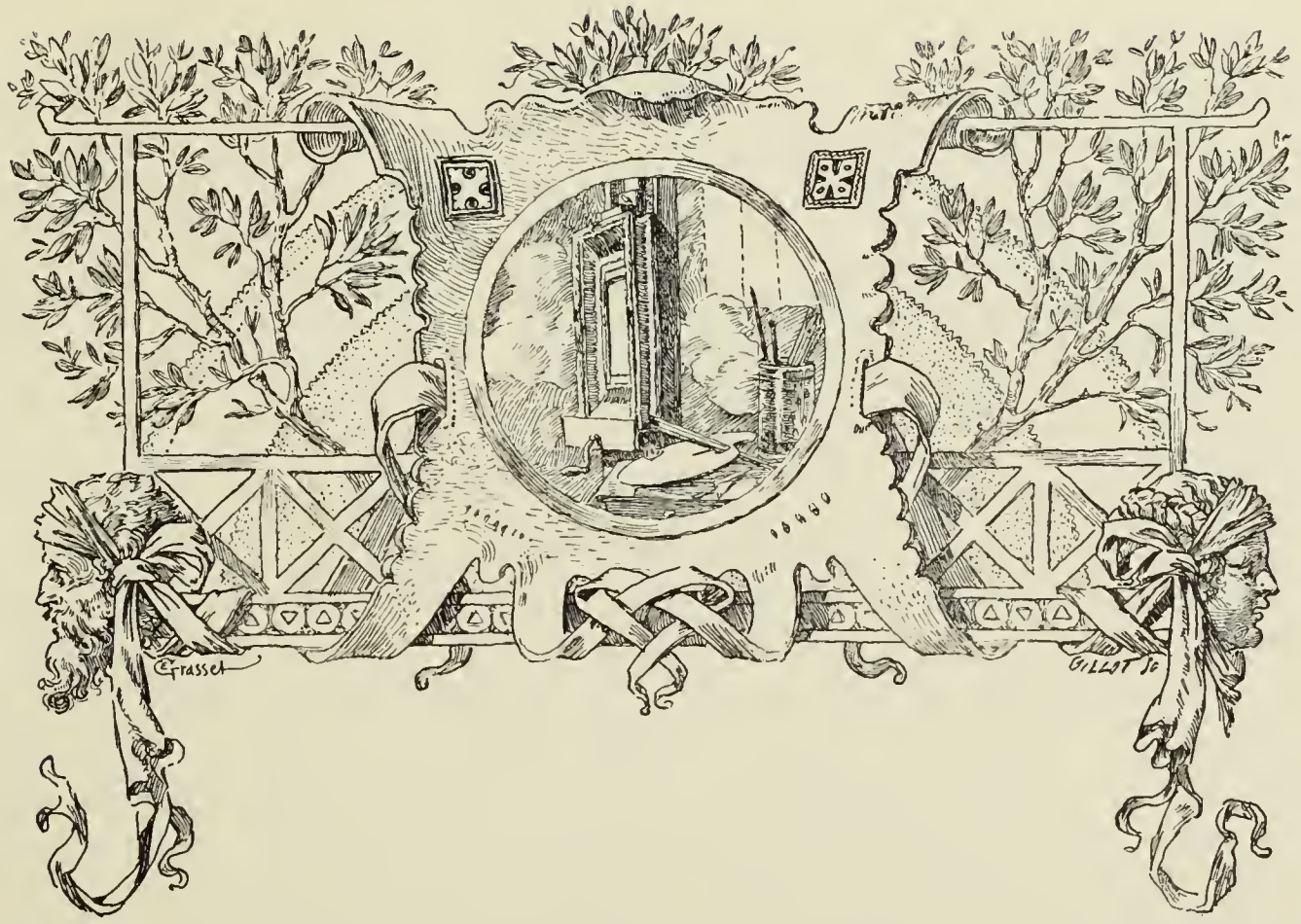
the printing of the *Hobby-Horse* page; it is very good as a mass, but very bad for practical purposes; that is, for reading. In many of the decorative designs, notably the cover by Selwyn Image, I fail to grasp the significance or to discover any relation to any age; and certainly, if Dürer was right, the *Hobby-Horse* men are all wrong. All this applies to *The Imprint* and similar momentary ventures. I prefer to believe that a man like Albert Dürer, whose work was understood by the people of his age, or Parsons, whose work is understood by those of today, really does more good than one whose designs can only be made intelligible by a continual reference to a history of symbolism. Ricketts and Shannon, too, have made a name for themselves in *The Dial* and at the Vale Press, and so has J. E. Guthrie, reviving the methods of Blake in his own fashion, while Pissarro and any number of others strive for their ideals at little presses in little towns. Here Bertram Goodhue in his borders for *The Altar Book* and *The Pastoral Staff* has far surpassed Morris in his drawings and borders; he has designed good type; the illustrations are reproduced by process and printed by steam. Has made in the same way most notable decorative designs for schoolbooks.

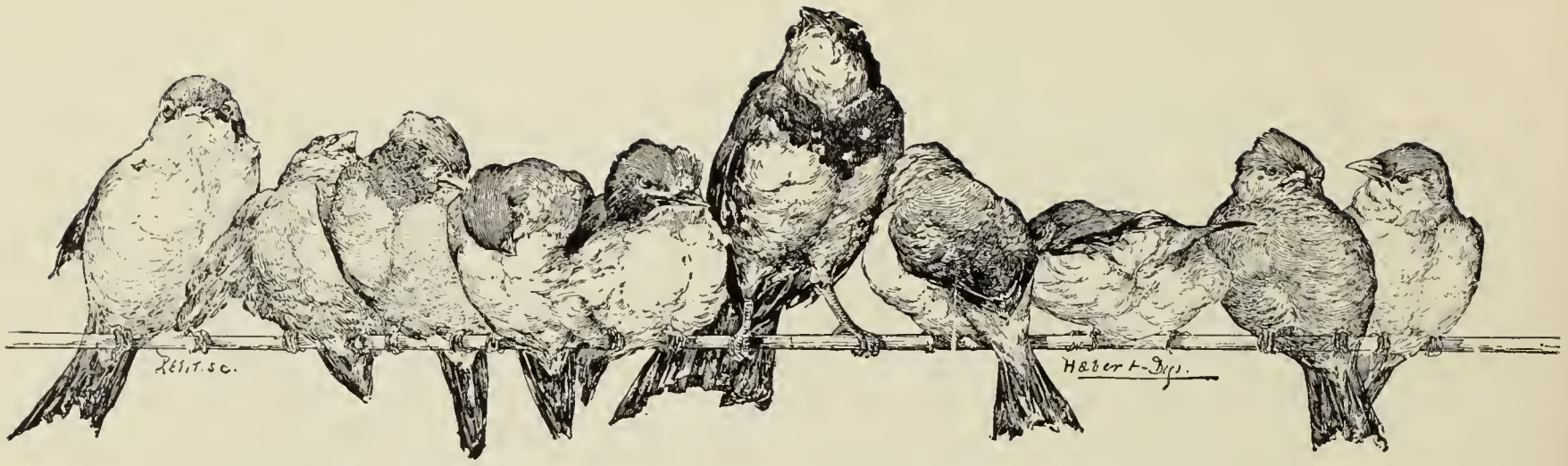
Those who have strong faith in the degeneracy of modern art often contend that we cannot make purely decorative initials equal to those of the men of the sixteenth century. That the initials of the old men were very beautiful and very decorative no one would be foolish enough to deny. That in the original drawings there was more refinement than could be given in the woodcuts, we know from the blocks with the drawings on them uncut, and now to be seen in the Plantin Museum. This work is very much like modern pen drawing, and would be reviled was its existence known to them by those who now can mostly praise only the very bad reproductions of that early period. Indeed, there is no



better proof of the fact that, before the days of process, much of the draughtsman's work was lost in the cutting, than a comparison between these drawings on the block and the printed initials of the same date, while the realistic treatment in the original drawing also shows that much of the old conventionalism was due to the limitations of the wood-cutter. But that the designing of initials is not a lost art is demonstrated by reference to the work by Bridwell, Gowdy, Rogers, and the Century Guild artists. They are quite equal to any initials ever designed. The actual drawing in Bridwell's lines might in places be somewhat firmer, but it must be admitted that some of Dürer's work of this kind is about as slovenly as possible. Take Bridwell's letter S; for an initial to decorate an article on nature, or more especially on a pine wood, could anything be more appropriate? And it is utterly and entirely different in motive from the other; one is classic, while the other shows the free motive of the Japanese. Gowdy and Rogers are as decorative and much more correct.

It is quite as admissible to use Japanese as classical motives, if we can adapt them to our purpose, as Bracquemond has; on the other hand, Régamey is always purely the European who attempts to be Japanese, rather then engraft European ideas on Japanese motives as Whistler did in his paintings.

Among all the men who have used Japanese suggestions, there is not one who has yet succeeded better than Habert-Dys. I confess I do not like the circular form of this design, because it is impossible to properly build it into the type, and though I grant, from this point of view, it is imperfect, it contains so many beautiful lines and so many good qualities that I do not hesitate to use it.



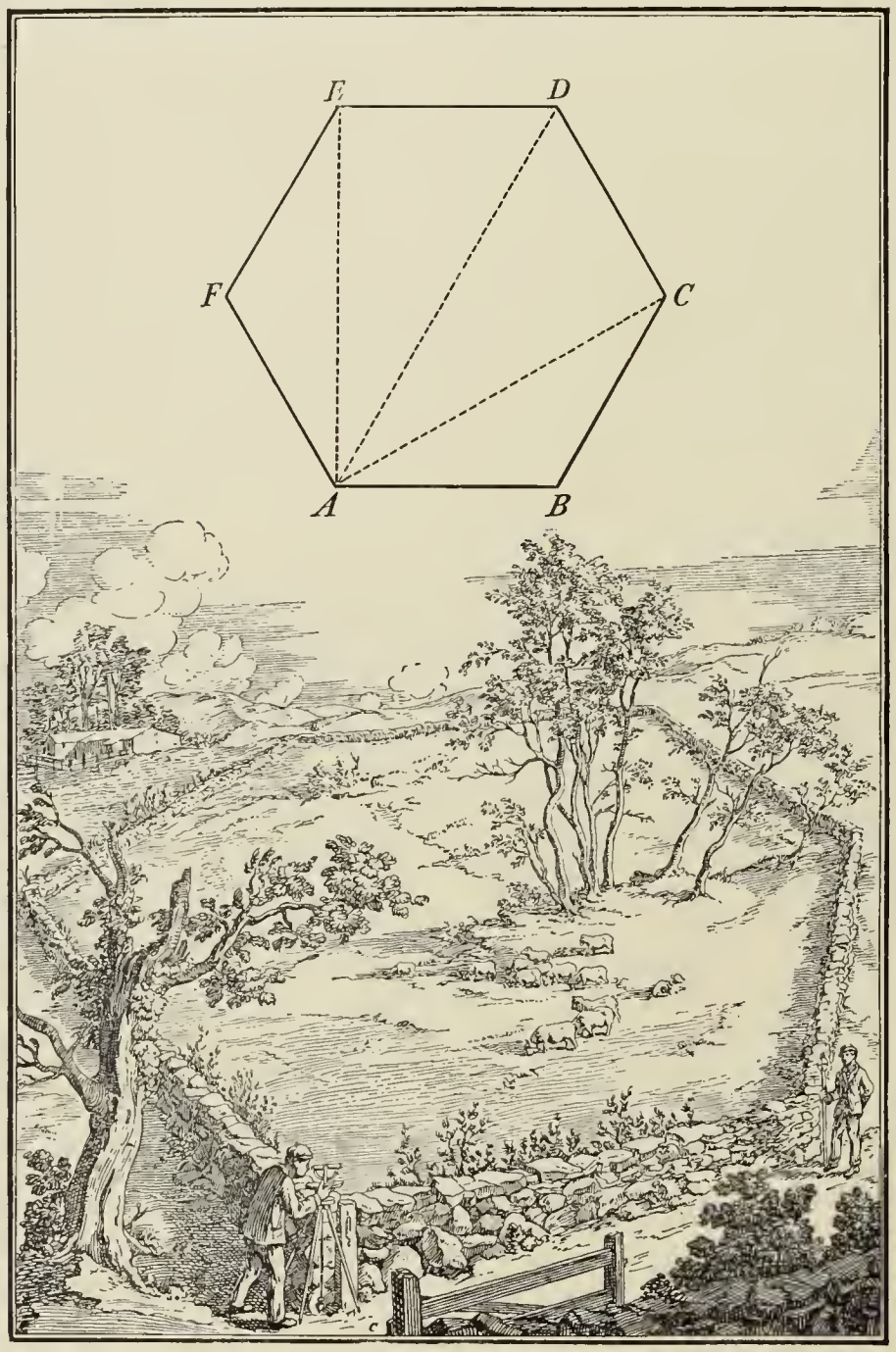
Another method of work adopted by Habert-Dys is his decorative treatment of birds. He most probably got his idea from Giacomelli, but he has improved on it and has added the Japanese feeling to the whole composition, which has been copied all over the world. F. S. Church, too, has worked out this idea, but I do not think really as well as Habert-Dys. The little drawings of a cock-fight by Renouard are as Japanese as they can be, but yet no Jap would have drawn them exactly like this. They are as French as they are Japanese. Edgar Wilson's work, too, was absolutely based on the Japanese, and in another fashion there were Beardsley's head and tail pieces for the *Morte d'Arthur* and E. H. New's for *Walton's Angler*. I cannot even name the imitators or followers.

Direct copying is, I insist, always bad, but in the initial and tailpiece by

Bracquemond there is most skillful combination of German and Japanese, while the whole result is French. Not only the age but a country's national characteristics can be easily expressed in book decoration. The two designs by E. Unger are as German as they possibly can be. A good deal of the tree drawing is bad and careless, though much of this may be due to the wood-cutting, for it was drawn on wood. But the spaces are well filled; there is absolutely no mistaking the Munich model who has posed for the figure. The same can be said of the drawing by Walter Crane for the *Chants of Labor*, to which I have already called attention, where the workman is most characteristically an Englishman, and where the whole space is better filled than in the example of Unger's work, and the design is a great deal more appropriate, for Unger's was made to be used as

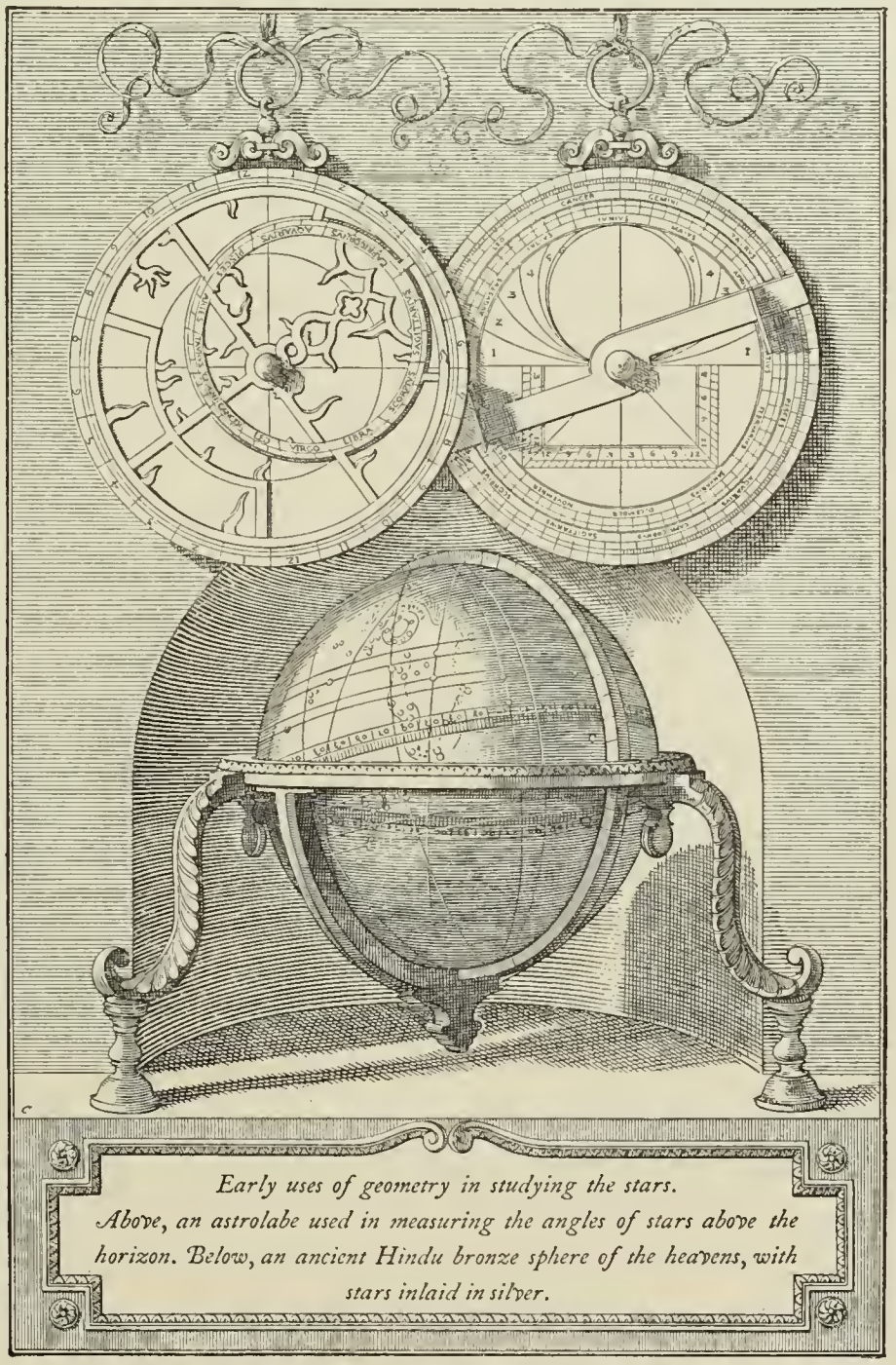
a headpiece in *Universum* very much in the same manner as Walter Crane's designs were drawn for Messrs. Clark.

I have said nothing as yet about decorative lettering. The pages of manuscripts and early printed books are often held up as models; but effective as they are from a decorative standpoint, they are only too frequently extremely difficult to read, and, whatever books may have been to their owners in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they today are intended above all to be read. Those who believe decoration must be primarily useful cannot but admit that a legible page is of far more value than a beautiful page which is unreadable. The manuscripts are often, in their lettering, far more beautiful than any printed books. But the men who are held up today as masters of book decoration were only too ready to sacrifice this beauty in order to make use of the invention of printing, and by it to save time and labor. The profession of the scribe was doomed from the



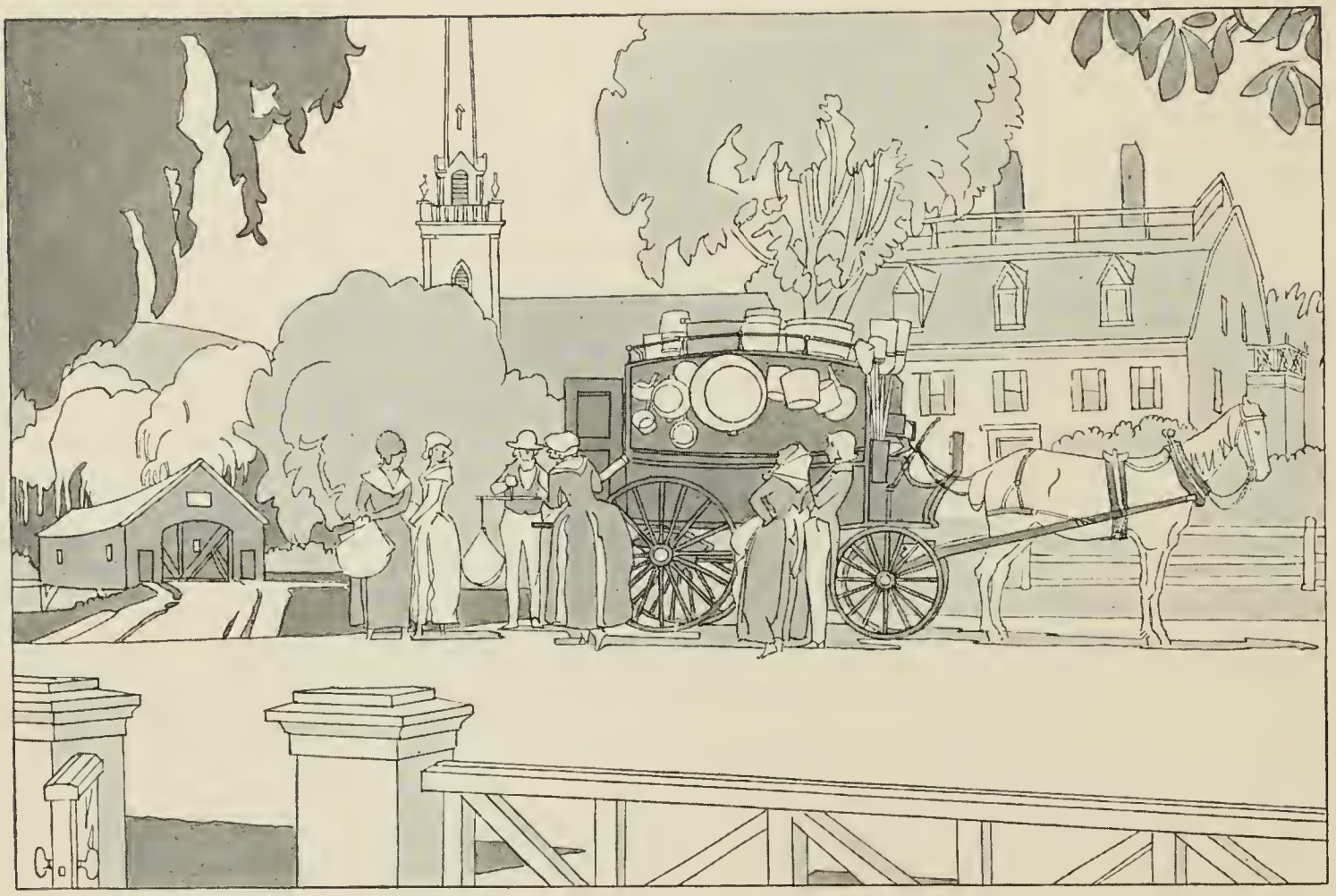
T. M. Cleland. From Mathematics, published by Ginn & Co. Realism and decoration worked out in a harmonious fashion.

moment the first printed book was published. Just as the illustrators after Gutenberg recognized the folly of having the text, which accompanied their drawings, cut on wood instead of being cast in type, so it would be useless for the illustrator of the modern magazine to seek to return to the methods of the first printers. There is not much doubt that a book with all the lettering reproduced from manuscripts would be much more trying for readers than a book with all the text set up in type. However, for an occasional page or for a title page, the artists' lettering instead of the ordinary type is very charming. Walter Crane worked probably to a greater extent than any one else in this manner; now there are many following him. But I do not altogether like his lettering; it is nearly always the same; it is not easy to read, and I do not think it is well spaced. Compare the sameness of his or Heywood Sumner's or Lewis Day's lettering with the infinite variety used by Alfred Parsons or Howard Pyle or Alfred



Early uses of geometry in studying the stars.
Above, an astrolabe used in measuring the angles of stars above the horizon. Below, an ancient Hindu bronze sphere of the heavens, with stars inlaid in silver.

From same series. Good use of metal engraver's line and type, forming decorative whole



René Clark. Large drawing, made for use on one or two pages; also, in most cases, printed in color

Brennan. The latter vary their lettering to suit their text, and this Walter Crane and Heywood Sumner never do, nor do some of the precious modern scribes either. Nor do they even draw it carefully. Though they believe type and decoration to be of equal importance, they slight the lettering. Morris bore me no ill will for my right views, for he lent me, alone, for this book, examples of his work, which were intended to refute me. But how much better are the Merrymount Press books, reproduced by process and printed in modern fashion. The illustrations by Bell and Goodhue for *The Altar Book* and *The Pastoral Staff*, the best decorated books made in America, in which the old tradition is carried on and the old decoration carried out, are better than Morris, and drawn with a pen and reproduced by process, done not in slavish imitation, but with thorough knowledge of modern methods.

Many examples of good, conventional, decorative work I cannot give, simply because they were designed for pages of a certain size and shape, and, therefore, would not be seen here in their proper relations, and justice could not be done to them. I can, however, refer the student to almost all American artists or other draughtsmen who used to contribute to American magazines. Reginald Birch has done much work which is filled with the feeling of the German Renaissance developed by study in Munich. Ludwig S. Ipsen has brought his knowledge of Celtic art to the decoration of American books, where, however, one feels it to

Fine use of line and tone. There is no black in the drawing, yet the block is full of color and prints well

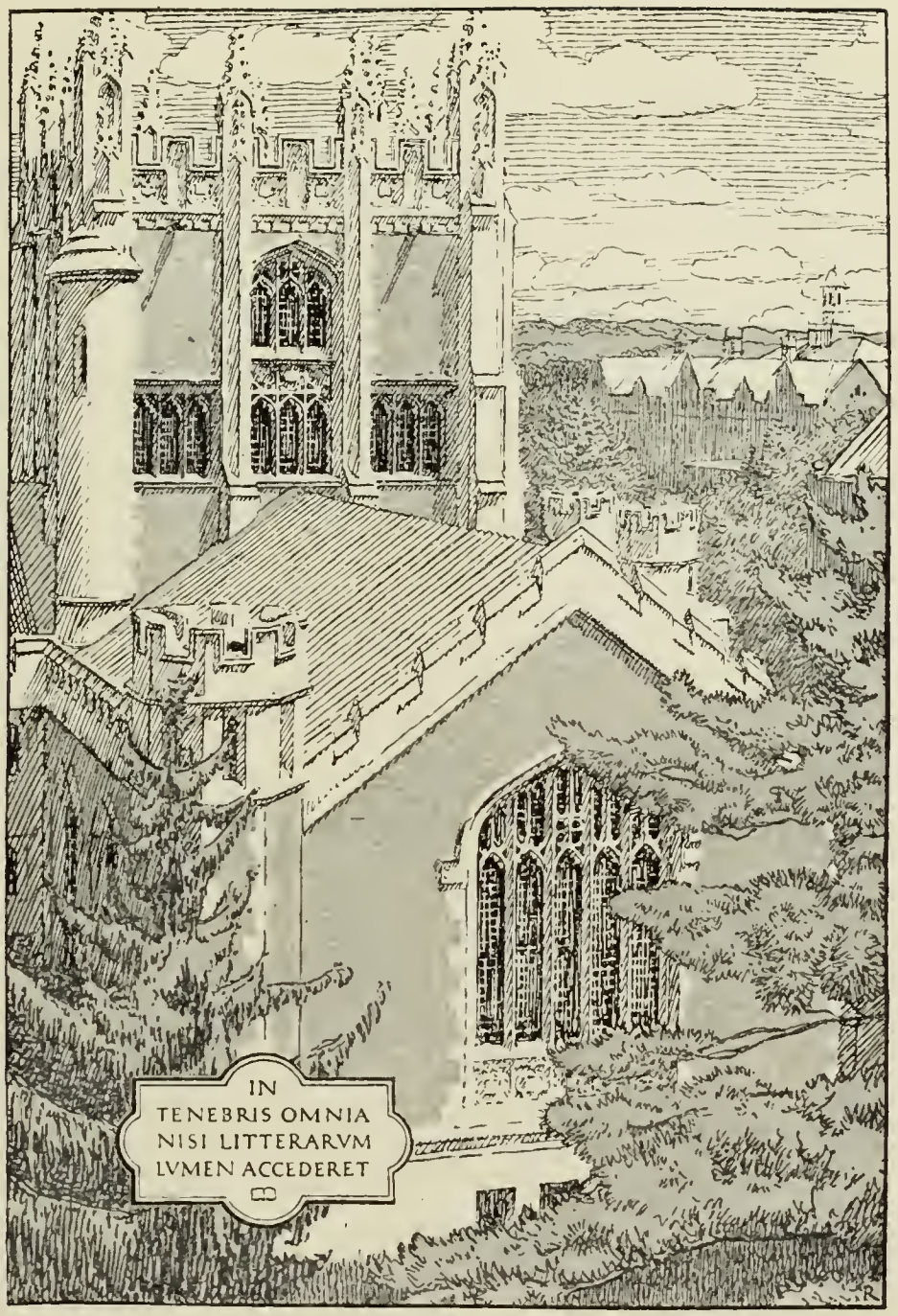
be a foreign element. Roger Riordan's designs for stained glass ought to be mentioned in this connection, for, reproduced in black and white, they become beautiful page decorations. George Wharton Edwards' decorative pen work is frequently very good, though it is not always very telling. It would be an unpardonable omission to leave out Elihu Vedder, the greatest American decorator, if I were concerned with all forms of book decoration. But I am only treating of pen work, and Vedder seldom works with a pen, nor is his brush work carried out with the pen feeling, while W. H. Bradley for a while ably carried on tradition in *The Inland Printer*. In France the late Paul Baudry did some very fine book decoration, but his life was not devoted to this work, of which he has left comparatively few examples. Much the same can be said of Luc Ollivier Merson, whose drawings from his paintings are very decorative in feeling. In Germany there is an endless number of draughtsmen who use the work of Dürer to a greater or less degree, copying it without the least attempt to adapt it to the special subjects they are illustrating. But I cannot attempt to give a complete list of the decorators for the simple reason that all illustrators are decorators.

Decoration is appropriateness, and it really makes no difference whether it is realistic or conventional so long as it improves the appearance of the page. But at the same time I consider the modern thoroughly developed realistic work in its best form superior to that of the old men, because it shows most plainly

Will H. Bradley. Bradley, under the inspiration and the time of Beardsley, did much good work, but for years he has done little or nothing. His drawings are good in line and mass. The best are in *Will Bradley His Book*.

the advances we have made in knowledge and technique. However, I cannot conceive how a liberal-minded person can fail to appreciate the fine qualities contained in the two drawings of birds by Habert-Dys and Herbert Horne, one done with all the feeling of the nineteenth century; the other, good as it is, but a copy of the sixteenth. Both are equally decorative, while Manet's rendering of Poe's *Raven* is most decorative of all.

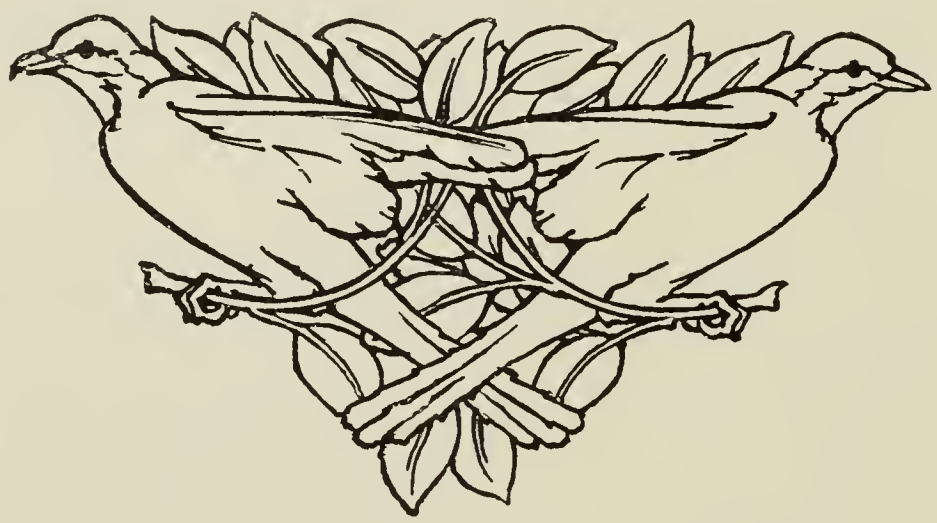
Nowhere for a moment will such a statement be questioned, except in this country. But here, within the last thirty years, people have been continually



R. Ruzicka. This artist has mostly made woodcuts, but he understands decorative pen drawing, as this proves. There was wash work on the church and foreground, and this was printed in color.

taught to believe that book decoration, like all other art work, to be artistic must have a spiritual, moral, social, political, uplifting, literary, or sixteenth-century value with large cash rewards, while beauty of line and perfection of execution have been subordinated to these qualities; as a result the many pay no attention to the real artistic merits or defects of a drawing, but simply consider it from an entirely inartistic standpoint. The excuse is the elevation of the masses and the reformation of the classes. Art will never accomplish either of these desirable ends, its only function being to give pleasure, but this pleasure will be obtained from good work produced in any fashion. If the work is equally well, or, as usually happens, better done in a modern style, it will give more pleasure to a greater number, simply because it will be far more widely under-

stood. Another reason for the use of pen drawing for book decoration is because the pen line harmonizes with the line of the type, and is, therefore, right and appropriate; if the line is good in drawing it decorates and illustrates the pages of letterpress, as wash work does not. And this has been so from the time of the block books and of the Chinese. The divorce between type and drawings began with Bewick and his wood-engravings resembling steel. The modern photo-engraved pen line is more in harmony with type than anything else. There are two other reasons: the old presses would not print lines such as the modern illustrator makes, and further, the old illustrator did not make such lines as we do, such varied lines, because there was no way of engraving them to print with type. But because now we can draw, engrave, and print in a way the old men knew nothing about are we not to do so? They were not so much tied down by convention as by mechanical difficulties. Thanks to the men whose work is shown in this book, we are free and can work as we wish in the future.



THE making of a pen drawing is the simplest process possible. Only a few things are necessary besides the rather indispensable qualification, ability to draw. A piece of white paper; a hard lead pencil, a knife and a rubber; a pen and a bottle of ink.

First, as to the paper: the photo-engraver will tell you that the only paper to be used is hard white Bristol board, which is excellent, and can be worked on more freely with less practice than any other paper. When I say with less practice, I mean you must have just about the same amount as a great violinist has before he appears in public. The comparison is not out of place, for there are not more great pen draughtsmen than there are great violinists. There are far fewer than fiddlers who advertise themselves to be great. I do not know if today there are any great artists in either profession—though fiddling is not an art—any more than photography, which it resembles. Bristol board is clumsy to take about, for when it is more than two sheets in thickness it will not roll without breaking. With good Bristol board and good black ink, and great practice, you ought to be able to draw as freely in any direction as with a needle on an etching plate. Just as you are making a line the ink gives out, with the etching point you can carry on. But you cannot do this after six weeks' or even six months' work in a correspondence school or get-rich-quick college. The chances are you will never be able to. Vierge often used Bristol board. Probably the next easiest paper to draw on with a pen is London board, which is Whatman paper pressed and mounted into boards. It is usually very good, but you must be very careful to get it from a reliable dealer, or you will be sure to find soft places, where you will get blots. Any thin, smooth paper, mounted and pressed, is good. Hard, smooth, thin writing paper without any lines or water marks is most useful, and equal to Bristol board. A great convenience is that in making a tracing from a sketch in which you may wish to preserve the fresh feeling, you can fasten a sheet of thin correspondence paper over your sketch, and the paper being thin, you can see the drawing through it and work on top of it. Lalanne used this paper. Another paper is good, hard Whatman with a slight grain. The photo-engraver will object to this, but in the reproduction the result is a broken line, which gives a richness to be had in no other way. These are matters on which most writers on art would give very explicit and elaborate directions. But all I have to say is, if you use Whatman paper, get whatever kind or quality suits you best. It is very hard to work on at first, because the pen catches in the grain, splutters and drags over the paper, and often runs into it, making a great blot difficult to erase. It may be well to note that to remove blots, or to tone down lines that are too hard, a very useful instrument is a razor; though there is a French eraser with a curved blade made for working on *papier Gillot*, which is still better, and Gillette blades, when not standardizing American faces, are useful for a minute. The simplest plan is to paste a piece of paper over the blot, and to join the lines at the edges. A neater way is to cut a somewhat larger hole

in the paper and paste a piece on from the back, or to use ink erasing rubber. Crayon papers are used most cleverly by Frenchmen, Forain and Steinlen, and by Americans, especially by their imitators. Part of the drawing, which is usually large and bold, is put in with lithographic crayon, or *crayon conté*, some of the blacks with a brush, and delicate work with a pen. The grain leaves ridges in the crayon marks, which reproduce white. No attempt must be made to use stump, or to get an even tone by filling up these accidental whites. The result is like a charcoal drawing with pen work on it. There are various sorts of grained paper, *papier Gillot* and *Ross paper*, the most popular being that with a horizontal line printed on it, which may be taken for the middle tone, as on a grey-toned paper; on scratching this with a sharp knife, either before or after you have drawn on it, a vertical line in white appears, doubling the lightness of the light tone; this may be again scratched into pure white. There are three difficulties in using it. One is that the effect of these mechanical lines in the paper is always more or less mechanical; another, that the drawing cannot be reduced in size very much without blurring and indistinctness; and the third is that there is a great tendency to blots. This paper has been most successfully managed by Casanova, one of whose drawings made on it is reproduced in the Spanish Chapter. Adrien Marie and Montalti have also used it very cleverly, and on it Adolf Ringel can perfectly reproduce his own bronzes; his drawings are in the French Chapter. I have tried enough just to know how difficult and unsatisfactory the paper is. It is to be had from almost all the French photo-engraving houses in Paris and the Ross people here, but the price is now prohibitive. There are numerous varieties; some have dots, some lines, and some chalky surfaces on which you draw, or try to draw, and then lighten your drawing by scratching. You can also wash with color and scratch through it. Personally, I do not care for drawings made on these papers, with the exception of those of Vierge and Casanova, who seem to have succeeded perfectly, as with everything. Some of the drawings in *Pablo de Segovie* seem to have been made on paper of this kind, though the white lines may have been cut through by the engraver. However, such draughtsmen as Rico and Abbey used ordinary white paper. Abbey liked old Whatman mounted, and so do I.

The even mechanical grain in the background to many drawings is not put on by the artist, but by the photo-engraver. The artist indicates with a blue pencil the place where he wishes it to be applied, and the engraver puts it on. The tint is made by inking a ruled or dotted sheet of rubber and pressing that on the drawing or on the plate. This is known as the Ben Day process. Often a very good effect may be obtained in this way, though it is always mechanical.

Of the second necessary, a hard lead pencil, all I shall say is that you will want it, as well as a rubber; why, I shall explain farther on, and how to use it.

With the pen as with the paper, find out what suits you, and then use it. Half a dozen different kinds are often used on the same drawing. The most useful all-round pen I know of is Gillott's Lithographic Crow Quill, No. 659,

which, when once you have mastered it, works with the utmost freedom, from the boldest to the most delicate line. It is almost like a living thing; it springs and responds to every impulse of your hand, and is vastly more pleasant than the etching needle. There are many other crow quill pens. A "J" pen is very useful at times. In fact, any pen you like is right, and what you ought to use. An ordinary sharp school pen is as good as anything you can get. A quill pen works beautifully in any direction, no matter how you hold it, and you can almost wash with the back of it, as if it were a brush. Vierge, who tried everything, and men who have made pen and ink copies of Corot's pictures in order to get something of their softness, have worked with a double-lined pen, but of this I have had no practical experience. Sometimes a quill pen will wear so that you can make this double line with it. The author of the *Excellency of the Pen and Pencil*, published in 1668, recommends "pens made of a raven's quill," but for the truth of this I cannot answer. I now use various sorts of stylographic and fountain pens, which are pretty good. But I have found that, unless charged with a very watery writing fluid which is sold with them, but does not answer for drawing, they do not always work well—or the ink does not. A reed pen is often most excellent, and Perry's auto-stylo, which makes large square touches like a brush, is delightful. But the longer I work, the less important seem to me to be the tools so long as they serve my purpose—the more important the care one should bestow on each line of every drawing. Brushes, too, may be employed either alone or with the pen; the more they are used the better. The Chinese and Japanese have always used brushes for drawing and writing. They are of all shapes and sizes. The finest and most perfect line work can be done with them, as the Japanese Chapter, or any Japanese book proves, while the same brush, heavily charged with ink, can be used for washes; and when it becomes half dry and is dragged about all sorts of variety of tone and texture will be got, qualities which can be obtained in no other way. But all this requires the knowledge of a lifetime, as Hokusai said at ninety, he was "just learning to draw." The Japanese are craftsmen, and are really trained. The paper or silk they draw on, must be drawn on rightly; each touch, each line must be right, for it is almost impossible to make corrections; washes cannot be laid over washes and lines cannot be erased without not only ruining the design but the paper it is drawn on. This has made the artists exercise the greatest care and the greatest skill. Everything with them—from their point of view—must be right as they draw it. With them the work is finished from the beginning. They know absolutely what they want to do and are perfectly able to do it. Their limitations are strict and as absolute as those of the old craftsmen. By carrying on tradition, they have made themselves the greatest craftsmen of our day. It is by self-restraint, self-imposed restraint, that the greatest men of all time have done great work. We can have anything reproduced today, and that is why we have so little that

is good. We lack training, knowledge, care, which mean art; we have hustle, dash, splash, which mean artlessness. But we don't see the difference.

To know what good ink is, and then to get it, means ease in drawing and success in reproduction. Higgins' American Drawing Ink is the best today. *Encre de Chine Liquide* is very good, but I do not think it equals Higgins' ink. Liquid lamp black is a dead black and has no shine, and therefore reproduces well. Theoretically, India ink is admirable. But it not only shines, which is unsuitable for photo-engraving, but it is tedious to grind it down, and almost impossible to keep it a uniform black. Almost all the preparations I know of are abominable. Brown inks are pretty to look at, but utterly worthless for reproduction, because the delicate brown tone is lost, as your drawing is nearly always printed in black, not in brown. Ordinary writing ink at times is excellent; at times worthless. The old men must have used writing ink.

I do not think there is any other recommendation to be made, except to insist on the fact that good materials must be used if good results are wanted. But enough materials to make several pen drawings can be had even now for fifty cents.

OF TECHNICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR PEN DRAWING CHAPTER XIII

MOST writers on any branch of art begin by laying down definite laws for working. Hamerton, in *Etching and Etchers*, says that the great value in an etching depends upon the etcher's own individuality in his method of work, and he is right, but then goes on to give, in the most clear and lucid manner, directions for making an etching. I faithfully long ago followed Hamerton's suggestions, and I know into what quagmires they led me; not altogether from any fault of his, but because his methods were not suited to my needs. I therefore know by sad experience that a man must work in his own way after he has been properly taught; yet what is health for one is death for another. But he must be careful to regard the requirements of the craft.

I do not intend to give infallible laws or irrefutable directions on the subject of pen drawing; I only wish to make suggestions which are the result of a considerable amount of experience. But the study of good work is really of more practical value to the student than suggestions, and to show a series of examples of the best work is the reason for this book, and the examples in it are good.

Theoretically, it is very easy to take a piece of white paper, a pen, and any kind of ink, and draw away. This is really what the old men did, not minding blots, or anything else, so long as they suggested the idea at which they aimed, and very wonderful are many of the sketches they produced in this manner.

Now, pen and ink drawing is another thing.

The best way to make a pen drawing is to make a pencil drawing. Whoever can make a good pen drawing without a preliminary pencil sketch of more or less importance may set himself up for a genius, and be congratulated on his ability to avoid much drudgery. For convenience sake it will be better to suppose that my readers are not geniuses, and after all I shall only be ranking them temporarily with men like Fortuny and Rico. I know a study by Fortuny of a model draped, in which may be seen under the pen drawing, not only the nude figure, but the anatomy as well, drawn in pencil which has never been rubbed out. I have seen Rico on the canals of Venice making a pencil drawing more elaborate than the work which was to succeed it. In *L'Art*, vol. 1., 1884, p. 63, there is an unfinished pen drawing by Louis Leloir, which is the strongest proof of what I say on this subject. The pencil work has all the care and reverence of a hard-working but brilliant student, and the pen the freedom of an accomplished master, who knows he has a good foundation and goes ahead. Ruskin tells the student to make outlines with a hard pencil, and also that a drawing should be, not only free, but right. Other men, Blum and Brennan, I have been told, never made a preliminary sketch. It is to be hoped the reader is, but to be feared he is not, as brilliant as they. Anyway he will very soon find out for himself.

The best way is to make a careful sketch with a hard (an H, or HH) lead pencil on the sheet of paper on which you intend to make your pen drawing, in which case, in order to save the surface of the paper, only outline your shadows. In fact, make the sketch in outline as much as possible, as it must be rubbed out

afterwards, and much rubbing will spoil the surface and grey the ink. Or, make the drawing just as you want it on another sheet of paper, and then transfer it by means of black transfer paper, or else, as I suggested, use thin correspondence paper and lay it down on and draw over the original. When the pencil drawing is done, go to work with your pen and draw this again and again till you have simplified your work to the utmost; this is the way all great artists have got their simplicity, freshness, directness. It would be well to study from masters of pen drawing, whose work is in this book, but you must remember, if you study from reproductions, to choose only masterpieces, and that these, unless they are the original size, do not look like the original drawings, and even if they are the same size, much delicacy, refinement, and greyness of line has been lost. In this book several of the most important drawings are reproduced exactly the size they were made, and can therefore be followed line for line; some of the drawings are even enlarged. As a rule, however, the drawings are very much reduced, and you are consequently not looking at the drawing as it was made, but at the reproduction the artist wanted you to see. Therefore, it must be borne in mind that the artist made his drawing, not necessarily crude, but with the lines farther apart and broader than you see them, because, if these drawings have to be reduced very much, the spaces between the lines are so diminished that, unless the printing is very careful, you have, instead of the delicate grey drawing you expected, a dirty black mass, owing to the ink filling up the spaces between the lines and to the lines themselves running together, and so holding the ink.

You must remember that if you want a sharp line, your work must be perfectly black, and the lines must stand out clean and alone on the paper. If you want to get a grey, you will not succeed by putting water in the ink, but by making the lines light—I mean fine and separate, or drawing on rough paper. This is the general rule to follow. Of course, a master will grey his lines, and run them together, and make a tender grey where the student would make but a muddle, and, in fact, do all sorts of things that I might say should not be done. You will also find that if you put one solitary line in the sky to mark the outline of a cloud, it will come out in the reproduction three times as strong as you intended it to, for the simple reason that though four or five light grey lines may stand up together, one will not, and will have to be thickened in the type-metal by the photo-engraver, and still more broadened by the ink of the printing press. In photogravure you can get the lines as fine as you choose to make them but not in cheap, rapid printing. In drawing your foreground, do not make it too coarse under the impression that it will be brought by reproduction into proper relations with the delicate distance. It probably will always remain coarse. Though there are few things to be remembered in connection with pen drawing, these few that I have mentioned, such as keeping the lines apart, not getting too many blacks, are of the utmost importance. But these are things which must be remembered in any sort of drawing, if you want a good result, a good print.

The size of pen drawings for reproduction is a matter of experience and personal liking. It is not, as the photo-engraver insists, necessary to make the drawing one-third or one-half as wide again as the block is to be. Of course, if your drawing is to fill exactly a certain space, you will have to shape and measure it to fit in. But in most magazines or books the space is made to suit the drawing, and all the art editor need do is to reduce the longest side of the drawing to fit his page, and the type will come in around it. As to size, for example, I believe in many cases Parsons' drawings are exactly the same, or very slightly larger than their reproductions, a contradiction—also proven in this book—to the photo-engraver's oft-repeated statement that drawings must be reduced in order to get fine work. On the other hand, I have frequently seen drawings by Brennan which filled a sheet of Whatman imperial paper, and were reduced—and beautifully—to five inches the longest way. But for general advice, it would probably be wisest for the draughtsman to make his drawing twice the width of the intended reproduction. Drawings also at times may be enlarged with great success.

There are many devices adopted by every clever pen draughtsman, which to the purist are very shocking. For example, putting on in two minutes a flat tone with a brush, which will afterwards be rouletted by the photo-engraver, or by indicating with a blue pencil those portions of a drawing which should be reinforced by a mechanical dotted tint put over it by the photo-engraver. It is really a question of getting what is wanted in five minutes or in five hours. Often, too, one finds that the distance comes entirely too strong, and will have to be toned down by a skillful engraver. Frequently the engravings of French drawings will be cut all over in this way, and are thus given a soft grey, misty effect, often very beautiful. Nearly all the better pen drawings in *Harper's* and *The Century* are "hand-worked," as it is called, by skillful engravers, that is, the engravers work on them, thinning lines and toning them down. All fine work must be cut at the edges if you do not want it to look hard and rough. Now the brush is much used and rightly, either for line work or in conjunction with the pen—in the first case reproduced by direct process; in the second, by half-tone; and at times in one reproduction the two methods of photo-engraving are combined.

The thumb is very useful in pen drawing. By inking your thumb, and pressing it on the paper, you can often get a strong, rich effect, the lines on the skin being marked on the paper, and reproducing beautifully. In Fortuny's work are to be found dear delightfully smeared dirty blotches, a trial to the purist, but a joy to the artist, since their value and expression are always just right, and true.

A foreground, old walls of houses, can be richly varied very beautifully by taking a tooth brush, dipping it in ink, and then running a match stick under it, and splattering the necessary parts of the drawing, stopping the others out with paper. The most charming effects are to be had. But any one who goes into pen drawing will learn all these and more devices in a very short time if he has any facility for it. The air brush is now used by time and labor-saving painters in

this way—it knocks all art out of the work, but art is the last thing the public wants, or that sort of artist either. But the student will also learn that pen drawing is an art which requires as much skill and experience on the part of the artist as etching; and though less treacherous, and much more simple in its actual mechanical operation, is also much less dependent on accidental effects than etching. But the great thing to remember is, not to try to draw everything under the sun with a pen, but only those things which by simplification lend themselves easily and naturally to good line work. I have already said you must know how to draw before you can make a pen drawing, and after you have learned to draw you must be able to arrange the vital lines in the most expressive manner and in a fashion that will print, or else you will never be a pen draughtsman. It is just this want of feeling for line that makes a man who may be a great painter say, "Oh, scribble it down anyway," with a bad drawing as the result. While if you take a pen drawing by a great pen draughtsman you will find that, though it may look as if it was scribbled down hurriedly and hastily, it is done with the greatest care and thought for every line, for every tone, for every touch.

I hope no one would be so foolish as to follow the advice to copy modern woodcuts or steel engravings of any subjects except those done with the pen, and never then if you can help it, save the work of Dürer or Holbein. As Hamerton says: "There is a wide distinction in every art between possibility and prudence. A delicate line engraving may be so closely imitated with a fine pen that few people, at a little distance, would at the first glance detect the difference; but no artist who knew the value of his time would waste it in such foolish toil." The only sensible course, if you must copy, is to copy pen drawings of the greatest pen draughtsmen, if you can see the originals; if you can only see their reproductions, to remember that these have been reduced. For a man to say that pen drawings are produced by two distinct methods, one by a few lines drawn slowly, the other by many lines drawn rapidly, and then to cite Rembrandt as a man to be studied for the second method, is to suppose that everybody is an embryo Rembrandt. Had photo-engraving been invented when Ruskin wrote his *Elements of Drawing* he never would have made the mistake of advising the draughtsman to cover quickly a space of paper with lines without troubling himself as to how they are made, and then to place other sets of lines on top of them. Certainly the man who can with one set of lines get the exact grey, which according to Ruskin is to be produced with many sets, will be not only doing a much more artistic piece of work, but saving much time. The consequence is, if one wishes to get a grey, he should cover his paper with straightish lines, troubling himself infinitely to draw them very carefully that they may reproduce well and print well.

As a matter of fact, what you want to do is to take the Italian advice, and no matter how good a draughtsman you may be go slowly at first in order that you may go fast in the end. The end is the aim of the artist.

PEN DRAWINGS may be reproduced in two radically different ways. First, by what is commonly known among artists as photo-engraving or process for printing with the type in book, magazine or newspaper; and secondly, by photogravure on a copper or other plate for printing like a steel engraving or etching. These two processes may be subdivided, the first into innumerable methods, and the second into a dozen or more. In the first, the object is to make a relief block for printing with type; and in the second, to produce an engraved plate for printing in intaglio. The examples in this volume are produced by both methods, with a very few exceptions done by wood-engraving.

In photo-engraving for letterpress printing the drawing is photographed on and then directly etched in relief on a zinc or copper plate, or, after numerous processes, finds itself on a gelatine or some other film, the film in relief with the drawing sunken in it. From this film a cast is made, from which electros may be taken in relief exactly like type. The production of this result would be neither clear nor interesting to any but a photo-engraver or a photographer. It would require a whole book to be explained, as it has been, and very well, in *Modern Methods of Book Illustration* and *The Photographic Reproduction of Drawings*, by Col. Waterhouse, and in other treatises on chemical and technical methods.

The Weeks Photo-Engraving Company, of Philadelphia, has invented and perfected a new method of making photo-engravings by electrical etching and a few blocks printed in this book were done in this manner. The plate with the photograph on it is suspended in a bath, face downwards, by a wire through which a current passes and the bare copper is dissolved, and also absorbed by the bath, and the unexposed parts are left in relief, as in ordinary photo-etching. They claim that the work is cleaner and sharper; for half-tone this seems to be the case, but I am not so sure it is so with line blocks. In fact, in nearly all cases intelligent hand work is necessary, and although the photo-engraving possesses the advantages I have noted, all good mechanical work must be backed up by good hand work and brain work, which is the only way to get good results.

Photogravures are made by photographing the drawing on a grounded copperplate, which is then bitten more or less in the same manner as an etching, and worked up afterwards with a graver, or by building up a plate in a bath on a gelatinous film. The result resembles an etching closely. Too closely, sometimes.

The other new method of reproduction is rotogravure, which has never been decently used or improved in the slightest degree in this country. It is the application of intaglio engraving to the steam press for use with letterpress printing, though this latter has not—like all other improvements—been tried here. A drawing is photographed through a screen on to a gelatine film as in ordinary photo-engraving, this film is fastened tightly, squeegeed to a copper cylinder, and the design washed away, the rest of the film remaining as an acid resisting ground. The design is then etched into the copper cylinder, which is placed on a specially designed press; the cylinder with the etched design on it passes through a bath

or well of ink or is inked with rags, and then a razor blade, perfectly sharpened and perfectly adjusted to fit the cylinder, shaves all the ink off the surface, leaving it in the lines alone, as in metal printing; a rubber or soft blanketed cylinder carrying the printing paper passes over it and the print comes off the cylinder on to the paper, as in etching. Here and in England the type also has to be etched on the cylinder, if it is wanted, and also on the back of the sheet, or printed separately, while the most awful blues, greens and browns are used to please the "ad men." But in Germany, where rotogravure was perfected some years ago, the prints are put in the pages wherever wanted, surrounded and backed with ordinary type—a mere matter of an extra cylinder; here the up-to-date American printer does not even know how to do that. The value for pen draughtsmen is that drawings could either be photographed on to the cylinder or transferred to it, and etched and marvelous results obtained, but so long as this country is in the clutches of the trade union business man and commercial artist, nothing can or will be done. The unionist doesn't want to and the business man doesn't know how to. The only remedy is the trade and craft school. By the use of the offset and rotogravure wonderful developments are possible in illustration. Twenty years ago they would have been made; today we are too stupid, too ignorant, too lazy to make them. I saw in the German papers in 1914 drawings and etchings, reproduced by rotogravure and inserted in the type of the dailies, of marvelous perfection. Here the experiment of doing this has not even been tried. It might be interesting to record that, at the outbreak of the war, all the rotogravure presses in the United States were imported from Germany, though Hoe's were experimenting on a rotogravure press at their London works; I made a number of experiments for them; in fact, they bought a paper to experiment on. Here all the printers were Germans; they returned to their country at the outbeak of war; we had no trained rotogravure printers and no training schools; we have not mastered these presses yet, and never make an experiment. Such is American up-to-date progress. In the Leipzig International Graphic Arts Exhibition, 1914, where I was commissioned for the United States, though we had no exhibition, there was a German press working which turned out a ninety-six page magazine complete, illustrated with line blocks, half-tones, color prints, rotogravures, offset, bound in color and delivered ready for sale. When I have told American printers about this they vacantly stared and turned to the ball scores, chewing gum, eating candy, guzzling soft drinks and whining. Germany before the war led the world in industrial development, experiment and hard work. That is the reason why that country led, and so she will again lead in industrial art unless the people of this land cease following false gods, who have dragged us down from our high place. How have the mighty fallen! We must get to work again and at once.

Reproduction is a purely mechanical process, but so important as to be destined to supersede all but the best wood-engraving—that is, original wood-engraving—and all other reproductive methods. In it no hand work comes be-

tween the drawing and the print to any great degree, although intelligent aid can always be given. For example, it is almost impossible for a wood-engraver to cut the delicate grey lines of many a pen drawing. It is equally impossible for the photo-engraver to reproduce them mechanically. But their intelligent co-operation, added to the accuracy of the process, will give the desired effect. I mean the fine line which the wood-engraver cannot cut by himself, and which is so fine that if reproduced accurately it will scarcely stand on the process blocks, can be cut down to the required fineness or enlarged on the relief blocks by the wood-engraver, or by the photo-engraver, if he is artist enough to do it.

Hamerton sets forth the great economy of process-reproductions as one of their chief advantages. "It so happens," he writes, "that nothing we can draw reproduces quite so perfectly as a clear black ink line on perfectly smooth white paper, and in consequence of this the art of drawing with the pen has suddenly become the principal means of disseminating artistic ideas when economy is an object." But it is very doubtful whether a cheap photo-engraving is really much cheaper than a cheap wood-engraving. The latter will look better, as it is almost impossible to print a cheap process block decently. Publishers should reject all but the best reproductions by photographic processes; that is, if they know and care enough to do so, otherwise they only lead to carelessness and the ruin of the artist's drawing. But then the artist and his work are merely tolerated.

It would do the pen draughtsman no harm, but rather an enormous amount of good, not only to study with the photo-engraver before he sets himself up as a draughtsman, but also whenever his work is being reproduced. Now, in these trade union days, artists are kept out of engraving shops; the men from whom the business men and the mechanics make their living are not allowed to correct the rotten blocks they are given. No explanation will supply the criticisms which an intelligent photo-engraver—though few are left—makes on a novice's drawings, that is criticising them with a view to their reproduction. Unless artists today are willing to come out of their show studios—as some of the best do—and go down to the dirty shop of the photo-engraver and try experiments, or intelligently consult with him, we shall never have really artistic workmen and artistic results. In some shops this would cause a strike; in others welcomed.

Since the introduction of photo-lithography, it has not been necessary for an artist who is a draughtsman to become a skilled lithographer in order to have his line drawing reproduced on stone. For, though he should understand the process, there is no more reason why he should give his time to it than that he should reproduce his own drawings by photo-engraving. Intelligent supervision of reproduction is one thing; unintelligent waste of time over mechanical details is quite another. Pen drawings may be made in lithographic ink, and reproduced either by process or lithography, but it is rather nasty stuff to work with.

Offset printing is the greatest improvement in printing of modern times, therefore, most of the modern up-to-date American editors will scarcely use it—

at any rate not in the right and practical way, for we are the most unpractical and unexperimental oafs in existence. The offset press is in theory very simple, and is a lithographic method. To the ordinary lithographic press an extra cylinder is added; the stone or plate is inked in the ordinary lithographic steam press fashion; a cylinder covered with rubber is rolled over the inked design and then on to the printing paper; it is an intermediary roll, that is all; the rubber blanket takes the ink from the plate or stone, and, being soft, not only discharges this ink on the printing paper, but adds a bloom or tone to it. Besides, there is in lithography no necessity to use a screen for wash work. The type then can be set up, inked and transferred to the stone, the drawing made on it—or transferred to it, or photographed on it—the paper commonly employed by the magazine or paper can be used and a better result got with half the labor, time and expense. And the American art editors will scarce use it! Even more incredibly stupid was their action during the printing strike of 1919 when the offset press would have got them over all the difficulties they made themselves and for their readers by means of typewriters and photography and other make-shifts—and why don't some one invent decent type and alignment for the typewriters. Drawings for use by the offset method would have to be made, if intended for transferring to, or drawing on the stone or plate, in lithographic ink—but if photographed on to the stone or plate, can be made in ordinary ink of any size. It is unbelievable that the American business art man does not take advantage of these improvements; but he is unbelievable. One editor told me that it would be impossible to use the offset press because it would mean putting in new machinery when, as a matter of fact, all the color plates used in his magazine, and a number are used, are not made or printed in his printing works at all. The whole reason is the unbelievable ignorance and incredible stupidity of the average American editor. It would even be cheaper, but he is too stupid to know that. So, too, is it incredible that the smart editor will use half-tones which cost four times as much as line blocks—and do not print near so well—but half-tone is the fashion and we must be in the fashion no matter how foolish that is.

With our present methods of business hustle, cheapness, subdivision—all simply other means for making money by doing bad work—we have debauched illustration, engraving and printing. I doubt if anything decent will be done in the future, certainly not if the business man has any say—but good work has been done; this book proves it, and is a record of it. It is up to the draughtsmen, engravers and printers to carry on and still improve, or go down in the great darkness which covers the blind world today and grows blacker every day, thanks to those who brought on the war, and the others who want to perpetuate it through the League of Notions—not Nations. THE END OF THIS BOOK.

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